

The American Mercury

AMERICA DRIFTS TOWARD FASCISM *by George E. Sokolsky*

Social Work is Futile

Maria Rogers & Edward J. Fitzgerald

A Critique of Communist Tactics *Raymond Postgate*

Japan's Destiny in the Orient *Arthur M. Schlesinger*

Why No Great American Music? *W. J. Henderson*

Joseph Stalin and His Aides *William Henry Chamberlin*

The Rise and Fall of a Tabloid *John L. Spivak*

The Brutalities of the Police *Anthony M. Turano*

Go South, Young Man! *Edmund S. Whitman*

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Partial Contents of the AUGUST AMERICAN MERCURY

BITTER UNREST SWEEPS THE NATION

By John L. Spivak

Mr. Spivak has just returned from an extensive tour of the United States. He has visited every important industrial and agricultural center of the country. In his present article he reports graphically what he saw. He says that the American people are in a rebellious state, though their unrest has no definite direction. They still have a considerable faith in President Roosevelt, but that faith is diminishing in intensity daily. If the President does not give them real help soon, they will probably take to direct action. What that action will be is anybody's guess, for the American people are still vaguely for "the American system."

KALCHAS

By Anton Chekhov

This excellent story by the great Russian master has, in so far as can be determined after a careful search, never before been translated into English. It was discovered in Russia only a few years ago, and with its publication in *The American Mercury* it will be presented to the American public for the first time. The story is not one of Chekhov's masterpieces, but it is surely one of his best.

PARLIAMENTARISM AND DEMOCRACY

By G. D. H. and Margaret Cole

The two celebrated English political economists here survey the whole contemporary political scene, commenting shrewdly upon what has been happening in this and that country from the standpoint of the historic struggle for democracy. Among the many interesting points they make is that parliamentarism and democracy are not synonymous. Some democracies have not been parliamentary, and some parliamentary governments have not been real democracies.

AH-HA AH-HA

By William Saroyan

Mr. Saroyan's "Aspirin Is a Member of the N.R.A." in the May issue will be remembered. His present piece is of the same nightmarish nature. It is a strange and powerful prose poem. It is impossible to say anything more definite about it except that its effect is tremendous.

FRANCES PERKINS: ANOTHER POLITICIAN

By Marguerite Young

Here at last is a real article about the Secretary of Labor. She has been praised far and wide for her sympathetic understanding of the workers' problems, for her charm, and for her "democracy." The truth, unfortunately, points in a different direction. Miss Perkins, says Miss Young, is only another social worker. Worse, she is only another politician, better than her predecessor Doak, of course, but not very much. Miss Young reviews her career in detail, and her article will forever dispel the nonsense that has been written about Madame Secretary.

THE SOVIETS FIGHT BUREAUCRACY

By Anna Louise Strong

The Soviet officials know full well the extent of the bureaucracy that has sprung up among them, and they are fighting it in a relatively novel fashion: they are making fun of it in the press and on the rostrum. Miss Strong, who knows Russia as few other foreigners know it, gives samples of this satire.

SYNCHRONIZATION IN TENNIS

By Helen Hull Jacobs

Tennis and music, says the celebrated tennis champion, are closely allied, and in this article she gives away some of the secrets of her magnificent playing.

CHILDREN OF THE UNEMPLOYED

By Anne C. Phillips

A school teacher tells from her personal experience the horrible effect which the depression has had on school children who have not even reached their teens. Despair has entered the hearts of these tots, and they will most surely have much to say, in words and in actions, when they grow older, about the society which has blighted their lives. Miss Phillips's article is one of the most moving ever printed in the *Mercury* and it is worth all the speeches of all the social workers in the past five years.

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*
Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE ECONOMY OF ABUNDANCE.

By *Stuart Chase.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 5½ x 8; 327 pp. *New York*

In 1925 Mr. Chase wrote "The Tragedy of Waste," a useful volume on the inefficiency of capitalistic enterprise. Since then he has essayed a half dozen more ambitious studies in economics, all of which have been based upon a misreading of Veblen, buttressed with a superficial logical plausibility and a tea-party literary style. His present book is the worst he has done to date. It is full of bad reasoning, incomplete facts; and vague hopefulness. What he means by an "economy of abundance" it is difficult to make out. Apparently he means that we are living in a world in which an abundance is being produced, but that people have not the means to take advantage of it. He thinks that "the ultimate decay of capitalism, prophesied by Marx, is now going on before our eyes," and that "energy has forced us into a collective mold," whatever that may mean. At the end of his book he presents an eighteen-point program of economic salvation. The program includes "shorter working hours for all," "a wide extension of social services and public works," "no narrow economic nationalism," and "no more suppressed inventions." Precisely how all these things are to be obtained he does not say. A bibliography and an index are appended.

THE CHOICE BEFORE US.

By *Norman Thomas.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$2.50 5½ x 8; 249 pp. *New York*

The choice before us, says the Rev. Dr. Thomas, is between catastrophe and Socialism. He doesn't like Fascism, because it is only another form of capitalism; and he doesn't like Communism because it is too full of "regimentation." His ideal is "the coöperative commonwealth," by which he apparently means a kind of Fabianism or the sort of state Kerensky had in mind when he was trying to run things in Russia. The Rev. Dr. Thomas is still against all use of violence in bringing about "the coöperative commonwealth." "The less the violence and the hate the more secure will be the coöperative commonwealth which shall arise." He urges all thinking people not to become discouraged "over the slowness of peaceful methods." Finally, he discusses at great length the "choice between compensation and confiscation in the case of railroads, steel mills, coal mines and a host of other things." Characteristically

enough, he suggests a compromise between the two. Altogether, a naïve book, revealing a gross misunderstanding of politics, economics, and revolutionary tactics. There is an index.

BIOGRAPHY

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Edited by Earle Leslie Griggs.

The Yale University Press
5½ x 8¾; 2 vols.; 460 + 476 pp.

\$10 *New Haven*

This is the first important collection of Coleridge letters since Ernest Hartley Coleridge's "Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," published in 1895. It contains 400 letters, of which 398 are here presented to the public for the first time. Not many of them deal with literary criticism; the majority have to do with his personal life and with the evolution of his theological and political ideas. They throw a considerable new light upon the circumstances of his unhappy marriage. As the years go by, it becomes clearer—and the present letters only reinforce that view—that Coleridge probably never loved his wife, and that he married her primarily to please his friend Southey. The two volumes have little in them of interest to the general reader, but to students of Coleridge they will be invaluable. Mr. Griggs has carried out his editorial job very ably. There is an index at the end of Volume II.

STEPHEN FOSTER: *America's Troubadour.*

By John Tasker Howard.

• *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*
\$3.50 6 x 8¾; 445 pp. *New York*

This is the third major biography of Foster, and easily the best. It is full of hitherto unpublished material, including even such things as reproductions of checks and royalty statements. Personally, Foster was something of a makeshift. He was far more interested in traveling and in drinking than in the usual amenities and domestic decencies. He had little sense of money, and he died in poverty in 1864, at the age of thirty-eight, in Bellevue Hospital, N. Y. But he had an amazing ear for folk melodies, and his "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Louisiana Belle," and "Suwanee River" will probably live for many years to come. Mr. Howard calls them "immortal," which is higher praise than the facts seem to warrant. There is a tremendous amount of documentary material in the appendices, and also an index.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

THE CRUCIFIXION OF LIBERTY.

By Alexander Kerensky. The John Day Company
\$2.75 5½ x 8¼; 406 pp. New York

M. Kerensky has written this book, he says, as a matter of duty. With it he plans "to rehabilitate Russia, to reconstruct its true, civilized face as it was on the eve of Lenin's counter-revolution and Stalin's labor of devastation." He spends most of his space vilifying the memory of Lenin, who was "throughout his political career—an unsurpassed, sadistically revengeful cynic. . . . Lenin . . . deliberately and cruelly mutilated Russia. . . . He [was full of] perverted destructive instincts, . . . drawing [him] towards hecatombs of corpses and rivers of human blood." The Bolsheviks, it seems, won only by stirring "up every selfish instinct in those overtired, unnerved, exasperated, illiterate men in the trenches." Kerensky was for having these men continue fighting on the side of the Allies. Lenin asked them to stop fighting, because he was paid to do so by the German imperialists. "The Bolshevik party in 1917 was a party of the political rabble. It was a host of barbarians." "It was Liberty they crucified on the cross of civil war." When Kerensky was at the helm, Russia was moved by a "splendid impulse toward truth, liberty, and social justice." The book will only help solidify Kerensky's well-earned reputation of being a charlatan. The translation is by G. Kerensky. An index is missing.

HIGH COMMAND IN THE WORLD WAR.

By William Dilworth Puleston.

\$3 Charles Scribner's Sons
5½ x 9; 331 pp. New York

Captain Puleston is an American naval officer and saw active service during the World War. He dissects from the common view that it produced no leaders of notable competence. On the contrary, he holds that the average of its leadership on both sides was higher than Europe had ever seen before, and to this fact he ascribes its "desperate, bloody and for four years indecisive character." His discussion is mainly of purely military and naval operations, but he does not go into technical details, and what he has to say will be comprehensible to the layman. "Americans," he concludes, "should not let themselves be deluded into believing that the World War was our last." There are eight sketch maps, five of which deal with the Battle of Jutland. The book has a good index.

Continued on page vi

WALTER LIPPMANN

Author of "A Preface to Morals"

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page v

MEDICINE

YOU MUST RELAX.

By Edmund Jacobson.

\$1.50

Whittlesey House

5 x 7½; 201 pp.

New York

One may summarize the author's thesis as follows: 1. Most people do not know how to relax; 2. It is possible to learn how to relax; 3. The degree of relaxation may be measured objectively by certain electrical apparatuses; 4. Patients may be relieved of worry, symptoms of disease and sleeplessness by learning to relax; and 5. This therapeutic result is not due merely to suggestion by the attending physician. With the first two propositions no one will quarrel. Number 3, which raises the question of the physiology of rest and sleep, is perhaps the most interesting, but the author gives no more than very general descriptions of his experiments in this book. With regard to Number 4, it is well to remember, whenever anyone claims remarkable therapeutic results, that Christian Science has probably "cured" more neurotics than have psychoanalysis, gland injections and progressive relaxation combined. Point Number 5, despite the author's frequent assertions is not proven. In fact, the cases cited lead to the contrary conclusion. There is frequent reference to "the scientific method," to "objective data," and to "the consideration of evidence," but no satisfactory evidence is presented to prove that the author has found a panacea for the ills of our tense civilization.

OUR MYSTERIOUS LIFE GLANDS *And How They Affect Us.*

By William J. Robinson.

\$2.50

The Eugenics Publishing Company

5½ x 8½; 291 pp.

New York

Dr. Robinson says in the preface: "The object of this book is to present the latest knowledge of the glands and their secretions in a popular but strictly scientific manner, free from exaggeration, fanciful guesses, unsupported hypotheses, reckless sensationalism or biased commercialism. It deals with definitely established facts only." The volume lives up admirably to this purpose. There are descriptions of all the more important glands, with criticisms of the latest therapeutic measures. The discussion throughout is happily devoid of the usual sexological zeal. There are many useful illustrations, an extensive glossary of medical terms, and an index.

vi

PHILOSOPHY

REALITY AND ILLUSION.

By Richard Rothschild. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.50 6½ x 9½; 442 pp. *New York City*

Since the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, according to Mr. Rothschild, Western man has been inclined to recognize as real only those things which could be quantitatively appraised. The result, he feels, has been an increasing neglect or denial of other aspects of reality, a chaos of values and moral bankruptcy. In this book he attempts to supply "a new framework of values, a new thought-structure in which physical science . . . will not dominate the whole intellectual scene," but will rather be accepted as constituting merely one realm of meanings. He discusses the fields of aesthetics, ethics, religion, the arts, politics and science, but while he is consistently intelligent and well-informed, and while he defends a vague form of religion, he says little that is strikingly new. Perhaps the most interesting section, in spite of the triteness of the theme, is that in the final pages on the quest of happiness, in which the author traces shrewdly the "morphology of pleasure."

SCIENCE AND GOD.

By Bernhard Bavink.

\$1.50

Reynal & Hitchcock

5 x 7½; 177 pp. *New York City*

By the well-known author of "The Natural Sciences", this book is simply another of the endless efforts of those who are Christians first and scientists afterwards to reconcile science and religion. As usual in such volumes, there is a great parade of scientific caution and detachment. "I have declined, more consistently than any theologian," writes Bavink, "to make capital for Christianity in any form out of scientific results. . . . All my statements are provisional hypothetical constructions." But we soon find him saying a few pages further on: "Those who study [modern physics] receive an impression of the greatness and majesty of God in creation which is quite direct and in no way cultivated or artificial. . . . Why in all the world should Christianity refuse now to make use of this revelation which God has given us in His nature? . . . Anyone who has understood physics even a little is simply proof against the nonsense of materialism." The translation is by H. Stafford Hatfield.

*Continued in back advertising section,
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See Announcement on page 1

BY LEWIS MUMFORD TECHNICS AND CIVILIZATION

Voted by the *Publishers' Weekly* as the "best-reviewed book of the year." The latest comment comes from Waldo Frank in the *New Republic*: "I believe that this is a book which may enter richly into the experience of our time, in order to make more possible a future livable by human beings. . . A magnificent book, a work of art."
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The American MERCURY

July 1934

AMERICA DRIFTS TOWARD FASCISM

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

BOTH Communism and Fascism are children of Marxian Socialism, but they differ in their external manifestations. Communism abolishes the capitalist system; Fascism retains it. Communism controls production and distribution by taking them over; Fascism controls them by intervention. Communism subjects the individual to state dictatorship through the medium of democratically chosen Soviets; Fascism subjects the individual to the dictatorship of a single person. Both achieve power by revolution, murder, destruction of individual liberty. Both utilize the same weapons of suppression of the press and of individual expression of opinion, although under Communism party members may, before a decision is made, enjoy an intellectual deviation from the norm.

Communism and Fascism are children of despair. I was in Russia from July, 1917, to March, 1918, that is, during the period of Kerensky, the monarchist plot of Korniloff, the Communist Revolution, the establishment of the Socialist Soviet Republic by Lenin and Trotsky, and the beginning of the terror. It was such a moment when anything is possible. Men were hungry: when the last cats disappeared off the

streets of Petrograd, hope had gone forever. The long darkness of a Russian winter was setting in. One walked the streets—but it did not matter, for many were already dead.

Despair prepared men for anything. In Eastern Siberia, in the Caucasus, in the parts of the Ukraine where men still ate, opposition to the Bolshevik rebellion was articulate. But where men could not eat, no one cared about anything. Kerensky, Korniloff, Trotsky, Democracy, Czarism, Bolshevism—what did they matter? Let him govern who can provide bread!

No such psychological manifestation is evident in the United States. Not during a single day of the five years of depression have Americans, as a people, despaired of their future. A few bankers and brokers have jumped out of windows, but for the average American recovery has always been just around the corner. It is for this reason that neither formal, organized Communism nor formal, organized Fascism has made any progress in this country.

The people reacted unfavorably toward Mr. Hoover's paralysis in the face of the depression. They wanted action and they

wanted it immediately. So they elected Mr. Roosevelt. He assumed leadership, and he entered upon a vast experiment without guide or compass, not a Communist experiment nor a Fascist experiment, but just an experiment. His basic theory was undoubtedly Mr. Justice Brandeis's vague opinion in the Ice Company case, to wit:

There must be power in the States and the nation to remold through experiment our economic practises and institutions to meet changing social and economic needs. . . . Denial of the right to experiment may be fraught with serious consequences to the nation. . . . If we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold.

This challenge Mr. Roosevelt accepted. He and his associates undoubtedly believed that they faced a revolution. Dr. Tugwell wrote:

But I do not think it is too much to say that on March 4 we were confronted with a choice between an orderly revolution—a peaceful and rapid departure from past concepts—and a violent and disorderly overthrow of the whole capitalistic structure.

So the Brain Trusters set about saving the capitalistic system with the New Deal. All they have achieved is to bring the United States nearer to Fascism.

II

The Brain Trusters are unwilling to associate their ideas and plans with any European system, but it is plain, nevertheless, that they are utilizing Fascistic methods and Fascistic principles. The whole N.R.A. is Fascistic in principle and method.

The essential principle in Fascism, in the words of Professor Paul Einzig, the international authority of the Fascists, is that the "respective share of the various social

classes in the proceeds of production should be determined, not by their respective strengths, but by agreement based on mutual understanding and on principles of justice and equity." This involves a recognition of the principles of class distinctions and of class-consciousness.

Now, in the United States it had been assumed and had become traditional that all men "are created free and equal." The political, social and economic system of the country from the days of Alexander Hamilton down to Andrew Mellon adhered to this democratic assumption of equality of opportunity, of escape from the medieval fixation of classes. The N.R.A. has changed all that. It clearly recognizes social classes. The A.A.A. distinctly recognizes the farmer as a distinct class. The realism of the New Deal assumes the class war, and the government intervenes, from time to time, on behalf of one class or another. This is in exact accord with Fascistic ideas. In the instance of the automobile strike, for example, government intervention clipped the rising power of organized labor, thus preventing the Fascistic equilibrium between labor and capital from being upset. Had organized labor been successful, it might have become stronger than the government; it might have eventuated in a dictatorship of organized labor, that is, the proletariat. The New Deal, like Fascism, recognizes not one class, but the equilibrium between classes.

In a Fascist state, the strike and lock-out are forbidden. In Italy the government alone can judge between right and wrong, and all men must tremble and obey. Labor courts are established to determine "equity and justice," but there is no fundamental tradition to guide the courts. Rather are they exposed to the necessities, imaginary or real, of the Dictator.

In the New Deal the strike and the

lock-out have not yet been outlawed. In fact, up to the automobile strike, there was every appearance of support for the strike. Nevertheless, Labor Boards, Compliance Boards and other devices have been organized to avert strikes. The Wagner Bill would set up a Federal agency which its sponsors hope will end strikes forever. As for the lock-out, no instance has arisen to require decision, but what would happen if, let us say, Mr. Ford decided, "To hell with it. I'll close down and stay closed"? Would the government produce motor cars as it ran the air mail and as it manufactures rum in the Virgin Islands? In an orthodox Fascist state, Mr. Ford would be told to stay open and to run his plant efficiently, and if he did not obey, anything might be done to him. I think the New Deal would do exactly the same thing with Mr. Ford.

The Fascist state intervenes to protect the interests of the whole state when the Dictator, in his personal opinion, believes that such intervention is essential to the "welfare" of the state. The individual has no rights as an individual. He is a cog, a screw, a hammer, a pen, a quill functioning for the state. But the profit system continues and the individual capitalist might become very rich, if he does not disobey. The worker is given a lollipop or two, but in the main his misery continues as before.

III

In Italy, Germany, and Austria, Fascist dictators seized power by revolution. In the United States no attempt has been made by any group to function outside the Constitution; no revolution has been staged. Instead, a device, which Dr. Tugwell describes as "permissive powers," has been employed. By means of this device,

Congress transfers to the Executive in advance, with a few purely verbal restrictions, permission to take certain steps at his own initiative. Few of the New Deal measures are mandatory; few require, instruct, obligate the Executive to act. Nearly all of them extend to him authority to act according to his own judgment.

President Roosevelt has not employed all the "permissive powers" granted to him. For instance, he has allowed his licensing power under the N.I.R.A. to lapse; he has not proclaimed a corporation of foreign bondholders; etc. I am not, however, discussing in this article his utilization of the "permissive powers"; I am concerned with the fundamental principle in support of the device. That principle is Fascism. I repeat that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor his Brain Trust has been guided by a full Fascist philosophy. They have no articulate philosophy. But their experiments are leading them into a Fascist position.

Democracy functions slowly, because it recognizes rights. Individuals and groups impede swift action in their efforts to protect what they believe to be their rights. Under Fascism only the state can have any rights. The individual must obey. This theory is naturally repugnant to Americans who are still individualists nurtured in the traditions of Calvinistic Puritanism, which involves the principle of the right of the individual to direct prayer to his God without intercession. This religious ideal has molded American political institutions. No practise offensive to it hitherto stood any chance of success, if the people grasped its implications. But the Fascist New Deal is gradually changing all this.

To act speedily in the direction of increasing employment, the devices of "permissive powers," the Blue Eagle, and the Codes were employed. These were described as temporary, emergency measures,

to be used only until recovery was actually achieved. The fact remains, however, that a device once used, in this country, becomes a precedent for the future, and as recovery is slow to be achieved, the device takes on a permanent character.

President Roosevelt dislikes being called a Dictator and the Brain Trusters are apparently offended when the label of Fascismo is attached to them. But it is true that the "permissive powers" granted the President make him an economic and social dictator; and the rights of Congress to determine the policy of the government are steadily being reduced.

The political mechanism of supporting a Republican who supported the New Deal, as is being done in the case of Senator Johnson of California, or of opposing a Democrat who did not support the New Deal, as is being done in the case of Senator Copeland of New York, has the further effect of lessening the virility of Congressional check, because as long as the President is personally popular and Mr. Farley's politics prove more or less effective, the center of authority remains with the President. It is probable that in the near future Congress will become as weak as a Fascist or Nazi parliament.

IV

In any Fascist régime, the press is the principal impediment to complete success. Freedom of the press includes the general right of opposition, criticism, scrutiny. It always involves the possibility of "unfairness and misrepresentation" of the government. In a democracy the assumption is that misrepresentation corrects itself in time by the accurate presentation of the facts. In a Fascist state freedom of the press is not a human right. Freedom of the press conflicts with authority, and may,

in times of stress, even create disorder. Thus Mussolini has seen to it that there is no real freedom of the press in Italy.

The New Deal has made many efforts to curb the freedom of the press. First, social pressure was employed by the use of the formula of the honeymoon. Many newspapers voluntarily accepted the idea that for one year they would avoid criticism of the administration. But such a self-imposed abnegation of press prerogatives did not last long, nor could it be trusted to last.

The first attempt at actual suppression of news was the Secret Documents Bill, which passed the House but was withdrawn before it reached a vote in the Senate, and then was changed to avoid any possible restriction upon the press. This measure, apparently introduced to prevent Mr. Yardley from publishing State Department secrets, would, if passed, have limited the access of journalists to government data. Subsequently this was generally achieved anyway, with the State Department as a notable exception, by the institution of an elaborate system of departmental press agents who stand between the journalist and the data.

This was followed by a long struggle between the newspapers and the N.R.A. over the newspaper code. The newspaper publishers struggled to maintain the First Amendment to the Constitution. They wanted to make certain that neither by implication nor by abnegation did they agree even to a temporary suspension of the right of freedom of the press. The government misrepresented this issue to the public, but it was unable to enforce its will to curb the press, because the press was in a belligerent mood about its rights.

The most recent attempt made to curb the press was the abortive Communications Act, of which Senator Schall said:

I fear that Senate bill 2910, to provide for the regulation of inter-State and foreign communication by wire or radio, is in harmony with the purpose to centralize authority for control of all press dispatches, all press associations, all transmissions of news, and create another Federal bureau to place all inter-State communication under the censorship and secrecy ban of a Federal autocracy.

Various administrative orders, such as Mr. Morgenthau's and General Johnson's limitations upon the access of journalists to data unhampered by the press agent, have indicated not a "gold-fish bowl" open frankness but rather a desire deliberately to channel public information.

Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, who says he is still a Democrat and whose pamphlet, "America Must Choose," is undoubtedly the strongest challenge to American Fascist tendencies, recently wrote:

I would hate to live in a country where individual thought is punished and stifled, and where speech is no longer free. Even if the strictest nationalist discipline reared for us here at home, exclusively, a towering physical standard of living, I would consider the spiritual price too high. I think, too, that this would be pretty much the temper of the rest of the country; but there is no telling. A rampant nationalist feeling grows by what it feeds on, and it swells to unpredictable proportions with marvelous speed. Once it gets going headlong it puts down objection brutally; and the speed of the march is thus accelerated.

But after detailing the dangers of economic nationalism, he ended with this definite warning, which shows the inevitability of Fascism in the program of the Brain Trusters:

But these are minor considerations, in comparison with the extraordinarily complete control of all the agencies of public opinion

which is generally necessary to keep the national will at a tensivity necessary to carry through a program of isolated prosperity.

Thus far no attempt has been made to censor news or to close down opposition newspapers. There has, however, been a definite attempt to "control" the news, to limit the news-gathering facilities of journalists, and to provide the Executive with some weapon for handling such newspapers or journalists whose conduct may not be altogether "satisfactory."

The failure of these efforts may ultimately be the chief cause of the collapse of the New Deal. The press, in the main, is still free to analyze government experimental activities and to announce the failures as well as successes. It was the press which noted the failure of the American Federation of Labor in the automobile strike, while the Administration and the A. F. of L. were carefully seeking to indicate that organized labor had not lost in a crucial test battle. The more such failures are exposed, the weaker the New Deal becomes. But I doubt that such exposures will be permitted much longer.

In a genuine Fascist state the press is an arm of the dictatorship. The press obeys the will of the Dictator. It publishes what he decrees; it suppresses as he desires. There are those in the New Deal who envisage such a rôle for the press. Thus far their efforts in this direction have failed, but I believe that they will soon tighten their hold upon the recalcitrant newspapers of the land. Everything points that way.

V

The ultimate success of either a Communist or a Fascist state depends upon the technical expertness associated with a planned economic and social system.

Capitalism and democracy involve degrees of anarchism, for individual rights and individualistic actions interfere with carrying a perfectly planned society to fruition. The planners weary of Congressional debate and press reports. They want to get on without delaying argument or criticism.

The American economic system has always been without conscious plan. Men produced for a market on the assumption that the market existed somewhere. If the market existed, the American capitalist prospered; if his judgment was in error, he failed. On the whole, he prospered. Planned arrangements in production were unfavorably regarded as "trusts," monopolies in restraint of freedom in production and distribution. Laws were passed against such planned industries.

The N.R.A. suspended such laws. The objective of the New Deal is a planned economy. The "permissive powers" granted the President centralize the planning in him, instead of in Congress, where under the Constitution it belongs. The type of planned economy which has thus far become apparent in Washington is as Fascistic as the planned economy in Italy. It follows a clear pattern. Professor Einzig, who is an apologist for Fascism, says:

It is difficult to imagine anything more irresponsible than the suggestion of creating artificial purchasing power without troubling about first solving the problems of production and distribution. It is difficult to imagine anything more illogical than to advocate the management of currency while leaving production and distribution in its present unmanaged state.

Managed by whom? By the government, of course. The codification of production and distribution under the N.R.A. is a Fascistic type of government management. It is not capitalistic, for in capitalism

the individual alone must have freedom to determine his activities, if he has the resources to reach a decision. It is not Communistic, for under Communism the government does not merely manage; it expropriates. The N.R.A. is Fascism both in spirit and in form.

The form that Fascism employs to ensure the success of the managed society, the planned economy, is the Corporation, which, in Italy, in almost every case consists of two Federations, one representing capital and the other labor. For instance, the Corporation of Industry consists of the General Fascist Confederation of Industry (capital) and the National Confederation of Fascist Industrial Syndicates (labor). These Federations involve the principle that membership is voluntary, but official recognition is granted when a syndicate represents only 10% of those engaged in the trade or profession. Once a syndicate is recognized by the government, it represents all the workers in it, members or non-members, even when the non-members are 90% of the trade or profession.

Under Fascism, capital and labor function under a strict corporate law (the code) which only the Dictator can change at will. The Corporate State finds a niche for every human being in the state. If a man does not belong, he is put in his niche. If he creeps out, he is given castor oil.

The Blue Eagle might have been something like that, for General Johnson was constantly threatening to crack down on non-conformists, except for two factors: first, because the American people could not take a boycott movement seriously and rather admired the chiseler, because he got away with it; and second, because the American capitalist soon enough discovered that the N.R.A. was a splendid arrangement for him. Its recognition of

associations (like the Italian Corporations) gave him an economic advantage tending in the direction of monopoly, which killed off the competition of the smaller capitalist. It will be noted that Mr. Teagle of the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Gerard Swope of General Electric, and Mr. Sloan of General Motors speak well of the N.R.A., while the small man complains. It is part of a planned economy that the management of production and distribution be simplified by consolidating economic activity in the largest units.

Fascism does not take over the banks, but it integrates the banks into the managed system. The purchase of bank stock by the R.F.C. is just such a Fascistic measure. In Italy, Il Duce might send for the President of a bank and say to him, "Good morning, your resignation is accepted." Here, the R.F.C. voted its stock and selected the president of the Continental Bank of Chicago. The basic operation is the same in the two instances.

It has not been possible to integrate the banking system into the New Deal because of the resistance of the bankers, so the government has organized its own banks and its Delaware corporations to create government-owned banks in competition with private banks. The government banks may not be employed if the bankers release credits as the government requires in relationship to the tempo of recovery. In Italy, "In the Corporate State, economic initiative is left in private hands; it is supplemented by state intervention only if and when private initiative is considered inadequate to serve public interests."

Fascism as a revolutionary measure depends upon the coercion of public opinion, because it seeks to wipe out six centuries of man's struggle for individual freedom. It anticipates resistance. In every Fascist

country, resistance is ruthlessly removed. In Italy and Germany, murder, arson, and imprisonment accompanied the Fascist rise to power.

In the United States this is not so, because in this country there is no organized Fascism, no organized revolution; there is only a drift in a general direction. Planned economy, the Corporate State under the N.R.A., and the "permissive powers" of the President are not evidences of a carefully considered plot to alter the character of American economic and social life. They are experiments in recovery, often contradictory experiments. How unplanned is the planning of the Brain Trust may be seen in the conflict over money, the conflict over consumer's rights, the conflict over the tariff, etc. There is no definite plan; there is no philosophy of action; there is no sacred ideal. Therefore, although Fascism appears in many of the activities of the New Deal, the United States is still a democratic country, and Congress can still hand the President a black eye on the veteran's bonus.

VI

But the rumbling sympathetic reactions to the Fascism in the New Deal can already be heard. The Silver Shirts, the most boisterous instrument of enforced adherence to Fascistic ideals, was organized by William Dudley Pelley, who believes that he is a reincarnation of something or other, that he has the gift of obscure tongues, that he once spent a few minutes in Heaven and talked with God, and so on. Pelley works out of Asheville, North Carolina, and devotes himself principally to anti-Semitic fulminations. Among his blasts are that Bernard Baruch is the real President of the United States and that President Roosevelt's ancestor was Isaac

Rosenfeld. As ridiculous as many of Pelley's activities are, he has a large following which a more effective person might some day use. A counterpart of his organization was the Khaki Shirt organization in Philadelphia, which got itself involved with the police and has apparently disappeared.

In Chicago there is a Fascist organization, called the Vigilantes, and is managed by Harry Augustus Jung. This seems to be one of many anti-Communist propaganda groups with an indefinable economic program tending toward Fascism.

George W. Christians manages the Crusaders for Economic Liberty in Chattanooga, Tennessee. His followers wear white shirts. Christians is the man who admits that he told President Roosevelt to his face that he is the Kerensky of the American Revolution. It is to be presumed that Christians expects to be the Hitler. His organization has a mixed Communist-Fascistic ideology which sounds like gibberish, but the essence of it is repudiation of the public debt as a solution to all problems.

There are many other Fascist organizations: a revived Ku Klux Klan, the Copperheads, the Order of '76, the Benjamin Franklin Society, the Industrial Defense Association, the American Vigilance Intelligence Federation, the Homesteaders, the Paul Revere, and so on. As some disappear, others come in to take their place, but they are all indications of the Fascist wave sweeping the country. Pelley seems to be the only virile personality in the gang. He publishes a magazine, *Liberation*; he has plans for shock troops, the Silver Legion Rangers; he has a Galahad College, a Foundation for Christian Economics, a Galahad Press. But so far they

all amount to very little, except that they help the sale of shirts. His chief and easiest object of attack is the Jews in the South. His mysticism goes so far as to be able to converse with the dead. He has more recently swallowed altogether the Nazi doctrine of the Nordic, who, it now seems, is blessed with the "radio eye."

Fascism differs from Communism in that it is specifically nationalistic, whereas Communism is internationalistic. Mussolini has said that Fascism is not for export. The Italian Fascists therefore have no association with these curious American mobs. German Naziism, however, is different. It conducts a vast international propaganda to justify itself, to counteract the almost universal anti-Nazi boycott, and to increase the acceptance of the doctrine of racialism. The Nazi propaganda, therefore, includes everywhere a specific attack upon non-Aryans, that is, on the Jews. The Nazis have, in this respect, been very successful in America. All American Fascist groups are boisterously anti-Semitic.

Many will perhaps argue that these organizations are ridiculous. Mussolini the ex-Bolshevik was once thought to be ridiculous; Hitler and his mustache were once laughed at; but they have achieved their goal. No movement is ridiculous, no tendency unimportant in these days of confusion. So many positive principles have been disproved that men wander aimlessly. Whoever assumes leadership is followed. Whoever acts quickly is trusted. And when the leader fails to provide work and food, the masses turn to new leadership. No one is sure; nothing is certain. It is in such soil that Fascism flourishes. And the New Deal is in a very real sense the father of all these Fascistic tendencies.

SOCIAL WORK IS FUTILE

BY MARIA ROGERS & EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

SOCIAL work, or welfare work, as it exists in the United States today, represents a tremendous waste of money and effort, because its resources are not used to the highest potentiality of social efficiency. Its accomplishments are numerous and essential, but it labors under certain handicaps which prevent it from achieving its aim. For sixty years it has utilized an increasing army of workers and has spent untold millions of dollars in an attempt to provide the good life for the American poor. The average citizen, if he is given an opportunity to see social agencies at work, comes away filled with immense admiration for the great and noble tasks which they are performing.

He may, for example, visit a boys' club. There he sees a dozen ragged children transported with joy and forgetful, for one happy hour, of the miserable conditions of their homes and of the streets which are their ordinary playgrounds. He sees them making marionettes or engaged in boisterous games, and so moved is he by the sight of such spontaneous delight that he forgets that the one hour a week on which the agency opens its doors to these children is but one hour out of thirty-six, and that the twelve boys he sees are twelve out of ten thousand.

Or he may go to a home for the aged and see dozens of toil-worn men and women in pleasant rooms enjoying a leisure and comfort unknown to them in their active years. The happy smiles he

sees on their faces are reflected in his own. It does not occur to him to ask why people who have spent their lives from childhood to the age of seventy doing the heavy work of the world should be forced to spend their last days eating the bread of charity. Nor does it occur to him to question what proportion of all needy people are the recipients of such aid.

The average citizen may, in a settlement house overflowing with the vitality of hundreds of boys and girls who have come for the lessons and games provided free of charge, be told that such activities are "character-building." But are they? The bitter truth is that the games and lessons form only a brief interlude in the lives of these boys and girls. The few hours of attractive and stimulating activity are competing against a host of experiences in the slum neighborhoods which form the significant environment for the young individual and determine personality. The settlement house, when it claims that it builds character, claims what is obviously impossible for it to do.

As to the so-called beneficent effects of social work, one hears of thousands of hungry families fed by charity agencies, or of desperate mothers given hospital care during childbirth. And one feels that the system is admirably contrived to care for the unfortunate. Only occasionally does one ask why so many families should have no recourse save charity if the wage-earner dies or is incapacitated, or why they should

be so poor as to be totally incapable of making provision for an expected child.

Not until recently have these questions been asked even by the social worker. When modern social work was first undertaken in the Nineteenth Century in this country, a naïve distinction was made between the worthy and the unworthy poor. The misery of the latter was conceived to be due to its own shiftlessness, and relief efforts were directed only towards the "worthy poor." The changes in social philosophy wrought in the Twentieth Century have relegated this preposterous distinction to the limbo where it belongs. The modern social worker has developed a broader outlook, encompassing consideration of the *causes* of social misery.

Nevertheless, the number of "underprivileged", as the professional jargon calls them, is today proportionately greater than it has ever been and "the good life" is being lived by fewer people. This obvious truth seems to indicate that the aspirations of social workers have failed signally. Either the resources of social work are wholly inadequate to accomplish its larger purpose, or the activities of the agencies are not effectively designed to eliminate the causes of the misery they are attempting to alleviate. Some observers have even gone so far as to say that the social work programs tend to perpetuate the very evils which furnish many of their problems. One thing is certain: there is an appalling gap between promise and performance.

Four reasons account for this gap: the source of financial support of the agencies, the motivations of the groups in control of policies and programs, the temperamental characteristics of the social workers, and the lack of intransigent criticism by the beneficiaries and the public. Let us consider each of these factors.

II

The larger part of the income for privately subsidized social work is derived, as Eduard Lindeman recently pointed out, "from the surplus wealth of those whose income and power and prestige are guaranteed by the existing economic order." The wealth drawn from fire-trap tenements, from sweated factory labor, from speculation in commodities and real estate, from shady dealings with the government, from any one of the innumerable forms of exploitation which the present social system makes possible, is precisely the wealth which is tapped for the support of enterprises organized for better housing, public health propaganda, recreation for working girls and boys, family rehabilitation, and the thousand and one needs growing out of poverty or lack of opportunity.

This perverted system of financing automatically sets the stage for an irreconcilable conflict between the interests represented by the wealthy givers and those aims for which the money ostensibly is given. It is absurd to expect that the givers would permit an enterprise to achieve any aim which would undermine their vested interests.

A concrete instance will make the situation clear and demonstrate how tragic are the results of this domination for the beneficiaries of any organized effort and for the workers, attempting realistically to meet the needs of the underprivileged. During the war one of the great national agencies for work with girls was forced to undertake a program for industrial girls working on government contracts. Hitherto its classes and clubs had been patronized only by secretaries, stenographers and the like. The member of the staff in charge of this war work spent days and nights

talking with and visiting factory girls in small towns and big cities all over the country. She learned for the first time in her life, which had been a sheltered one, that they worked ten and twelve hours a day for pittances ranging from four to seven or eight dollars a week, that they supported little brothers and sisters, aged fathers and mothers, and that in their whole experience they had had no opportunity for good times.

In the cramped tenements where the families slept four in a bed there was no corner where a boy and a girl could talk. The attainment of pretty clothes was as remote to them as the prospect of a trip to Mars, their health suffered irreparably under the hard conditions of factory work, and if they married and tried to have children, physical ailments directly traceable to their work made labor excruciating. They had no sane knowledge of sex and no opportunities to study even when the exhausting conditions under which they worked left them energy to do so. Schools were generally closed to them after the age of fourteen.

Tremendously moved by her first contact with the monotony and dreariness of the lives of hundreds of thousands of girls, this social worker had a revelation of the possibilities lying dormant in her organization. So energetic, intelligent and dominating was her personality, so great her enthusiasm, and so comprehensive her grasp of the needs of these girls, that her plan for reorganizing the agency, thoughtfully conceived and carefully worked out, swept the other staff members, the various committees and finally the board of directors off their feet and into enthusiastic support of her project. A spirit of fresh adventurousness and excitement pervaded an entire group of people who had been moving in the slow

rhythm of aimless compromise. Under her influence the Board of Directors adopted a program embracing the eight-hour day, the minimum wage, equal pay for equal work as between men and women, the prohibition of night work for women, with a complete recreation and education program for industrial workers under the supervision of specially trained workers who knew and enjoyed contacts with industrial girls, who would not be shocked by their crudities or ignorance and would respond with human interest to their individualities.

With an intense feeling of excitement and expectation the organization drafted the first appeal letters, describing the new project, and sent them to the big donors who had for years supported the work of the agency. Immediately such wholesale cancellations of gifts took place that within a short time it became apparent that the new program, so well adapted to the fundamental needs of this huge section of the girl population of the country, was doomed. After agonizing efforts to secure funds the program was abandoned, and the staff and lay members who had been infected with this dream of a functioning enterprise of service to this particular group of girls, were compelled to resign in order to maintain their integrity. The organization slowly won its way back to the favor of big givers by safe and inane proposals which held no implication of threat to the *status quo*.

The history of social work is strewn with similar defeats of idealistic programs. The social workers who sincerely hope to accomplish something are vainly striving to work under a system which ties their hands and leaves them free only to wiggle their fingers.

A second wasteful conflict springs from the real motives which lead the wealthy

to support philanthropic enterprises. With their contributions they want to buy, not social reform, but public prestige and publicity, and to blanket criticism of their ruthless commercial or industrial activities.

It is doubtful whether charity has ever received gifts for its own sweet sake. Stuart Queen in his "Social Work in the Light of History," says:

Charity as such seems to have arisen out of the necessity of doing something for those who did not belong to the same primary group with the benefactor. It was their detachment coupled with their distress that furnished the occasion for what we call welfare work.

But even these would hardly call forth organized philanthropy had there not been some powerful incentive. . . . The medieval world had such an incentive in the doctrine of the religious merit of almsgiving. . . . The outsider, the foreigner, the stranger, . . . if he were suffering . . . was a potential asset, for he provided an opportunity to exercise the Christian virtue of charity.

This doctrine, valuable though it unquestionably was as a means of stimulating a spirit of self sacrifice . . . nevertheless seems very frequently to have degenerated into what was essentially a commercial proposition. . . . *The donors seem to have been concerned about the profits in the form of salvation of their souls.* [The italics are ours.]

Modern donors to social work in general evince a cynical disregard of such moral preoccupations, although a great number still feel that philanthropy is one means of attaining virtue. But they are just as commercial as their predecessors of like mind.

Moreover, charity covers a multitude of sins against social justice. One of our industrial barons, for example, when criticism became too devastating and bitter to be endured even by a tough-minded exploiter who had accumulated a stagger-

ing fortune, took the advice of a publicity genius and bought his way back to favorable public opinion with princely gifts to various forms of social work while making no observable change in the labor policies and predatory point of view which occasioned the public criticisms, and upon which his fortune was established.

Another advantage sought only too often by big givers is domination of the activities of an agency. The variety of ways in which domination manifests itself is as great as the number of individuals who exercise it, but in the end they all waste the resources available for social work. Three different types of dominant supporters may be distinguished: the ruthless, likely to be the richest; the business man, a successful conservative; and the egocentric, only comparatively successful in business.

III

The ruthless supporter cares only for domination and not at all for the purpose of the organization which he has purchased. Half a dozen years of management by a giver of this type usually results in a complete disorganization, if not destruction, of the project built up by years of patient effort. An excellent example is furnished by a man of international reputation who gave millions to the most publicized social enterprise in his city and insisted upon running it in such an arbitrary and high-handed way that it failed after a few years of his management. Had he really cared about the institution he would not have disregarded and ignored the recommendations of the technicians who knew how to operate it.

Incidentally, this same international financier represents the type of giver who cloaks exploitation of the public by posing

as a great benefactor. At the time that he was the destroying "angel" of a social enterprise, he was corrupting the city government in ways that reacted to the disadvantage of the whole population.

The conservative business man is less spectacular than the ruthless giver and on first sight appears more sincere and earnest in his desire for social betterment. The form of waste for which he is responsible is that of diverting the energies of the social agency by conscientiously imposing business technique upon social service ideals. He makes the mistake of assuming that there is no difference between social work and business. Business, he says, sells commodities, social work sells relief from privation. Consequently he brushes aside automatically proposals for an attack on fundamental causes. He refuses to recognize that the aims and technique of social work are fundamentally opposed to those of business. It is very much as if the board of directors of a hospital forced the doctor to operate on a patient according to its ideas. Anyone can imagine the number of fatalities that would occur if this policy were followed in the medical world. It is not too much to say that the number of fatalities in social work is as great though not so obvious.

The third type of giver responsible for the wasted effort in social work is the egocentric. His desire to be a business colossus has been frustrated by lack of first-rate ability and the social work agency is the answer to his prayer for unlimited freedom to exercise domination. By means of a lavish gift to a particular organization he can thrust himself into a position where the policies of the organization are inevitably framed to suit his peculiar idiosyncrasies, and thus to afford the highest degree of satisfaction to his egotistic desires. Such a giver rejects proposals for

creative and constructive action, for he is intent only on milking dry all the immediate opportunities for personal aggrandizement and ego-inflation. Unless the professional workers yield to his demand for superficial and showy work at the expense of fundamental planning they only too often find themselves without a job and are lucky not to be stigmatized as "difficult persons to work with," the usual term used to describe the technically qualified person in social work who does not cynically bend to the realities of the situation here outlined.

The odds seem to be stacked against the American social worker. He must struggle not only with the troubles of the poor but with the motives of the rich.

IV

Although the bulk of the blame for the waste in social work must be placed, as we have indicated above, on its method of support and its supporters, it is customary for the layman to blame the social worker himself. Like the school teacher, the social worker is in a class without public prestige. Admiration may go to an individual practitioner like Jane Addams, who has become a symbol for social justice, but the rank and file do not share in the adulation accorded her any more than the school teacher shares in the public respect accorded Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

This suspicion of the usefulness of the social worker is exaggerated, but it is not without some justification. The average social worker is a determined victim of wishful thinking. He is genuinely distressed at the misery which he sees about him and feels a "call" to do something to lessen it. Unfortunately, the chief qualities which in general he brings to bear on

the work are enthusiasm and sympathy, and these are of little help in handling problems as complex as those he is trying to solve. A smaller group has entered the field purely as a means of making a living, and it cares little about the problems which it is facing.

The combination of wishful thinking and enthusiasm maintained in the face of public apathy compels the social worker to seek compensation in becoming a "messiah." Messiahs are notoriously uncooperative and the social worker's need to be one outbalances his recognition of the fact that the complexity of social problems demands pooling of information, formulation of general principles and concerted planning of strategy. Coördination of effort has therefore been achieved only with the greatest difficulty. Ordinarily, it takes years of persistent discussion and work to form city councils of agencies for research and planning. In the big cities, where joint planning is imperative, hundreds of independent agencies have to be convinced by argument, persuasion, and every device of logic that their interests will be better served by even such loose combinations as are proposed. Even when councils are established, coördination on specific problems has to be achieved afresh each time one is under consideration.

The waste and prostration of effort which this characteristic entails is the aspect of social work with which the layman shows most impatience. That it persists with little restiveness on the part of the social worker is due only partially to his individualistic temperament. An equally important cause is the confusion underlying the philosophical justifications of social work.

Twentieth Century social work is a confused mélange of medieval catholicism and Nineteenth Century liberalism. Within

the past thirty years an attempt has been made to relate it to the social sciences, and this, instead of clarifying the philosophy, has added further confusion. Is social work to accept a static society in which the poor are always with us and the alleviation of poverty an act of mercy which redounds to the everlasting glory of the giver? Is it to go only as far as it did in the Nineteenth Century, accepting national responsibility for dealing with the problems of poverty but with no implication that the social system itself should be investigated? Or is it to become an active agent in promoting fundamental social reorganization? The social worker generally has no answer.

The lack of a consistent theoretical basis for social work reveals itself most sharply in the training schools for social workers. Training for the field is relatively recent. Before 1910 there was almost none. Even twenty years ago the entrance requirements for the training schools did not include any previous discipline in the social sciences. After the World War a determined effort was made in a few schools to elevate social work administration to the status of a graduate study yielding a Ph.D. degree. The American Association of Social Workers has recently required for full membership the holding of such a degree: but it is safe to say that not more than 10% of the 60,000 social workers in the field today could qualify for such membership. Leadership rests largely with the type of worker who started his career with the old requirements of an immense desire to do good and a smattering of technique. This is not by any means so deplorable as it sounds, for the graduate schools, concentrating on techniques, have done little to resolve the philosophical confusion.

The lack of a philosophy, of coördi-

nated activity, of a training to remove the temperamental bias of the recruits, together explain the anomalous position the social worker occupies in the public mind. They relieve him as an individual of the responsibility for the waste in social work, but the waste remains nevertheless.

V

For its waste under the present system of private subsidy, social work is seldom criticized. It has never risen to a plane of public importance which would make it of vital interest to the individuals who are concerned with establishing values in our culture. Its activity has as much news value as that of the Ladies' Aid Society. Considering its volume and the fact that its programs are formulated with deference to the ideals of social betterment subscribed to by the general public, the critical apathy with which it is regarded is a phenomenon that needs explanation. It seems to inhabit a sacrosanct vacuum within which the social worker acts as his own critic, and his conclusions never emerge into the less flattering light of objective consideration where they can be related to the general body of social achievement.

If a producer risks \$100,000 on a Broadway show, the whole company of critics pounces upon it and tells the world whether it is good or bad, defined in relation to certain canons of taste more or less generally accepted. If, however, John Doe gathers in a fund of \$100,000 to rehabilitate a thousand selected boys with red hair and juvenile court records by teaching them how to make better waste baskets, only he and his personally selected board of directors determine whether or not the project has justified the expectations and the expenditure. Even when

John Doe issues a printed report recording the results of his experiment it is rare indeed for the document to be read and more rare for it to be torn to pieces, its assumptions and conclusions challenged. If it is convincing enough to extract another \$100,000 from interested givers it is a distinct success and the "experiment" can go on forever.

Plenty of criticism is leveled at agencies in private conversation among social workers, but this has the force only of personal opinion. In addition, the work of an agency is often surveyed but as this is done only by those within the social work field the process amounts practically to taking in each others' washing.

An illustration of what can happen when criticism is so circumscribed is furnished by the case of a survey made several years ago by a group of social workers whose purpose it was to ascertain how completely a certain type of community organization characteristic of the United States lives up to its announced program of serving as a centre in which all the varying and conflicting elements of the community can meet and form a new synthesis. The group of surveyors discovered that instead of representing their communities as they claim to do, these institutions actually serve as centres for the unadjusted persons in the neighborhood unable to fit into the regular community organizations and institutions (churches, lodges, spontaneous social clubs and the like); the only stable factor in each institution being the paid directors who could through such positions attain a dominance extremely dangerous for ordinary mortals. After considerable discussion the group decided not to publish the report of the survey on the ground that the institutions and their directors ought not to be disturbed by intransigent criti-

cism of this kind. They were, it was said, performing many useful functions even if they were unable to fulfill the one which was their reason for being!

The beneficiaries of social work are the only other possible source from which criticism might emanate. But towards them the social worker has assumed the ungracious attitude of superiority, characteristic of messiahs, which places the critics on the defensive. Consequently the clients may grumble and complain but they take what is offered or leave it. In the rare instances in which they summon the fortitude to make direct complaints to the management they are ineffective even when they get a hearing. And there is no informed critical body to evaluate their objections.

Their only really effective weapon is to refuse the opportunities offered by the social agency. Perhaps the most impressive example of the operation of this negative criticism is the fate of the elaborate paternalistic welfare schemes set up many years ago by American industry. These have practically disappeared from the scene as the result of the hostility and recalcitrance of the workmen who refused to take advantage of them. The case, however, is far from typical.

What happened a few years ago in an organization providing recreational opportunities for working girls illustrates how little criticism by beneficiaries affects the planning and direction of activity. For years the agency had been appealing to a specific type of girl: quiet, repressed, unaggressive, with a fairly high earning power. A new staff worker, with a wide range of experience, was disturbed by this evidence of a specialized appeal in an organization devoted to the needs of all working girls. Curious, she set to work to find out the reason for it. She made

an informal but thorough study of the tastes and desires, not only of the regular attendants, but also of those who came only occasionally for swimming, for example, which was open to girls not members of other classes and clubs.

Her study showed conclusively that the girls wanted numerous opportunities not offered by the agency. Many of them could be organized without difficulty and were well within the financial limitations of the institution. She drew up a program based on these findings and presented it to her board of directors, which heard her through patiently, and without heat or interest dismissed her proposals. In the ensuing few weeks it became apparent that the board did not approve of, nor value, a worker so unorthodox as to listen to suggestions and complaints coming from beneficiaries and so aggressive as to erect these irrelevant criticisms into a new program. The worker was eased out of her job. The tastes of the girls for whom the agency ostensibly was run unfortunately ran counter to what the good ladies of the board thought that they should like.

VI

The situation resolves itself into one in which the social worker places his own estimate on his contribution to our culture—an estimate based on no generally accepted tests. Unchecked by critical evaluation he can be as wasteful as his temperament dictates.

It is difficult to think of a more preposterous situation than the one outlined above. Here is a movement professedly dedicated to one ideal, that of providing the "good life" for the American poor, while drawing its main support from those individuals whose privilege to give rests se-

curely on the conditions which create the poor. Here is a profession with a confused ideology, whose practitioners must accept this irreconcilable conflict or give up their jobs, and whose activities are subject to no competent and consistent public criticism. It is small wonder that in the past achievement in social work has been an accident, the result of coincidence; a coincidence involving the accidental combination of three factors: support from disinterested and intelligent givers; a professional staff with imagination and sound training; the presence in both groups of individuals whose will to power is checked by a strong sense of responsibility for using financial and human resources efficiently, or sublimated into an active desire for genuine achievement that will bear the test of objective criticism.

Dependence upon so irrelevant a factor as coincidence to insure success in such a vast enterprise as social work is insupportable. Obviously, some system should be devised which would rely upon more predictable factors. Whether this is feasible or not is a question, but the advisability of reform is not arguable.

"There have," says Eduard Lindeman, "always been critics who have insisted that social work was merely the manifestation of a diseased society . . . This is a superficial view as socialized Russia appears to demonstrate." It is naïve to suppose that we would ever evolve a society so utopian that it did not have some problems which could be met only by some form of welfare work. But the structure upon which that social work rests deserves greater consideration than it has been given in the past.

GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN!

BY EDMUND S. WHITMAN

I REMEMBER the first time I set foot on Central American soil. It was in Puerto Barrios, Guatemala. My tour of inspection through the twisting, grassy streets, past innumerable shacks and thatch huts was notable for two things: I was struck by the amount of sheet iron roofing I saw (all with the trade-mark of an Ohio concern), and I was astonished to note that many huts, with dirt floors and no furniture save flour barrels and soap boxes, whose only wall decorations were covers from the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Photoplay*, boasted sewing machines. Naked babies and youngsters sprawled around, evincing no need for clothing, but there were the machines. Some enterprising *Yanquis* had been doing some selling.

I had two days to kill in that port. So I grabbed a rattler and went up into the interior for sixty miles to a place called Quirigua. I had heard that this was an old empire city of the mysterious Maya civilization. And there, a couple of miles from nowhere, in the heart of a banana plantation and entirely encompassed with jungle so thick you couldn't stick your fist through it, was as genial a gang of scientists as a man could care to meet—suffering and sweating in the bush, happy in their reconstruction of amazing temples and monoliths. I learned more about the achievements of man—of both the First and Twentieth Centuries—that day than I'd ever learned in a year up north.

Nor were the magnificent carvings the

only monuments to man's triumph over the jungle. One of the Carnegie Foundation boys flicked a sweaty paw at the banana trees growing about us.

"Set out in 1904," he said. "By a young chap just out of Dartmouth. Why the poor sap chucked up a swell business proposition to come down to this God-forsaken place to plant pickles, beats me."

"Me, too," I panted. "Where's he buried?"

"He's not buried. He hung around down here for some years. One thing and another. Timekeeper, overseer, superintendent of agriculture, division manager. Later, they sent him over to Honduras where he built a few railroads and set out 25,000 acres of banana land. Eventually, they called him north. He's the boss today."

"A big sandy-haired fellow?"

"Sure. Know him?"

"He hired me two weeks ago yesterday." I gulped.

He enjoyed that. We became fast friends, and he asked all sorts of questions about my ship, the captain, the doctor . . . everybody. There's a camaraderie in the tropics that knits all the whites together.

"Who's the chief on your ship?" he asked me.

I told him.

"Know anything about him?"

I shook my head. "A dour sort of a bird," I said. "Sticks pretty close to the job—and his cabin."

He nodded sympathetically.

"Good reason. He's writing his third novel. You'll find his stuff in the *Atlantic* regularly. Just another one of those tropical wasters you read about . . ."

Any subconscious ideas I had entertained about chucking my job went aglimmering right then. The heat, swamps, shacks, decay—the primitive living conditions, brutality, absence of culture—all had raised serious doubts in my mind as to the advisability of accepting life in such surroundings. Yet here were men, more cultured by far than I, who were cheerfully hacking through the jungle and taking life as it came. Here were evidences of accomplishment—outstanding accomplishment—on every hand.

Going back to port on the passenger train I ran into a young accountant who had devised a new method of tropical accounting so good that he had been called north to set it up and direct it. Beside him was a genial young drunk who had just won the grand prize in the lottery and was off to New York in his riding clothes to spend it. Nearby were two boys—sons of a big coffee owner—en route to England to spend the profits of one year's output for an Oxford education. Four salesmen were comparing notes on their solicitations in the city. All seemed satisfied; they represented such divergent lines as shoes, locomotives, machetes and rum!

Every day trains are puffing through tropical jungles, steaming sleepily past sluggish rivers and cocoanut plantations, carrying white men to and from real jobs. Yet one glance at the country, and it is evident that the market for engines, boots, tools and rum has barely had its surface scratched. Opportunity? The tropics bristles with it. If the prospect of new horizons, new friends and new life appeals to you—and if you can take nature in the

raw—get lined up with a job and go south, young man. *Vaya con Dios!*

Yes, by all means go south—but not on the hitch-hike basis. You can't thumb steamers to Central and South America anyway. But even if you could, you should not expect to disembark at Rio, Colon or Barrios unless you have money in your pocket and more where it came from in prospect. White men in the tropics have never yet successfully "worked" their way in the sense that the hitch-hiker can and does up north. In Nicaragua, if a white man enters a hotel dining-room, it is a foregone conclusion that he will pay for what he orders—or at least sign for it. The old reliable stencil about first eating a five-course dinner and then casually reporting to the proprietor for kitchen police in lieu of payment might conceivably land you behind the pastry counter in Mason City, Iowa, but it would land you behind the bars in Managua, Nicaragua.

II

There are twenty Republics and any number of Caribbean islands to the south of the United States; each is pregnant with opportunity. Go down and claim your share. But line up your job and get your name on the payroll before you invest a nickel in a passport. You may think that your youth and courage and lack of encumbrances constitute in themselves valid reasons for sailing, even though you have no definite tropical connections. You may think you can wander into a bank or a garage or a shipping office and get an assignment. This is specious reasoning.

Encumbrance enough that you don't speak Spanish or Portuguese; encumbrance enough that you *are* young and free, ignorant of the requirements of the job and untutored in the complicated and

polished *mores* of Latin America. Down there you cannot start at the bottom and work up. White men in the tropics are forbidden to compete with natives for bottom-of-the-ladder jobs. A closely-knit and jealously guarded social life demands that you have a recognized position. This position can be pretty mean, pretty humble, but not manual, and not competitive with native labor.

This does not imply that there is any truth in that greatest of all tropical bubbles, the "big money" bubble. Face at once the fact that there is no big money waiting for you down there. Yes, I know what they told you on the campus or in front of the corner drug store. Every summer, especially around Commencement, the air is super-charged with these fabulous salary yarns:

"I'm telling you Joe, the brass hats in Akron are sending delegations to Brazil next month. Five thousand a year—and you don't touch a penny of it until they send for you to come north. They sock it right in the bank for you. Why a friend of a friend of mine hung out in Para for ten years and then came back home and retired. Retired at thirty-two! Beat that one. And he lived the life of Riley. House, car, servants, likker, expenses . . ."

It would be interesting to ascertain from that friend of a friend, precisely what it was that he had to offer the rubber magnates in exchange for this alleged fortune. If you run into him and find out, tell me please.

More pap from the same larder:

"My room-mate is fixing it for us to go to Peru. Some kind of mining. Copper, I think he said it was. Anyway, they sign you up on a three-year contract at \$300 a month, with a six-months vacation on full pay with all travelling expenses paid from New York down to the copper mines and

back. Lousy climate, they say. But I guess we can take it . . ."

That is comparatively mild. But I present it merely to have something tangible to work on.

Now right away, isn't it absurd that a young white man, with no training, no knowledge of native language or conditions, could possibly command such money? Actually, you are a liability, and you don't cross the last red line until some months, in certain cases, some years, of acclimatization and training on the ground.

Take banana herding, for example. Hundreds of young college men are sent down to Central and South America as timekeepers on vast interior farms. They are absolutely helpless. They can't order the vegetables for their mess, can't settle a dispute at the labor camp, can't even deliver a message or give an order. And even if they could, they wouldn't know what vegetables grew there, what sort of a decision to make or what sort of an order to issue. They must be housed, fed, educated, medicated. And if they get sick, go haywire, or quit before at least a year, they have cost the company which employed them and which accepted moral responsibility for them, time, money and transportation.

Actually, after years of life in those countries, I cannot visualize any youngster with sufficient ingenuity, courage or imagination going down unattached, disembarking without money or friends, and landing anywhere but at the American Consulate.

III

Small pay to start, and the protecting wing of some company or individual—accept these and the tropical outlook brightens enormously. There is no end of fascinat-

ing jobs, offering splendid opportunities for initiative and advancement, provided you have the stuff. Whoever said that life was like an emery wheel, contact with which would either break you down or polish you to a keen edge, hit it off right as far as Latin America is concerned. Nothing like heat, torrential rain, raw life, temptations, moral freedom and pioneering to put you to the test. If you're no good you'll go to hell anyway in the long run—but down there the job will be consummated in double quick time, and perhaps more completely. By the same token, if your predominant characteristics are on the plus side, you'll reap your reward the quicker—even if you do sweat for it.

What are some of the industries which offer employment and opportunity to young men down south? Banana farming in six countries, oil, mining, hemp, chicle, shipping, banking, aviation, railroading, selling. There's farming, cattle-raising, lumbering. There's sugar, cocoa, coffee, rum. Many industries are in their pioneering stages, others are on a maintenance basis. All need young blood—civil and electrical engineers, chemists, soil analysts, mechanics, teachers, clerks, doctors, lawyers, politicians. All need vitality, brains, enterprise.

Very well then—you want to know two things: how do you go about landing one of these jobs and where will it get you in the long run?

Your own talents and training will narrow the field at the outset. If it's a specific classification of tropical industry that appeals to you—sugar-cane, for example—you will find little difficulty ascertaining from your chamber of commerce or through other sources, just what companies are engaged in raising sugar-cane in Cuba or Honduras or elsewhere. You will then tackle these companies and sell them your

qualifications with everything you've got. You will make a nuisance of yourself at the library, pawing around for books and pamphlets on the subject, and you will learn something concrete about sugar, and impress this learning on your prospective employers. Just that little increment of initiative will lift you head and shoulders above the ruck of job hunters. There will be other attacks which will occur to every active brain.

Or if your desires lie in a professional or trade field rather than with a specialized industry—if you are a civil engineer, let's say—then you'll attack the problem from another angle. Through the Engineers Club you will put out feelers to discover what corporations operating in Latin America are undertaking engineering projects. You will write to bridge manufacturers, to dynamite makers, to manufacturers of transits and levels, and you will get leads from them. Then you will attack the companies with specific arguments as to why you should be wading about in the tropical miasma slapping mosquitoes under their ægis.

So, P. S., for the sake of the argument, you get the job.

All right, you've signed your contract or you've come to some understanding, your passport and papers are in order, you have embarked and you are long gone to Maracaibo, Quito, Buenos Aires, or Cristobal. If you're drawing \$100 a month to begin with, you're doing well. You'll be able to spend it, never fear. They'll take a month's pay from you in any one of those ports in ten minutes if you give them a chance. And on the other hand, you can salt something down each month if you're that way.

Perhaps your destination is an overseer's house in the jungle, a bunk car on a siding at the end of steel, a *hacienda* far

afield on some sun-baked prairie, or a bachelor's quarters perched precariously on a barren mountain by the gaping maw of a lonely silver mine. Perhaps you find yourself assigned to an insufferably hot room in a stucco building adjacent to the bank where you're going to work. Or is all that too soft for your adventurous spirit? Very well, let's say that you have signed up to operate a dragline machine on a vast land reclamation project eighty-five kilometers inland from Santa Marta, Colombia. That thatch hut over next to the river is where you park the tuxedo you brought. Don't bother about packing it away carefully: the bugs will get it despite the most stubborn barrage of moth balls you can lay down; you won't have any use for it anyway.

You're hungry after that combination rail and mule trip into the bush. Step right up and face the sort of food you will be living on as well as the men who will share your daily bread with you. A good bunch of guys. Filthy with sweat, supremely unmindful of the niceties of table conduct, sloughing through the grub in reeking undershirts, with at least three days' growth of beard on every crunching jaw. Not too dainty in their language, but you'll discover that they speak plenty of Spanish, and you will discover that the only way to get them to pass the beans, rice, alligator pears, *enchiladas* and *tortillas* is by learning the words and putting them to your use. Notice, too, that that part of their conversation not devoted to women and booze concerns itself with the job. And that's more than you could say about the gabfests back in the old pool hall.

So you go to work. Dawn to dusk. You adapt yourself. Pretty soon you know which natives are trustworthy and which are deceptive. That is a score for you—you are becoming useful. Every pay day you

learn more about the true value of treys back to back, or else you use your bean and buy a draft and send it home. You discover that quinine is indicated when a swarm of anopheles mosquitoes rivet fifty million malarial parasites into your blood stream. You discover that a creoline bath discourages red lice, and that you can either take your whiskey or leave it alone. Anyway you learn a lot about the tropics, mankind, the insect world—and the efficient operation of a dragline under tough conditions.

IV

Well, whaddya know! *Madre de Dios!* They're sending a new guy down to run the old Bucyrus in the lagoon. Never been out of Elgin in his life. . . . God! Were *you* green!

They've upped your pay now. You're getting to be an old head. The way you handled that payroll squabble down at the labor camp didn't hurt you a bit at headquarters. It took a grasp of idiomatic Spanish and some tact to handle that one. No lives lost either—or maybe there were. Not yours, anyway.

A new irrigation project is under way. You're in charge. Got any ideas? Here's the layout, here's the plan. Where's the best place to assemble the machines? Start at the far end and work in, or at the track and work out? Why? You ought to know. You're the one who was on the job. . . .

You *do* know. And after the next assignment you know still more. And five years later you're chief engineer maybe, or assistant. You're making \$300 to \$500 a month, you live in a good house, you have servants, friends, position. You've arrived. In your line and with your company you're top-hole. A reputation has been builded through a foundation of sweat

and fever and fight—through trial and error—just as you would have to build it up north. Only it has matured quicker.

Let's set down an arbitrary figure of ten years as the span required to arrive in the tropics. Having arrived, there's a comfortable living, vacations, opportunity to come up and get married and buy a nice car . . . all that. Meanwhile you've been stuck off in the bush or the swamp or up in the mountains, cut off from regular moving pictures, the society of white girls, the World Series and other social amenities which are part and parcel of life up north.

True—but see what you are getting in their stead. Association with a rugged class of men you'll find yourself yearning for once you get back into civilized life. You'll face death with them and you'll raise hell with them. They will teach you how a white man should and shouldn't conduct himself. Under their rough tutelage you will learn how to protect yourself and your friends, how to respect the rights of others.

You'll have the unique satisfaction of establishing your personal morals the same way you established your reputation on the dragline—not out of a book or from the lecture hall, but by trial and error. Nobody need tell you whether it's good for you or bad for you to go out with prostitutes. You'll find out for yourself. There are plenty at your port and you'll know most of them. They're just about the only girls available to youngsters on the loose. You'll drift into the *cantinas* and sit around with them. You'll dance with them, sing with them, rough-house or patronize them, all depending upon your personal desires.

Consuela there is a great kid. If only she hadn't had those gold teeth put in right in front where her white ones had been

knocked down her throat. She's young, though, and lovely in a dark, smoldering way. Full of hell, too. Knows all the songs and loves to sing them. She can dance like a streak—and if she gets steamed up in a stifling dance hall—why, there's the night and the sea right outside. Will she go with you for a dip? Will she! A good cook, too. You ought to know. Only last week your gang rounded her up with three other noisy hoodlums and the eight of you promoted a chicken barbecue on the beach. What a time that was until the customers began to holler for the girls. . .

Or don't mess around in the red light district. Sit at home and write letters to your girl up north. Nobody will hold that against you. The point of the matter is that you can do just as you damn please with no thought of convention and restriction. You are the captain of your ship—and there's no better way to learn how to steer and how to chart the tropical waters than by taking the helm and finding out where the shoals lie and where there's clear sailing.

Adventures? The American tropics is seeded Number 1 in that respect. The country is elemental in the first place: you have the sea and the jungle, the pulse of the sun and the effulgence of the tropic moon, you have torrential rains, magnificent storms, heat, heat, heat. Whether it's fighting or loving, exploring, hunting or swimming—it's hot-blooded. Life moves swiftly, richly to an early ripeness. Plants spring up overnight—so do situations. And whatever squalor or privation you have to face, it's the natural sort, not the man-made subway and skyscraper sort that's never on the level.

You'll have your bad moments. Three months of dry season, with never a cloud to soften a brassy sky, with every green thing sere and shrivelled, with white dust

heavy on road and bush and nostril—
ninety days of that and you'll think you're
going crazy. You'll curse the country and
the people and the job. You'll think of
jade swimming pools and verdant ball
parks, cool girls with smooth white skin,
ice cream and cold drinks. And you'll bite
your lip and bellow for the *cosinera* to
scoop the sweat off her ugly brown face
and fetch you a bottle of lukewarm beer.

And before you know it you will be
praying for one of those same cloud-
less, sun-drenched days. Rain? Somerset

Maugham was only in a shower out there
in Pago-Pago. Day after day, night after
night the heavens have effortlessly in-
undated the place with water. Your shoes
are curled up like Turkish slippers, the
bureau drawers are warped to such a point
that you have ripped the bloody knobs off
trying to budge them. Your books are
slimy with mold, and your mattress hasn't
been dry for a century.

Is it worth it? Don't ask me. Ask the
men who gripe about it and swear they'll
never go back but always do.

A CRITIQUE OF COMMUNIST TACTICS

BY RAYMOND POSTGATE

EVIDENTLY, some of the most important suggestions about revolutionary technique ought to be discoverable in the history of the Communist International. This body has been engaged over a period of fifteen years in an organized international attempt to secure revolution. It has had considerable funds, a revolutionary citadel from which to operate, devoted adherents, sometimes at least a chance of the allegiance of the masses outside Russia, and the assistance of men of high intelligence, including Lenin, to guide it. All its operations have been carried on in the last decade, so there is no question of out-moded methods and ancient examples.

The Third, or Communist, International was founded in Moscow in 1919. Conferences were held, at first, every year. Later they were spaced out more, and at the time of writing no full conference has met at all for two or three years. During the years 1920 and 1921 large masses of the workers, inspired by the Russian revolution, were in a mood to consider joining the Third International. Conditions—including the once famous Twenty-One Points—were put up which the existing organizations of the workers declined to accept. Among these was the famous public promise to undertake illegal work, a romantic demand which seemed less melodramatic in Moscow surrounded by Red Guards than it did in Prague or Paris.

These conditions afforded an admirable

opportunity for the war-time, anti-revolutionary leaders of the Labor movement to recover their lost prestige. The opportunity was taken and as a result of these three years of struggle, the mass of the workers did not, as was hoped, support the Communists, or form the necessary "mass-revolutionary" organizations. In every capitalist country almost without exception, there were in 1922 old-style trade-union movements in which the Communists had been deprived of all influence; the "red" trade-unions were relatively insignificant.

Politically, the working class was split into two parts. In most countries the Socialist Parties had an undeniable and marked superiority over the Third International parties; where this was not so, as in France, the ensuing years put the Socialist Party back into a commanding position. Large numbers of workers were continually throughout the next ten years attracted into the various Communist parties, but, in general, still larger numbers left them. The British Communist Party, for example, which started with 10,000 members, had in 1932 apparently rather less than half that number. (I say "apparently" because exact and reliable information about Communist parties is no longer given to the workers: estimates have to be used.) A very much larger number than 10,000 had passed through the Communist organization. "If the ex-members of the party," it was stated in

London in 1932, "were laid end-to-end, they would reach from here to Moscow."

The general line of development in the years 1922-1933 was, as is not denied by anyone, for Socialist (anti-revolutionary) organizations to recover their strength at the expense of the Communist or Communist-controlled bodies. One very considerable exception to this rule was to be observed. In Germany, after an initial recovery by the Social Democrats, they appeared to be losing ground steadily to the Communist Party, which seemed to be on the way to becoming the mass party of the German workers after all. This tendency was becoming more marked in 1933 when both parties were overwhelmed by the Nazis and further development stopped.

II

No successful revolution anywhere has been conducted by the Third International. Two short-lived revolutionary governments were formed in 1919, in Bavaria and Hungary. They came to sudden ends and were in any case not directed by the Third International, which was not then organized. In 1927 a joint revolutionary enterprise by the Communist International and the Chinese Nationalist Party, called the Kuo-min-tang, had spectacular successes immediately followed by a crushing defeat for the Communists when Chiang Kai-Shek, the Kuo-min-tang general, turned upon them. Since then a reputed Soviet movement, of which nothing is known, has appeared in the interior of China.

It remains true, therefore, that the record of the Third International is one of failure. It set out to achieve world revolution; it has not achieved any revolution at all anywhere. However much chagrin

this judgment may cause to earnest workers, it is impossible to sustain any other verdict. We can no longer inquire: "Has the Third International failed?" but only "Why has the Third International failed?"

The first mistake of the Communist International lay in its constitution. It is a centralized body. It is one international party, divided for administrative reasons into national units; not an international union of various national parties. All its members are controlled and directed (theoretically at least) by the Presidium in Moscow, which again is ultimately responsible only to an international conference, when that meets. The conference decides policy, but that policy is interpreted by the Presidium, whose instructions are binding on all members, including the executive bureaux and committees of the national parties. Individuals may be punished by the International, though that is of course rare; but the intention and effect of the international discipline is more to enforce all parties and all national executive bodies to follow exactly the lines laid down by the Presidium and to suppress at once any "deviations."

The argument for this form of organization is that because capital is internationally organized, labor to fight it must be organized internationally too. At first sight, this seems plausible, and is in a limited sense true. Labor movements with no international connections would be gravely hampered. But in general it is not true; it is only plausible. First of all, capital is *not* internationally organized. Only certain branches of capitalism are, and those very imperfectly. Furthermore, even in the world of capitalism international organization has in many important respects recently receded before increased nationalism. It is certainly still true that the greater number of the workers' strug-

gles, trade-unionists or political, have to be fought out nationally and not internationally.

Secondly, even were capital internationally organized, the deduction that labor must also be internationally organized in the Communist manner does not follow. So far from this strict and rigid discipline enabling the workers to fight their enemies, it excludes precisely those swift-minded and independent workers whose allegiance is necessary. In any revolutionary crisis international control is a ludicrous idea. Orthodox Communists should consider what would have happened in Russia from March to November, 1917, had Lenin and his colleagues been under the discipline of an International. As it was, they varied their tactics with the greatest speed. They demanded the calling of the Constituent Assembly as soon as possible and then closed it up when it came. They took charge of an insurrection in July, lost it, and tried again.

But all this time they considered themselves members of the International, or at the very least of the anti-war section of the International. How on earth could they ever have succeeded in their task if they had had to obey the orders of an International committee sitting outside Russia and consisting of, say, Eugene Debs, Branting, Turati, Merrheim, and Ramsay MacDonald—or whomever else you please?

That such a prospect could be entertained at all as a plan for a future revolution, by reasoning beings, only shows that its defenders are living in a dream-world, in which their International is such an organization as never could be, directed exclusively by new and younger Lenins, who add to his energy and intelligence a miraculous knowledge of conditions and problems everywhere in the world. Any

international revolutionary organization which may be built in the future must have powers of discipline, without question. It must retain the right to expel a party for counter-revolutionary activity (or inactivity) or aims.

But such a right must only be exercised by a conference, after fair inquiry, and it is wholly impracticable to think of directing national party activities, in any but the most general way, from an international centre. People who accept the task of leading a movement for social change in any one country must take the responsibility for their own decisions, and answer for them to those who have to carry them out and to suffer the consequences. If they will not, if they want a distant committee to advise and control them, be sure they are wholly unfitted for their positions.

III

Unwise in itself, this central authority was unwisely used. When the first Communist International Conference met in Moscow in 1919, there was no sort of uniformity to be seen among the bodies attending it, nor among those who were attracted to it and its satellite bodies in the next year or so. Their organizations had, often, great vitality and glorious traditions of their own; they were overshadowed but not crushed by the Russians. There were the Italian Socialist Party, the I.W.W., the Spartakusbund, and then the German Communist Labor Party (K.A.P.D.—practically a Blanquist party), the Norwegian Labor Party and others.

The Communist International deliberately set out to enforce uniformity upon them, as a considered policy. All their historic names were to be thrown over-

board—no title was to be allowed but “the Communist Party of —.” Political organization had to be exactly the same, based on the Russian, with Politburos and Agitprops, and all, regardless of whether the conditions called for them, and regardless, too, of the opinions of the local proletariat to whom these grotesque names were often either perplexing or the subject of disrespectful jokes. Political programs had to be identical; so had economic and political slogans, which meant naturally that they became so general as to be nearly devoid of meaning.

That this policy was right appeared to the Communists to be proved by the fact that the stronger organizations, which resisted it, came to bad ends. The K.A.P.D. passed out of existence. Mussolini massacred the Italian Socialist Party. The Norwegian Labor Party split. The I.W.W. withered up. The Communist International surveyed the ruins and, in manifestoes which unfortunately became far more verbose as time went on, pointed in effect the nursery moral: “This comes of not doing what you’re told.”

But that that was so is exceedingly improbable. At least as much blame may be laid upon the Third International for failing to accommodate its policy to the prejudices and traditions of working classes which had had different experiences from the Russians. It thereby had part responsibility for disasters like the Fascist revolt in Italy, in which, incidentally, its own “correct” organizations were annihilated as utterly as the “incorrect” ones. But this and other splits did not impress Mr. Zinovieff and his colleagues that way. They considered that they were entitled to assume, according to Marxist economics, that the capitalist crisis would grow worse and worse, and that more and more workers would consequently be

driven into the Communist ranks. They felt that they could ignore, or treat as paid agents of the bourgeoisie, all those national labor leaders who hesitated or bargained about conditions of admission to the International, or of “discipline” once they were inside.

Not less but more uniformity, not less but more ordering from the center was their remedy. The failures so far did not mean, they considered, that the medicine was bad, but that double doses should be taken. They felt that time worked fast and inexorably for them: they imagined the workers clamoring at their international gates, and like good showmen, raised the price of admission.

But economic development cheated them. The promised flood of workers into the Communist parties prepared for them never came. From about the end of 1923 to the middle of 1928 capitalism stabilized itself. The workers’ living conditions steadied, and sometimes even improved. So far from the revolutionary urge increasing it declined rapidly. The Communist International publications of those years angrily denied the fact, but events were too strong for it. The workers did not knock for admission at their doors: on the contrary, those who were inside began to leave. The International in disgust abandoned the *embourgeoisé* workers of Western Europe and America for the Far East, where misery was eternal.

IV

Nevertheless, under the influence of their visionary hopes, Mr. Zinovieff and his colleagues had made their final and most serious blunder. This was the adoption of the policy of “bolshevization” in 1923. It is impossible to understand this policy unless we remember that the Presidium

members had convinced themselves of the inevitability of a vast world-wide swing of the workers towards themselves. They believed, under this delusion, that they could regard the words "worker" and "Communist" as almost interchangeable: they could at least act as though all workers very soon would be either Communists or sympathizers.

They could not, indeed, deny that there were in fact some who were not, but they regarded them as ripe fruit about to fall. Outside the parties they saw not (as was the case) the majority of organized and conscious workers, but a small minority of deliberate traitors and a number of fooled and backward followers. The latter were to be quickly brought up, as a crammer brings up a class of morons, to the general level by the use of what were called "lower organs," meaning small journals, local meetings and leaflets. "It is the duty," the Third International instructed the British party, "of the lower organs of the party to penetrate the backward parts of the proletariat." Those who still remained doubtful were to be regarded as enemies of the workers and extirpated by all the devices—including conspiracy, untruthfulness and dishonesty—till then reserved for the capitalist class.

To enable this to be done, all party members were put under an exact control and personal discipline which was derived far more from Bakunin than Marx. Its name and historical justification was, however, taken from Lenin's famous conflict with Martov, which split the Russian Socialists before the war into Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. Martov wished to keep within the party members who merely accepted the party program and paid their subscriptions. Lenin, with a greater perception of the reality of political conditions in Czarist Russia, replied

that no man should be allowed to belong to the party who was not a worker for the party—who did not in ascertainable fact put himself at the orders of the executive, regularly and unceasingly and do reliably the work allotted, whether it was dangerous, or disgusting, or dull, or all three. There were to be no passengers, even if they offered money for their tickets. Lenin's plan was victorious, and Zinovieff transposed it to Western conditions twenty years later without realizing that the circumstances were very different.

Certain considerable successes were achieved by "bolshevization." Serious revolutionaries do not want to be passengers, and if only they could be assured that discipline would be applied equally and that their officials could be trusted, they were willing enough to take orders. Some at least of the membership that was squeezed out at first by "bolshevization" was in fact little more than water. Those who remained showed a sudden increase of energy. They stood in the rain to sell party papers, they came first and left last at open air meetings, they affronted the police, and interrupted rival labor meetings with the patience and obstreperousness of the early Quakers. For all their small numbers they were deep and sharp thorns in their rivals' sides.

But as "bolshevization" progressed, it began to do more harm than good. In the first place the new discipline became odious to the membership. It had been accepted by the pre-war Bolsheviks because the political conditions of Czarism enforced it. Under terrorism, such organization is necessary and the workers agree to it, but not otherwise. Perhaps it would be better if they did, but we have to deal with the imperfect material that human beings are. And in America and England,

despite the oppression that does exist, the workers are not in fact living under a Terror, though to this day the large majority of Russian Communists believe that they are.

Membership figures fell. Yet so far from slackening the discipline, the International intensified it. Cross-examinations concerning members' private lives and activities were first permitted, and then made compulsory. In Russia, a "party purge" exists, in which a member is required to expose to his fellow members his soul and his relations with other persons. Cases are known in which members have been compelled to quarrel with relatives of unsuitable views as a price of retaining membership. Such extremes were not reached in England and America, but long steps were made towards them. I have myself, as a member of the party, witnessed the cross-examination of a low paid and semi-skilled engineer as to the way in which he spent his private time. He was able to prove that on Saturday afternoon and on every evening but one he was occupied either blamelessly or on party work. "But what," said an accuser springing from the second row, "do you do on Wednesday night?"

Had he been a Russian, it may be that our engineer would have delightedly seized the opportunity to expound the perplexities of his sex-life and the troubles that attend a worker who doubts if he has the money to take a deviating young woman to the pictures. But being of another race, he turned purple and advised the audience loudly to find itself a less (but not much less) indecent occupation than nosing into his affairs. His suggestion was ruled out of order and within two days he had left the party and with him a number of his friends. All over the country, similar and little less foolish

scenes were occurring, and the reluctance of members to accept this inquisition was enhanced by a distrust of their officials as "yes-men" which began to appear about the same time.

V

As "bolshevization" proceeded, its ravages became more severe. Heresies were found with a facility and ingenuity that only the Early Church could rival. What are Brandlerism? Zinovieffism? Lovestonism? Loreism? What is a leftward deviation from the proletarian ideological norm? I doubt if even the most "bolshevized" "monolithic,"¹ "in-the-line" Leninist Communist could say offhand now; yet they are real heresies and numbers of people have been expelled for holding them. None of these terms have been invented by me. The parties continually peeled portions of themselves off and threw them away, as if they had turned into onions with suicidal mania. This "onion-process" is not a rare symptom among revolutionary parties, from the Jacobins onwards, but any student of revolution recognizes it as a disquieting sign of grave disease.

The process of argument which identified "worker" with "Communist" also identified "non-Communist" with "class-enemy." The method to be used against all class enemies under "bolshevization" was that of secret conspiracy. But in Britain and the United States at least, it lamentably failed because of the impossibility of preserving secrecy. So many of the Communist workers failed to realize that their lifetime friends were now

¹ "Monolithic" is a word of praise coveted by orthodox Communists. It is not, as an etymologist might think, Russian for "bonehead." It means "member of a party without any divisions of opinion in it."

treacherous enemies, and "spilt the beans" from mere naïveté, while those that did were often too clumsy to conceal their manœuvres.

At one meeting of the London Trades Council, of which the late Duncan Carmichael was secretary, a number of "spontaneous resolutions of revolt" were moved by delegates apparently from all over London. Their common complexion roused Mr. Carmichael's curiosity and he asked for the resolutions to be handed to him in writing. Each spontaneous delegate then presented him with a thin slip of typed paper, typed by the same machine, and when the slips were laid together their irregularities exactly fitted and they formed one foolscap sheet of paper.

This method of work was known as nucleus work—"nucleiing" was the term preferred by the then organizer. Its operation may be studied perhaps best in an organization like the then Labour Research Department, which the Communists desired to capture from the existing staff. The method was to arrange speakers and resolutions on committees beforehand, without the other workers knowing, in order that they might be swept away by what appeared to be a spontaneous outburst of energy but was in fact a secretly rehearsed piece of acting.

The first problem in this particular case was to pack the necessary sub-committees so that all the more important publications should be handed over to Communists; the second so to thwart the secretary, G. D. H. Cole, that he would be vexed into resigning. A "nucleus meeting" was called in November, 1923, prior to the meetings of the Finance and General Purposes and Publications Committees, and the following mysterious orders as to behavior were sent out to those absent from or present at the meeting. They

are actors' parts, with cues; the initials represent other actors in the know. The orders appear on the next page.

Such tactics could only be successful if the Communists' rivals had been in fact idiots led by scoundrels. But they were not: they were mischievous beasts who defended themselves. They fought back: and as it was the more left-wing bodies which the Communists tried to control, it was precisely their nearest allies which they found themselves attacking. I vainly endeavored to prevent the British Communist Party from following this policy, urging it to consider that it was digging a deep ditch between itself and its closest fellow workers; and on my advice being rejected, I withdrew from the Communist Party. Nothing that has occurred since has caused me to change my mind.

VI

With the adoption of this policy the party finally ceased to be a possible instrument of revolution. It filled the minds of the most energetic and independent workers with hatred and distrust of the Communists. It gave them as enemies not men like J. H. Thomas, Ramsay MacDonald, or John Lewis, who might reasonably be considered to have abandoned their original tenets altogether and to have gone over to the other side, and whose enmity might perhaps be considered a compliment. It embroiled them with precisely the patient and courageous rank and file workers who kept alive locals and branches in the face of capitalist persecution in industrial towns and mining villages, and who were most liable to find their organizations and themselves "captured" by a "revolutionary cell."

It made even some strong revolutionaries regard the name Communist as the

261.

Decisions of meeting on 14/11/23 calling
for action at F. & G. P. Com. on 16/11/23
or Publications Com. on 20/11/23.

Decision.

Co-options to E.C.

MHD.

OEB.

MEB

CPD

Co-option to P.C.

Labour & Capital Sub-C'ee. Move re-
appointment of RPA, EB, MEB, RPA

Syllabus sub-c'ee. Move appointment of
RPA, OEB, CPD, RWP.

Postponement of EC.

Fourth Fridays for Pubn. C.

Labour Party Pamphlet.

Studies.

Year-book. ALB as Editor. Offer of Local
Govt. to Cole

Syllabus Series. Move reference to Sub-C'ee.

Mover or Reporter

RPA to get Cole to move. Otherwise ALB.
EB.

RPD, RWP, or ALB

EB

RWP or RPD

EB.

RPA.

RPD or EB.

Draft to be submitted by RPA, on report of
his offer.

RPA to report first on those arranged, Traf-
fic, Building, Cotton, Coal. EB to raise ques-
tion of single authorship. RPA then to
propose authors for above four, HPR, HPR,
EB, Parsons, respectively.

RPA then to bring up proposed list of fur-
ther studies, with authors, as follows, Iron
& Steel, MPP; Distribution, Pountney; soap,
JTWN; Tobacco, DT; Agriculture, EB;
Oil, RPA; and possibly also Banking, MHD;
Insurance, HPR.

Cole to be fought in favor of Parsons-Rath-
bone draft of Coal Study with reference to
sub-c'ee on that basis.

RPA or EB

EB.

Specimen of Mysterious Communist Orders

equivalent of crook and liar. At the La-
bour Party Congress of 1933, when the
question of the "united front" should
theoretically have come up, it received
no consideration. But this was not be-
cause corrupt reformist leaders stamped
out a rank-and-file revolt. They had no
need to: the delegates of local labor parties,
unspoiled workers, had had so large a belly-
ful of Communist tactics that they would
not, for however just a cause, associate with
them.

While this grim hatred—continually
damped down by the necessities of

capitalist life and continually fanned by
the follies of "bolshevization"—was burn-
ing, the Communist parties were faced by
an impossible task in endeavoring to rep-
resent the workers as a mass. They had,
in all countries, a formula of an identical
kind. It has never worked in any single
country, but they still adhere to it. It is:
"The workers must support the reformist
Socialist and trade union bodies for a
time, in order that they may be disillusion-
ed by their treachery while in power;
they will then turn to the Communist
Party."

In fact, the fruits of this policy have always fallen into Fascist and never into Communist laps. There have been Socialist victories enough, in Britain, Italy, Germany, and Spain, and often there have been cowardice and inertia sufficient to deserve, if you so wish, the name of treachery; but the second part of the prophecy has never been fulfilled. In attempting to operate this policy, the Communist parties were compelled to say entirely opposite things at the same time. They had to urge in England, for example, the workers to support the Labour Party, because it was despicable and would betray them. T. A. Jackson, one of their leading theorists disclosed this essential contradiction in a flaming speech which induced the Communist Party to apply for affiliation with the Labour Party. "Let us take the Labour leaders by the hand," he cried, "in order later to take them by the throat." Even had not the Labour leaders callously refused this embrace, the Communist Party would before long have been hideously embarrassed by having to interpret its own slogan. Trotsky, at that time still the premier theorist of official Communism, provided a specific instruction which, more than anything else could, shows the freakish absurdity to which Communist tactics had arrived.

The Communists, he said in "Where is Britain Going?", should relentlessly expose from day to day the servile treachery

of the Labour Party lackeys, and also demand that the trade unions expel any members who failed to pay the political levy to support the aforementioned lackeys! No working class, no class at all, can possibly answer the cry, "Rally to the support of those who will betray you! Vote for thief Thomas, liar MacDonald, and traitor Henderson, that you may have the full experience of their meanness and treachery towards you!" Nor has the *Daily Worker* in England secured any considerable response for its economic campaign; for the worker who can read from one column to the other can easily put together the astounding clarion call: "Come out on strike! If you do, your leaders will instantly sell you out!"

However true such a cry may be, it has not spread revolutionary feeling; it has spread rather what the French call *je-m'en-foutisme*. Communist propaganda has induced the workers to distrust their political and economic leaders; Communist activity has caused them to dislike the Communists. The net result has been to produce that disillusioned and cynical state of mind (most favorable to Fascism) where the working class is imbued with a belief that all action must necessarily fail; and all proposals, even for the most useful and hopeful action, are greeted with the equivalents of "However thin you slice it, it's still boloney," or merely, "—and the same to you."

JAPAN'S DESTINY IN THE ORIENT

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

WE WERE idly chatting over our after-dinner coffee, wondering if the fair weather that had attended us from Penang would hold out until we reached Calcutta, when the Dutch banker from Java, a welcome but usually silent member of the group, suddenly injected a serious note into the conversation.

"Why are your people so willing to shirk your responsibilities in the Philippines?" he said rather sharply to the Americans in the party.

Long practice provided me with the answer that came almost automatically to my lips.

"Because," I replied, "the Americans feel that they have fully discharged their responsibilities there, and imperialistic adventures as such, especially in the Far East, hold no charms for them."

"But your government has a far larger responsibility, an obligation to mankind," he countered quickly. "It must take its part with the great European nations in teaching the Orient the deeper values of modern civilization. Otherwise the awakening East, steeped in barbarism, ignorance and the ethics of the jungle, will rise in its might and smash everything that is precious in Western life."

Continuing, he identified European imperialism in its modern phase with disinterested service to mankind. He wheeled into line such potent and time-weathered phrases as the "yellow peril" and the "white man's burden," and he ended by

involving the government at Washington in an immediate war against Japan before that nation should organize Eastern and Southern Asia for its career of world conquest. None of us could doubt the intensity of his convictions, or fail to feel discomfort at his charge that American indifference to civilization's peril stemmed from criminal shortsightedness and a gross lack of idealism.

The real significance of this chance discussion lies not so much in the cogency of the Dutch colonial's argument as in the fact that he voiced an opinion which Europeans in many parts of the Far East freely express to American travelers. There was a time earlier in the century when the intervention of the United States in the affairs of Asia was less hospitably viewed. Now it seems that America must not only cling tightly to whatever holdings she has managed to acquire, but must also assume a major responsibility for setting the Eastern house in order. My Dutch friend candidly admitted that his own country had no reason to fear the loss of its Asiatic possessions.

"If Japan should try to wrest them from us," he asserted, "England and the United States would prevent it." It was evident he pinned his principal hopes on the United States.

One might suppose that even the policies of European chancelleries are colored by this point of view. The reluctance of the Great Powers a few years ago to under-

write the Hoover-Stimson doctrine in regard to Manchukuo suggests how willing and eager they are to let Uncle Sam pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Perhaps equally significant from a different point of view is the inspired opinion of the Japanese press that America forms the chief bar to that country's hopes for a Greater Japan.

II

The Hoover-Stimson doctrine undoubtedly raised rainbow hopes in the breasts of Europeans in the Far East. Economic and political perils at home have served to make Europe reluctant to court additional troubles in remote Asia. But, in any case, America must sooner or later decide what her national responsibility is to the Orient and to the rest of the world for the Orient. The decision, of course, must be made not in terms of European desire and convenience, but with reference to America's own proper rôle in the world's tangled concerns and also with due reference to the larger interests of the Orient itself.

For a century and more Europe has been closing in on the East, preempting or biting off pieces of China, strangling Malaysia, smothering India. Today Siam is the only independent country left in South-eastern Asia, a condition due not to her toy navy or tiny defensive force, but to the mutual jealousies of her two neighbors, the British in Burma and the French in Indo-China. (Siam joined the Entente Allies in the World War only after prolonged pressure, for she could not forget a French proposal made to Britain not many years before to divide her territory between them.)

The historical record is too clear for any sensible person to argue that this inexorable forward thrust has been actuated by

humane or idealistic considerations. Trading advantage, openings for the investment of idle capital, national glory, jealousy of other powers—in a word, economic and political imperialism tells the story. If, as many acute observers believe, these vast interests are now imperiled by the sleeping giant's arousing at last to a sense of his own strength and rights, one can readily understand Europe's desire to have America leap into the breach and assure the continuance of the *status quo*.

My Dutch friend, however, troubled himself neither to affirm nor to deny the damaging character of the historical record. Such considerations seemed to him simply irrelevant. Regardless of the past, he said in effect, we shall soon face a death struggle between Oriental barbarism and Occidental civilization. On behalf of humanity America must straightway range herself with the forces of light, for she cannot afford to remain a passive bystander.

In rejoinder, it is only fair to ask, "Can the past be ignored?" If the Eastern peoples are about to organize their might, who taught them the trick? Who provided them with high-powered machines of destruction? Who demonstrated to them the need of resisting force with greater force? To put it differently, is Japan feared because she has failed to learn from the West or because she has learned only too well? Chickens do come home to roost, and it would appear that, unless Europe undergoes a purification of heart that no signs on a darkling horizon presage, she has forfeited all claim to American support as champion of the "deeper values of modern civilization."

Quite apart from these unpleasant truths, however, another consideration forces itself upon the attention of even the most casual visitor to the Far East. Along the

main highways of travel on the rim of Asia great Europeanized commercial centers like Shanghai, Singapore, Calcutta and Bombay have sprung into existence. In such places one finds provision for sanitation, hospitals, a certain number of schools, magnificent parks and boulevards, stately public edifices, in fine, much of the paraphernalia of municipal progress and civic self-respect such as one finds in Europe or America. From points like these, rail lines and improved roads strike inland as though to quicken the spread of Western standards of life into the remoter districts. If the Occidental nations have a mission to uplift the Orient to their own level of civilization, it may well be asked how effective these oases of Western culture have been as demonstration stations, to what extent they have influenced native peoples to emulation. Municipal enterprise might be expected to breed municipal enterprise, civic cleanliness to beget its like.

The answer is instant and conclusive. So far as these aspects of European example in Asia are concerned, Tarde's celebrated law of imitation seems to have been in a state of suspended animation. Employing a sort of instinctive passive resistance far antedating Gandhi's noncoöperation, the Oriental generally continues in the way of his ancestors, preferring the ancient filth and the ancient faith to newfangled customs and practices. The life of the rural mud villages of North India or North China amply illustrates the point, but so also do the *mores* of the huddled populations in the native quarters of such big and fine cities as Calcutta and Shanghai.

Europe has indeed been a teacher to Asia, but, unhappily, a teacher mainly of the barbaric elements in her own culture. As an exemplar of the way to sweetness and light, she has failed disastrously. The contemporary Far Eastern problem is the

dramatic evidence of that failure. Will the United States, by underwriting a bankrupt enterprise, help to prevent the predicted conflict between East and West or, rather, speed its coming? The reply seems self-evident.

Despite the reproaches of the Dutch colonial, America has not lacked idealism in her traditional contacts with the Orient. But apart from the Philippine adventure, involving a temporary trusteeship, she has chosen to meet her responsibilities less through governmental action than through the activities of private individuals and groups. Though such efforts may not always have been disinterested, the debits have long since been wiped out by the credits accruing from vast medical enterprises and wide-flung educational service as well as from other less extensive humanitarian undertakings. The American people should not, and are not apt to, relax these efforts. On the contrary, they should increase and extend them as rapidly as occasion permits and the results promise to be fruitful.

But if such a program of helpfulness should be made an arm of governmental policy or be backed by governmental force, and particularly if it should be linked with a scheme of national political or economic aggrandisement, there is every reason to believe that the United States would meet with the same failure as have the imperialistic powers of Europe. America's proper rôle in the Orient can only be a modest one. Let us hope it may continue to prove a helpful one.

III

To the generalization regarding Eastern imperviousness to Western culture one striking exception exists, though the country in question lies somewhat aloof geo-

graphically from those that have been mentioned. Japan has long been the *bête noir* of certain American editors and publicists, a reputation based partly upon her past actions in respect to China and even more upon fears as to her probable future plans. What is not so well known in the United States is that the military clique in Japan represents merely one element of public opinion, that it has not always been uppermost even in the years since the World War, and that it is constantly threatened with loss of power by more liberal forces in political life. It may well be that Japan's need for raw materials and enlarged markets will continue to drive her along the road to empire; but her internal political situation is such that no party can long retain office which does not wed economic exploitation to a vigorous program of advancing the "deeper values of modern civilization" in the regions concerned.

The notion of Japan in this enlightened rôle shocked my Dutch interlocutor. To many Americans, fed on the bogey stories of the sensational press, the idea will seem quite as grotesque. Yet to envisage her in this character one needs but to see Japan and appraise her varied achievement: to observe the respect for her national past blended with pride in present accomplishment, her ancient pagodas matched against the skyline by giant hydroelectric transmission towers; to visit her great cities, her mammoth newspaper plants, her social settlements and welfare agencies, her all-embracing public school system (where English is taught as a required subject). How many Americans know that Yūsuke Tsurumi's novel "The Mother" a few years ago commanded a Japanese sale of a quarter-million copies, or that more different book titles are published annually in Japan than in the United States? The little island

empire has been the one nation in the Orient to absorb Occidental culture, most of its best features as well as some of its worst.

Of course, it is customary to say that the Japanese have "aped" the white race, though as to the implications of this grudging verb I am not at all clear. The truth is that, underneath the skin, Westerners are uncomfortable at the extraordinary progress Japan has made, and are afraid of the consequences. Perhaps, unconsciously, it has made them increasingly half-hearted in their own attempts to transform the Asiatics of the mainland. If we assume, however, the sincerity of the rest of the world in wishing the East to be Occidentalized, it may well be the historic function of the Japanese, as the only Oriental people who have modernized themselves through an act of self-will, to teach their fellow Asiatics what Europe has failed to.

From this point of view Manchukuo appears one of the most significant experiments that any government is carrying on in the world today. However little we may like the attendant circumstances, an unusual conjunction of events has allowed Japan to work her will in Manchuria without effective outside interference. Will her reigning statesmen arise to the opportunity before them? Will Manchukuo under Japanese tutelage repeat the story of Japan's own advance in the arts of civilization? Will the example, or threat, of an efficient, orderly modern state to the north of China hasten the solution of that country's internal disorganization and economic and social ills? Or will Japan's success in Manchukuo, if she achieves it, cause her to set up Manchukuos in various other parts of Eastern and Southern Asia?

These are far-reaching questions, not to mention the equally significant question of the attitude of the rest of the world

toward Japan's course. To ask them, however, serves to indicate the deeper nature of the experiment and to place the undertaking in its broader perspective.

If such indeed be Japan's destiny, the possibility of the "yellow peril," which affrighted the Dutch banker, would still remain. Yet it is well to remember that in the history of nations, just as of individual persons, the worst troubles are apt to be those that never occur. An Occidentalized Asia, even if originally captained by Japan, would soon breed so many internal problems of its own, economic, racial,

religious and nationalistic, that it would face Europe no better consolidated than Europe itself. In any case, an Armageddon between the massed hosts of the East and the West is too remote a contingency to serve as a present guide to American national policy. Time alone can reveal Japan's rôle in the cosmic process. Much will depend upon the wisdom of her rulers, much also upon forces beyond her control.

Yet the future may disclose that Kipling was wrong and that, after all, Asia is the yellow man's burden.

WHY NO GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC?

BY W. J. HENDERSON

THE only illustrious composer of music living in America was born in Alsace. There has not yet been a native creator of musical art works who could be accorded rank above the second-rate men of Europe. Once upon a time there was a flood of prophecy about Edward McDowell. Today his music is heard rarely. The world has passed it by and fallen before the altars of Puccini and Mascagni, Richard Strauss and Tschaiikowsky. One need not be a prophet in criticism to perceive that all these are fruitful talents, but assuredly not geniuses. Before the titans of musical art, even the questionable Wagner and the unquestionable Bach, they present diminished figures. There has been no American Schubert, Schumann or even Liszt; one hardly dares to add, no American Chopin. We have not produced even such superfine salon pieces as the Mendelssohn concerto for the violin or the Rubinstein D minor for the piano. And amid all the publicity and struggle of the "modernists" we have only our Aaron Copland, Charles Ives, and a few others of similar importance to pit against the fading Stravinsky and the almost legendary Schoenberg.

There are pessimists who lament that instead of rising in the scale we are unmistakably descending. These skeptics invite us to point to the contemporaneous composition equalling the best of Chadwick, Foote and the other Boston Athenians. They also ask where our popular songs are, or any other music of the peo-

ple comparable to the immortal anonymous utterances of European peoples. They deride the claims of Stephen Foster to a place among the prophets who have spoken for a nation and they laugh us to scorn when we boast of the popularity of George Gershwin and the shopworn "Rhapsody in Blue." As for our operas, they declare that we have not yet learned the rudiments of the art of composing for the lyric theatre and command us to make note of the fact that the most impressive portions of our successful "Emperor Jones" are spoken.

Worst of all, the skeptics tell us that we produce an immense quantity of machine-made music, turned out in accord with European models, but having neither formal nor spiritual relation to our own national life. We have hundreds of educated musicians. The conservatories are sending them out in small armies every year with good technical training, little talent and nowhere to go but to the teacher's studio or the emergency aid organizations. For the best of the performing musicians there is perhaps hope, but for the mediocre composer—and they maintain that he always is mediocre—there is the prospect of one performance, procured through the incessant propaganda of the newspapers, which demand that the American composer shall have as much opportunity as the European, and then retirement to the dust of the library shelf. This retirement is caused by the in-

disputable superiority of the imported article.

According to its habit, truth lies between extremes. The case of American music is not productive of optimism, but it is not hopeless. There is musical talent in these United States despite the dominance of the field by foreign artists. There is even creative talent, but it lacks national foundations, unhampered expression, and the esteem of Mr. Average American Citizen. Perhaps, too, the political and economic history of our country has a distinct relation to the slow advance of music. We have certainly been expending most of our energies on the development of our material resources. We had first to struggle with the problems of occupation and settlement, then with wars internal and external. The civil conflict set the arts back at least a century. The world cataclysm surely did not help them. But it is conceivable that in the face even of such events the art of music might have made some approach to an expression of national spirit of loftier æsthetic value than Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" and George M. Cohan's "Over There."

II

If we survey, no matter how superficially, the music which conveys the character and thought of any people, we invariably find that that people anticipated its educated composers and created music out of which the great men built their works. That which makes Russian music distinctively Russian was not created by Glinka nor Rimsky-Korsakov, but by the Russian people. De Falla and Granados got their rhythms, melodies and harmonies from the songs and dances of Spain. And when Verdi wrote "*La Donna e mobile*" he was unmistakably under the influence of

"*Santa Lucia*." There is nothing new in the theory that the national features of any music originate in the folk songs and dances of the people. Certain learned persons have lately disputed this assertion and told us that Tschaikowsky's Fourth symphony, to quote a single example, would be pure Russian, even if that folk song theme did not appear in the finale. But the argument fails because one easily perceives that Tschaikowsky himself was greatly influenced by German music and that when he is most Russian his thematic material is of stuff that could have been conceived and born only on Russian soil.

The American composer is confronted with a condition which faces no other. He dwells in a country which houses a nation, but not a people. The melting pot is still at work. Its stirrings apparently can never cease. Wherever you go in this country you will hear other languages than English and see people who look and behave like foreigners. These people can contribute nothing toward the development of a national musical idiom. When the Germans sing, they sing German songs, and the Italians in the restaurants of New York or San Francisco are cheered and uplifted, not by "My Old Kentucky Home", but by "O sole mio."

American composers have fallen back on the plantation songs and spirituals of the Negroes for inspiration, with the result that instead of deriving symphonies from them according to the suggestion of Antonin Dvořák they have burdened the air with St. Louis blues and the inexorable rhythm of the fox trot. When Henry Hadley wrote his decidedly meritorious symphony "*North, East, South, West*", he could paint the gentle and courteous life of the Southern States only with melodies imitative of those compiled by their slaves.

When Henry F. Gilbert composed what he hoped would be accepted as a distinctly national ballet, he produced "The Dance in the Place Congo", an excellent piece of music, but sectional instead of national.

Nevertheless, there is a solid basis of truth for the doctrine of independence of the folk idiom. The employment of the folk idiom puts the externals of nationalism upon music and renders the music immediately comprehensible to the people. When there is no unification of race, as in this country, the folk idiom does not exist except as that of some fraction of the population. That it can be made popular by frequent use and wide dissemination proves nothing germane to the matter. It is no more national than the waltzes of Johann Strauss, which also enjoyed their day of vogue throughout the country. What is far more important is the kind of music which publishes ideals and faiths, emotions or even habits common to all the people. Where is that music to come from if there is no people to cherish such feelings? The potent spell of the Negro spiritual is its deep rooted, almost desperate grasp of religious belief. It is the song of the Negro soul. It not only interests, but even arouses, the white man because of its innate eloquence.

But as Oscar Thompson, one of the best American writers on music, lately asked, where is the music of our Western expanses, our mighty plains, our mountains, our great lakes? The eyes of the would-be classics of native art were always turned toward Europe. The young modernist derides the trends of his romantic era and stoutly argues that the business of music is to express its own time. He says this is a machine age, not a period of Tristans or Istars. But where is the authentic musical expression of the spirit of the machine age? One seeks for it in vain. The song of

this age has not been sung by the people themselves. There is no popular music bearing any relation to it. There is no use of any endeavor to force an artistic realization of it downward from above. What is truly national in art rises from the people; it is not imposed upon them by artists.

Now let us briefly examine the attitude of the people, both patrician and plebian, if such classification may be assumed for the purpose of the moment. The so-called masses have made it clear that their musical food is provided by the jazz orchestra and the communications of the big advertisers utilizing the radio. Certain companies have lately experimented with broadcasts of good music played by competent orchestras and directed by conductors of reputation. What reaction has been obtained is not quite clear, but it is obvious that the audiences were offered the bait of celebrated soloists. How much of this good music would they wish to hear if it were performed by good players and conductors not made famous in the public prints?

The radio concerts of Walter Damrosch have given delight to thousands. There is no question about that; the conductor's correspondence proves that he has found a large and approving audience. But the fact remains that the imposing majority of radio programs is aimed at those who can find pleasure only in shoddy music. The auditors who listen with avidity to opera broadcasts are perhaps attracted by the opportunities to hear celebrated singers without cost. How much do these auditors care about opera as an art? That question naturally involves another: how much does any opera-goer care about opera as an art? But that topic must be reserved for the moment. The point now to be considered is that the radio, ready to hand as a powerful aid in spreading a knowl-

edge and enjoyment of good music, is chiefly used to debase public taste.

Which leads by an easy transition to the attitude of the typical American business man toward music. It is true that there are business men who love good music and lend vital assistance to its cultivation. But in the final analysis it becomes indisputable that Harry Harkness Flagler, Charles M. Schwab, Clarence Mackay, Felix Warburg, the late Otto Kahn, and Augustus D. Juilliard cannot be catalogued among typical American business men. They are or were conspicuous and demarked persons who have separated themselves from type by being different. Years ago E. H. Harriman warned Otto Kahn against art. He told the young financier that if he persisted in his active interest in opera and concert he would discredit himself among the dictators of Wall Street. Mr. Harriman's was the typical business man's disposition toward music, and, for the matter of that, all art. Most of them regard art as a concern of their women folk. They class it with the German emperor's occupations for wives, which were church, cooking and children. It is not wise for a business man to be known as an amateur pianist, and if he sings (anywhere but in his morning bath), he may as well close his office and ask Fortune Gallo for an engagement. He has lost caste in the world of dollars and disqualified himself for leadership among men.

III

The art of music cannot attain to the position of honor which it ought to occupy as long as the men who influence the entire life of the nation hold it unworthy of their serious thought. It may be noted that this is equally true of the

other arts. When a typical American business man speaks of an author, he is likely to say, "Oh, he's one of those writing fellows, isn't he?" A painter is a fellow whom you hire to paint your wife's portrait. Or if he happens to be of world-wide reputation, you pay a hundred thousand dollars for one of his pictures and let your friends talk about that. An architect is a man who designs your mansion in the country or your office building in town. A musician is some one who plays or sings for your wife's guests.

It is undeniable that there are many women who love to capture an artistic lion and exhibit him to a company. But that does not alter the attitude of the big business husband. He continues to view the guest of honor as a curiosity. The business man's way cannot be set aside as inconsequential. It goes far toward shaping the views of those who occupy the more secluded spaces of national life. Plain people who conduct small businesses have pretty much the same ideas about artists and art as the big butter and egg man. All of them regard music as a specialized form of entertainment and musicians as performers of perhaps a trifle more skill than a tap dancer or an acrobat.

The big business man's wife is, if anything, a greater obstacle to the development of true art spirit than he is. Scattered through the lists of those present at social functions are names of women who possess receptivity to art and who have real culture. But it may be doubted whether even they are not dominated by the belief that their social position makes them authorities on matters of art. Now let us gladly admit that the art of living, the art of social intercourse, is of vital importance to the world, and that these polished women of the *haut monde* are authorities about this. If one wishes to know

what to wear and when and where, how to enter a drawing room, how to eat and how to shine in the conversational chatter of a salon, let him give all heed to the pronouncements of those whom the newspapers call "society leaders." But when these excellent ladies assume to hand down final opinions on the creations of arts and letters they succeed usually only in amusing those who know.

When His Majesty of Britain is advised by the persons whose duty it is to steer him along the tortuous channels of royalty that some musician has added to the glory of his country by bestowing upon the world a work of genius, the King can, and always does, confer upon that musician the honor of knighthood and a prefix to his name. Sir Edward Elgar is thus raised at least up to the social rank of Sir Arthur Sullivan or Sir Hubert Parry. But there is more to it than that. The bestowal of knighthood in Britain has the same significance that the bestowal of the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor has in France. It means a national recognition of achievement. We have nothing which parallels either. The assumption of a social leader that she is elevating the status of an author, a painter or a composer when she invites him to dinner is one of the most humorous elements in the comedy of our national life. And what makes it still more humorous is that the lady almost invariably picks a loser. Every music critic in New York has been personally brought into contact with one or more movements of society women to "put over" a hopeless mediocrity, and has covertly smiled at the efforts of these ladies to impress him with their brilliant social history. Would the critic presume to question the opinion of a lady who had entertained the Prince of Wales at dinner? The fact that this same Prince has

never advertised himself as an authority in the world of letters and the arts has probably never occurred to his charming hostess.

Now it is undeniable that the influence of these social leaders is far reaching. It is especially pernicious in the domain of opera, which from its inception has been regarded as a recreation of the rich. Here again history might be read with profit. The opera began its progress under the patronage of the most cultivated society the world has known. Can the present army of social strugglers who have succeeded to the positions once occupied by Ward McAllister's four hundred lay claim to general culture? To put a blunter and perhaps more practical question, how many of our social leaders go to the opera to experience the spell of a master work of art rather than that of a particularly good voice? How many of them are qualified to pronounce an opinion on an art work?

IV

Approaching the entire matter from what may be described as objective, we confront a problem which is not going to be solved swiftly and perhaps never successfully. As I have already pointed out, the American composer has no national roots. He has no national folk music upon which to raise idioms of musical speech comprehensible and congenial to all the people. The only native rhythm he possesses is the inexorable four-cornered one published by the merciless beat of the bass drum in jazz. And even jazz is not conclusively American.

The composers ambitious to be accepted as masters of art live with their minds concentrated on the products of Europe. More excitement is caused by the coming

of Arnold Schoenberg to teach in Boston than by the appearance of a new work by a Boston composer. And when the American musician has given birth to his masterpiece he must submit it to the consideration of a people assuredly not musical, a people which does not dwell in daily commune with songs and dances known in its villages from generations back. And finally he has to face the fact that the world of American action, the world of mighty industries, looks upon him as a negligible factor in its progress. If it has any spiritual life, it is one of conquest and accumulation, not of serene contemplation of beauty.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the permeation of our whole national thought about art by the disposition found among the typical business men and their wives. Happily, as we have seen, there are some among the rich who really love music, and possibly, though probability is not yet discernible, their influence may spread downward. In the Eighteenth Century chamber music was a pleasure of numerous aristocrats, and this condition prepared the way for the quartets of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Even Frederick the Great and his insatiable flute, for which Quantz composed so many pieces, was not a negligible factor. We are not astonished when we read that in the last years of that century and the early ones of the Nineteenth there was scarcely a home in Germany without some sort of music.

The hope of our musical future is in the music of the home. But how it is to be raised above the level upon which the bulk of it now stands is a formidable problem. Children who listen daily to that unspeakably offensive form of vocal vulgarity called crooning will not find any enjoyment in real singing. They will call

it, as many of them now do, "high brow" music. Nor will those same children delight in the variety and architectural strength of Beethoven and Bach if their souls have been awakened only to the rigid strumming of jazz.

A lady once asked me how she should go about cultivating in her children a taste for good music. The inevitable answer was, "Keep them from hearing bad music. Being children, they will take to what is common and coarse in music as naturally as they do in conduct. You have to teach a child everything about good manners and morals and you strive to keep him from contaminating influences. Evil communications corrupt good manners. That is holy truth. Just how you are going to prevent your children from hearing slang and profanity and smut I do not know; but you will have to try, won't you? And you'll have to try to hold them aloof from bad music too."

Meanwhile Papa is a business man and he is going to be an obstacle in the path. He likes the common jingles himself and he wishes to know why they are not good enough for the children. If he is advertising by radio, he will probably believe in them with all his heart. It is one of the auspicious signs of the times that efforts in the direction of improvement are numerous. Some are assuredly good; some are at least questionable. Radio broadcasts of artistic music in schools should produce results. The organization of thousands of high-school bands may or may not be laudable. Tell me what those high-school bands are playing and I can tell you whether they are raising or lowering the standards of taste among the young. Tell me what your children are singing and I can determine even more. If they are discovering their sense of beauty through the daily practise of "Smoke in Your Eyes,"

I do not believe they are journeying toward the stars.

Education of the coming generations is the only method by which we can hope to develop musical taste in a country which has no general folk music, but only sectional and what we may call tribal utterance. The cowboy song has nothing to do with the echoes of Britain which the hillbilly raises among his Southern mountains. The Negro spiritual tells no secret of the wide American soul; it is the creation of black humans crushed under slavery and looking to eternity for their only joy. The child will have to be led to the actual hearing of musical beauty by daily contact with it in its simpler and more easily appreciable forms. And he will

never learn to enjoy good music until he obtains some realization of what art is, what is its aim, and what its contribution to life. Before that can come he will need to know first of all the beauty of outdoors, the worth of a purple shadow on a distant mountain, the worth of a petunia nodding in mother's garden, the worth of a plume of pine needles shadowing the porch of his home.

When in the fulness of time the young, who have learned how good it is to dwell in the temples of loveliness, grow to maturity we may have a generation which does not measure all things in terms of dollars and which does not set a composer of American music in a class below that of wealthy grocers or stock brokers.

FACTS ABOUT HAY FEVER AND ASTHMA

BY ALBERT VANDER VEER

DURING the past twenty years some of the most important discoveries and advances in medicine have been made in the field of allergy or hypersensitiveness. When we say a person is hypersensitive or allergic we mean that he is extremely sensitive to one or more common substances which cause no unusual reactions in the normal individual. A common example of this is the development of hives in some people after eating strawberries or tomatoes. A similar phenomenon is the occurrence of asthma or hay fever in certain individuals when they are exposed to the dander of animals or to the pollen of weeds and grasses.

We sometimes hear the expression that one of our friends is always "poisoned" by eating certain foods or drugs, as shell fish, or quinine. This, however, is an incorrect use of the word. A poison acts in more or less the same way on all members of a species. If a hundred persons are bitten by rattlesnakes or drink carbolic acid they will all become very ill and most of them will die—from poison. But if a hundred persons eat strawberries only one or two of them will develop hives; they act differently from the normal, they are hypersensitive or allergic.

What is the reaction which gives rise to symptoms in these peculiar individuals? We know that if a person is allergic to some substance, probably every tissue in his body is hypersensitive to that substance but in varying degrees. Where it comes in

contact with the most sensitive tissue, a hive is formed and the resulting symptoms depend on the location of these hives. If the eyes and nose are chiefly affected we have hay fever; if it is the bronchial mucous membrane, asthma results. Hives in the brain tissue may cause migraine headache or epilepsy, while in the gastric or intestinal mucous membrane, they may simulate appendicitis or gastric ulcer, and patients are occasionally operated on by mistake for such a condition, as the diagnosis is difficult to make.

Another question which may be reasonably asked is, why are some people allergic and others not? As yet we cannot give the answer to this but we do know, from a careful study of many series of hundreds of cases, that the capacity to become hypersensitive is inherited. If one parent is allergic, then half the children will show some manifestation of hypersensitiveness, and most of them before they are fifteen years old. If both parents are allergic, three-quarters of the children will be allergic and will show signs of it before they are five. The children will not necessarily exhibit the same symptoms as the parents; that is, the mother may have hay fever from pollen and her offspring may develop asthma from feathers or animal dander or foods. We do not know why they select their own particular substances nor why they do it at one time rather than another. We have observed that children are more apt to be hypersensitive to foods such as

milk or eggs, that young adults are particularly susceptible to the so-called inhalants, as animal danders and pollens, and that middle-aged people often have asthma secondary to sinus infection; but the reasons for all this are still hidden from us.

Physicians are frequently asked whether hypersensitiveness is becoming more common, and here again we can only plead ignorance. It is possible that under the stress and strain of modern life we are boiling the fat off our nerves, and that they are left more poorly insulated than they should be. It is just as possible that, with our attention more carefully focussed on this condition, we recognize it more easily than we formerly did. With huge modern telescopes we see countless more stars than were known a hundred years ago—but the stars were there all the time. In our grandfather's day little was heard of sinus disease, but everyone knew what "chronic nasal catarrh" meant. Thousands of unfortunates died from "inflammation of the bowels," or lived to become chronic invalids. In our day the patient with the same disease is operated on for appendicitis—and lives, and thinks little of it. We have all heard of queer individuals who had "idiosyncrasies." They could not take quinine without getting a rash, or eat lobsters without having "ptomaine poisoning," or hives. "Idiosyncrasies" have become "examples of allergy or hypersensitiveness"! Old enemies masquerading under new names! There is nothing really new under the sun.

II

Some twenty or thirty years ago, the idea occurred to an investigating genius that the formation of a hive, when hypersensitive tissue and substance met, might be utilised in deciding to what a patient was

allergic. From this basic idea has evolved the modern method of skin testing, a brief description of which is as follows. All substances, with which we come in contact in our daily lives, are extracted separately in salt solution. The list covers everything we breathe in, such as pollens, animal danders, feathers, powders, etc., called inhalants, and everything we ingest, such as foods and drugs. A minute quantity of each of these extracts is introduced directly into the skin with a hypodermic needle. If the patient is a true allergic a hive, varying in size and activity, will form at each point where a substance, to which he is hypersensitive, has been introduced. There will be no reaction at all to substances to which he is not sensitive.

The theory is simple and at first it looked as if most of the major problems of diagnosis had been solved. When any new and brilliant idea is advanced in medicine the first enthusiasm carries us far beyond the truth. Then follow disappointment and a backward swing of the pendulum tending to discredit the method. When diphtheria anti-toxin was first introduced we felt that all diseases would yield to serum treatment. It was tried on everything, and after many discouraging failures we now know that it is of value in only three or four conditions—but in these it is indispensable. The same thing happened with vaccines, and the war is still being waged as to when they should be used and when they may do more harm than good.

The inevitable cycle repeated itself with skin testing. After three or four years of enthusiastic reports of cases of asthma and hay fever, diagnosed by this method, and relieved by injections of extracts, there began to creep into the medical literature reports of patients who gave negative skin reactions to foods which they positively

knew made them ill and, conversely, showed positive reactions to foods which they were accustomed to eat with impunity. The pendulum began to swing the other way and, for a time, it seemed as if the advocates of this new method of diagnosis were fighting a losing battle.

Finally, out of the mass of conflicting evidence, some definite facts could be determined, and it was shown that positive skin tests could be relied on if the clinical reaction to the offending substance was immediate, but where the clinical reaction was delayed, they were of far less value. If a little ragweed pollen is dropped in the eye of a hay fever victim he will immediately begin to sneeze and the eye will itch and become inflamed. His skin test to ragweed pollen will be positive. If a patient develops migraine headache twelve to twenty-four hours after eating chocolate or has hives the day after eating strawberries, we call it a delayed clinical reaction and his skin test will, almost certainly, be negative. On more careful consideration it is easy to see why this should be so. The chocolate extract is made out of the same sort of chocolate that we eat. After this is taken into the stomach it is broken down into a countless succession of split products and the one which is finally absorbed into the blood stream and causes the headache or hives may be quite different from the chocolate with which we originally made our test. If it were possible to make our testing extract from this final product we might expect to get a positive skin test with it, but as yet we cannot do this. However, this is not a valid reason for discarding the entire method any more than we would discard pocket knives because they will not cut down trees. We must adopt what has been proved to be of value and continue our efforts to increase our knowledge.

III

While we have only scratched the surface of this fascinating field, we have reason to believe that some day we may be able to arrange diets for individuals that are scientifically correct and are not based solely on the personal whims and fancies of the physician. We are finding out that the old adage, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is absolutely sound. Human beings vary as much in their chemical and glandular reactions as they do in facial peculiarities, color of eyes and hair, and personal likes and dislikes. We often hear parents boast that their children are made to eat everything that is put on their plates. In one way this may be good training, but if a child manifests a distinct aversion to some particular food it is well to stop, look, and listen, before forcing it down his throat. He may be trying to tell us, in an inarticulate way, that that particular food is not adapted to his special allergic make-up.

A case illustrating this point was that of a youngster being tested in one of our clinics to determine the cause of his asthma. As is customary, the father had been asked whether the child could eat everything to which he was being tested (this is to avoid the danger of inducing an attack of hives or asthma in very susceptible cases) and he had assured the doctor that he did eat everything. He proved to be so sensitive to white potato, however, that he promptly developed asthma from the test and it was necessary to give an injection of adrenalin to relieve him. The doctor then proceeded to expostulate with the father, saying the child could not possibly eat white potatoes. "Oh yes he does, Doc," was the reply. "He says it makes his throat burn and his chest all fill up, and he feels terrible, but we make him

eat it." This father was a real Spartan, but if it had been his chest that filled up and his breathing that was shut off, I doubt if he would have persisted long in the experiment.

Above everything else in this work, we must individualize. Over and over again we meet the problem of the child with asthma who has been deprived of eggs because the doctor of the little girl next door took eggs out of her diet and her asthma promptly cleared up. In our particular patient it may be milk or white potato which is causing the trouble, or even the family cat to whose fur she is sensitive. Cases are sometimes seen where a trip to Arizona has been advised because Mrs. Jones lost her asthma there, when the same result might have been achieved if Mrs. Jones had discarded her feather bed and stayed home. Routine treatment, en masse, with allergic patients is bound to fail.

Finally, what hope of relief or cure does modern medicine offer to hypersensitive individuals? Here we must carefully distinguish between these two words. Absolute cure, meaning a complete change in the allergic tissues, rarely occurs. Relief of

symptoms, complete or almost so (and this is really the chief thing in which the patient is interested), can usually be accomplished.

Eighty percent of hay fever patients properly treated, suffer little or no discomfort during the season and many of these eventually outgrow or are cured of their trouble. Most of the animal sensitive cases can be immunized successfully. In asthmatics, if the condition is due to an inhalant, the ultimate outlook is usually good—if secondary to a sinus infection the result will depend on how thoroughly and successfully the infection can be drained and controlled by surgical measures.

Many cases of long years' duration have been more or less completely relieved by proper treatment. The earlier this treatment is begun, the better chance there is of a permanent cure. Of all defeatist propaganda, the most devilish is the saying, "asthma is incurable." It is like surrendering to the enemy without knowing their strength. Some cases of asthma are incurable, but those in which a fairly comfortable, livable existence cannot be achieved, are rare indeed.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A TABLOID

BY JOHN L. SPIVAK

WHEN, in a few swift years, reporter Emile H. Gauvreau became managing editor of the staid and conservative *Hartford Courant*, he had the opportunity to display his penchant for the tabloid type of journalism. Hearst and Pulitzer had achieved tremendous circulations by playing up sensational stories in a sensational manner. There was no reason why the *Courant*, which had breathed peacefully for a century, should not increase its circulation in the same way.

The *Courant's* appearance changed radically. Connecticut got a taste of sensation, illustrated. The publisher pleaded with his editor and eventually Gauvreau resigned and Hartford returned to its somnolent calm.

Out of a job and with a wife and children to support, the former editor tried his hand at a Macfadden "true story." The check he received was larger than his salary after a hard week's work as editor. The light of "true stories" beckoned, and anxious to become a regular contributor he caught a train for New York and walked in on a surprised supervising editor.

Fulton Oursler, author and playwright, who guides the destinies of the Macfadden publications, was happy to learn that his visitor was the former managing editor of the *Courant*. Macfadden planned to start a new kind of tabloid in New York and was even then searching for a competent editor with the feel of "true stories."

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Thus began one of the maddest periods in American journalism. Eight years later the New York *Evening Graphic* passed quietly from the scene with sighs of relief from the "respectable" elements in the community. The estimated loss of the venture has been placed at \$7,000,000, but when it collapsed, it left its imprint upon the journalism of the time. Newspapers have not yet recovered from the old *Graphic* days.

There were few tabloids in the country that September day in 1924 when, with three hips and a hurrah, Macfadden started his paper. The "Father of Physical Culture" had piled up a sizable fortune with *True Stories*, *True Romances* and that type of magazine. He and his advisors reasoned that if a million readers paid a quarter each to palpitate with a good woman who kept her virtue despite temptation, countless readers would pay two cents a day to read the same kind of story with the names, addresses and pictures of the leading characters.

The *Graphic* was to be a "personal paper" and a guiding force in the moral life of the community. Whenever possible a story was to point a moral. Ordinary news writing would not do. Stories were to be signed by the main character in the drama recorded as news. Thus, if Henry Jones came home from work and shot his wife because she prepared bacon and eggs when he really liked ham and eggs, the story was to appear somewhat as follows:

By Henry Jones

of — East 118th St., who shot his wife in their love flat.

My wife Susie, whom I endearingly used to call Toodles, knew very well that I do not like bacon and eggs. I like ham and eggs. We had several quarrels over this, but she liked bacon and eggs. This evening when I came home after a hard day's work she again had bacon and eggs instead of ham and eggs, so I shot her. I greatly regret having shot her because crime does not pay.

The staff felt its way in the early issues. It was hard to break away from customary news writing and harder to persuade some dazed prisoner in the Tombs to confess his crime for the delectation of *Graphic* readers. But Joe Applegate, the Saturday feature editor who had a genius for the new type of story, blazed the way. One of his early lay-outs, which aroused the laughter and envy of the staff, showed a woman doing calisthenics while a Turk or a Russian (Old Style) strummed a guitar romantically at her feet. The head was:

I SHOT MYSELF FOR LOVE AND
THEN—
I GAVE UP LOVE FOREVER!

We got the idea. Pictures of women in all shades of undress took over the front page. News was played up like this:

33 DIE IN CYCLONE

Under this was a full page picture of Eva Tanguay with a caption reminding the reader that the once beautiful dame had sung "I don't care."

When we got into the spirit of the thing, even news about cyclones ceased to interest us. Once a news bulletin came that troops had been called to Niles, Ohio, after four men were shot in a Klan war. But the city desk had received orders to play up Home, Mother and Baby stuff,

so while undertakers rubbed their hands gleefully in Ohio, the *Graphic's* leading story that day was:

HEROINE DIVES TO FAME
"I'll Never Do It Again" Says Bride

One of the paper's banner days occurred when we actually got a signed story from someone who had killed her lover. The paper screamed:

I KILLED HIM, WHAT'LL I DO?
— Story on Page 2

"Make a swell popular song," Gauvreau chuckled, looking very pleased.

One night he called Bill Randorf, the assistant city editor. The conversation was typical of the way the paper decided on what news to feature.

"What's your line for tomorrow, Bill?"

"Rum ship captured—"

"Old stuff. Got any mother's tears?"

Bill looked around the editorial rooms and shook his head sadly into the transmitter.

"None flowing around here just now."

"Well, we got to have some mother's tears. Everybody's got a mother, you know. Get me mother's tears."

The next day a mother wept all over the front page.

II

Though everyone has a mother not everyone has romance, and a few months after the *Graphic* was started, circulation was still not what Macfadden hoped it would be. The Macfadden magazines with the largest circulations were the "true story-romance" kind. If the *Graphic* could publish enough romance, perhaps circulation would increase, so one day Fulton Oursler came in and ordered a little romance. Bill Randorf told me to get it.

"Where?" I asked blankly.

"How the hell do I know where there's romance!" he exploded. "Mr. Oursler wants romance. Mr. Macfadden wants romance. The world wants romance. Go find it and if you can't find it come back with it anyway!"

This was the first time in years of newspaper work that I had received such orders. I followed them—and it almost ruined Earl Carroll's "Vanities."

In the New York *Evening Journal* was a brief story about a young man who had committed suicide in Newark, New Jersey, after destroying all marks of identification on his person and in his room. Here was the making of romance! I strolled up Broadway and ran into Norman Carroll, youngest brother of Earl Carroll, whose "Vanities" was much in the news at the time with the "most beautiful girls in the world."

"How would you like a little publicity for your show?" I asked.

"It would make us sore!"

"Okay. Give me a beautiful dame. I've got a guy who just committed suicide over her. Lots of romance. The girl's heart-broken. She vanishes. You're afraid she committed suicide, too. Everybody looks for her. It's in the papers a week. She turns up and everybody goes to see her because a poet—that's it! the suicide's a poet!—killed himself over her. You get publicity. We get romance."

The next day the *Graphic* broke the story:

Possessed by a mad and hopeless love for a young and beautiful Broadway dancer who extended him many kindnesses but rejected his frenzied wooing, an unidentified young poet ended his life yesterday by inhaling gas in the room he had rented from Mrs. Katherine Judge, 29 West Kinney Street, Newark. . . . In a farewell letter to Clay Long, 152 East 92nd St.,

signed "E" he disclosed his infatuation for the charming 23-year-old member of Earl Carroll's Vanities. Because of her coldness, the letter said, he had decided to "cash in his chips on this merry little game of life and love".

Tears and poetry dripped from the story. Clay Long's half naked body blazed on the front page. The young lady disappeared, "bewildered by the tragedy that stalked into her young life." All the papers picked up the story. I parked her in a friend's apartment with a generous supply of food and ginger-ale and returned to the office. Bill Randorf rushed to meet me.

"Clear out!" he growled. "There are two Newark dicks here looking for you. They want you to identify the dead poet!"

When I returned to the girl's apartment she was gone. For two uneasy hours I waited wondering whether some cop would recognize and pick her up. With a sigh of relief I finally saw her approaching, a boy friend on either arm.

"Where the devil have you—" I began.

"My Gawd!" she giggled. "What do I care about your dead poets! Do you realize what it means to be locked up alone in that apartment? I thought I'd go crazy!"

When I got her safely hidden again I went to Earl Carroll's office. Norman met me at the door with a harried look.

"Find Clay!" he begged frantically. "Earl's going nuts! The show's being ruined!"

"What's the matter?"

"What's the matter!" he groaned. "A reporter from the *American* got a picture of this stiff stretched out on a marble slab in the morgue, took his place at the stage door and showed the picture to every girl entering to see if they could identify him. How the hell can you expect girls to sing and dance with stiffs from the morgue shoved under their noses? Two of them

had to be sent home. The rest were like wooden logs. The show's being ruined—"

I "found" Clay the next morning, "sitting at a piano and playing soft Southern melodies."

III

Circulation is the life-blood of a paper and when, one year after its birth, the *Graphic* had only 140,000, Macfadden Publications, Inc., which owned the tabloid, demanded more circulation.

Some say that Gauvreau, driven desperate by these insistent demands, struck on the idea of exposing the nationally famous Atlantic City Beauty Pageant; others hint that the ruin of that pageant would not have been inconsolably deplored by the Macfadden Publications, for it might have enabled them to start a *Physical Culture* Beauty Pageant of their own and thereby advertise Macfadden's pet magazine. At any rate—

One morning, late in November, 1925, Gauvreau collared me when I entered the office.

"Get the first train to Atlantic City. I want statements from Mayor Edward Bader, Armand T. Nichols, the Chamber of Commerce—all officials. What are they going to do about it?"

"Do about what?"

"You don't know what it's all about!" he choked. "Here"—he shoved a *Graphic* in my hands—"we've busted the Beauty Pageant wide open! It's a fake! A fraud!"

The front page screamed:

BEAUTY CONTEST EXPOSED!
FRAME-UP IN ATLANTIC CITY

A picture of Fay Lanphier, chosen "Miss America", stared at me. The caption read:

NO WONDER SHE SMILES. The elec-

tion had been fixed. Miss America had been chosen before the contest was held.

"The frame-up," the *Graphic* announced boldly, "was engineered by Daniel P. Conway, publicity man for Earl Carroll, who originally selected Kathryn Ray for the title." There were few cities and hamlets in the country who had not had a hopeful "Miss America", and the *Graphic* waxed furious over these poor beauties who had never had a chance for fame and fortune.

I skimmed through the first story signed by "K. C. West."

"Where are the other stories?"

"Never mind the other stories. Get the statements."

"But there's nothing in this one about Atlantic City. It's all about the Coney Island Beauty Pageant. I've got to have the parts about Atlantic City if I'm to get statements."

He fished out the galleys of five more stories, shoved them into my hand and hustled me out. On the train I read them. Then I read them again. When I arrived in Atlantic City I telephoned him.

"There's nothing in any of those stories about the Atlantic City Beauty—"

"I know," he said in a mollifying tone, "but I'm morally certain the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant is crooked, too!"

With sad resignation I called upon the mayor. He was in. So was Mr. Nichols, director of the Pageant. So were detectives, officials and leaders of the Chamber of Commerce, all with *Graphics* in their hands. When I announced a reporter from the *Graphic* the place turned colder than an auditor's heart.

"Are you K. C. West?" the mayor demanded furiously.

"No. My name's Spivak."

"Well, we'll sue you, too! We'll sue K. C. West! We'll sue Macfadden! the *Graphic*—"

There were no formal statements.

For six days I wandered disconsolately up and down the boardwalk, trailed by a host of Atlantic City detectives. When the sixth article appeared and the city was not involved except in headlines, the Chamber of Commerce sued for \$2,000,000, and Samuel P. Leeds, president of the Chamber, for \$1,000,000. The exposé began to look serious—for the *Graphic*.

I was called in for a conference. While in the office the telephone rang. Gauvreau motioned to me to pick up an extension phone. Earl Carroll was on the wire.

"You have injured my reputation," he said in a hurt voice. "Unless you retract your statements I shall institute suit for half a million dollars tomorrow!"

"Piker!" Gauvreau roared contemptuously. "I'm being sued for a million and two million and you call to tell me of a cheap little half million dollar suit! You can't make the front page of the *Graphic* with less than a million!" The next day Carroll sued for one million dollars. Gauvreau gave him the front page.

At this conference I learned that Conway, a minor Carroll press agent, had sold the story of the Coney Island Beauty Pageant. Famous-Players-Lasky had made a picture called "The American Venus," starring Fay Lanphier. One of the judges who picked Fay at Atlantic City was somehow reputed to be connected with the motion picture concern.

That—and circulation—started the *Graphic* on its exposé. From 140,000 circulation rose to 300,000. It was too good to let go even with suits threatening the stability of the Macfadden magazine empire, and the paper followed it up. One day I picked up the *Graphic* and learned that Gauvreau had challenged Mayor Bader to receive evidence of the frame-up at an open hearing.

"You represent us," Gauvreau telephoned me. "Bust it wide open!"

"With what?"

"With evidence."

"But we have no evidence!" I protested.

"Circulation's going up, Jack. We can't drop it now. It's a sensation!"

"But there's nothing to present!" I shrieked.

"Present it anyway," he ordered. "You know as well as I do that the beauty contest business is a racket."

That night I stuffed a worn brief case with old magazines and newspapers until it bulged. Armed with this I arrived at the mayor's office in the morning. The leading hurt citizens and their attorneys were there as well as press correspondents eager to get the details of the now nationally famous exposé. The mayor read Gauvreau's telegram, announced that the hearing was open, and turning to me said curtly:

"The evidence, please."

I slapped the stuffed brief case on his desk and started to loosen the straps.

"Just a minute before I lay our mass of evidence before you," I said cautiously. "The *Graphic*, of course, is willing to help you get to the bottom of this scandal. May I suggest that you have brought before you the files of the Beauty Pageant for examination—"

"He's on a fishing expedition!" a lawyer shouted heatedly. "He's here looking for evidence, not to give it!"

I became highly indignant.

"I was afraid of that," I said dryly. "This hearing is not to probe this frame-up but to learn what the *Graphic* has. Since we have \$4,000,000 in libel suits pending, we cannot be expected to disclose evidence we may need in court. If you do not care to get to the bottom of this, we must decline to present our evidence!"

I strapped my brief case and walked out of the stunned room followed by detectives and newspapermen as I rushed to the train "to deposit the documents in a vault in New York"!

The exposé lasted some three months. There were all sorts of complications, including the frame-up of Gauvreau, which resulted in an assistant district attorney in New York being fired, mysterious threats, and melodrama. It was years before all the suits were dropped. But circulation had doubled even though the Pageant was ruined, and Fay Lanphier, because of the hue and cry, did not last very long as a movie star.

IV

The extent to which the *Graphic* went in its quest for circulation eventually ruined it; and among the contributory causes was the composograph, a hybrid picture devised by Gauvreau, which eventually reached ludicrous depths.

Neither Gauvreau nor Ryan Walker, who was in charge of the art department, dreamed of its possibilities when they made the first one during the sensational Kip Rhinelander suit. Kip was the "scion," as we called him, of one of New York's oldest and wealthiest families. He sued a dusky maiden for divorce on the ground that she was colored and had not told him so. In retaliation she made public some of his juicy love letters. At one point in the trial the court barred reporters and photographers while the lady bared herself to the waist in chambers to show that Kip could not possibly have mistaken her for a blonde Nordic.

It had been years since so rich a combination of sin, sex and sensation had broken, and all the papers played it up heavily. Photographers would have given their right

arms for a picture of Alice stripping in chambers. Since papers would carry word descriptions of what had happened, Gauvreau could not see why they should not carry a photographic description also.

A show girl, stripped to the waist, posed her bare back as Alice. Reporters crowded about her, and her picture was shot. Faces of those present in chambers were then pasted over the faces of the reporters who had posed, and this was re-photographed. Presto: the *Graphic* had a "composograph" of what happened in chambers.

Spread over the front page, the picture created a sensation. Circulation jumped 100,000 that day. But the very sensational uses to which this type of picture can be put (and was put) ultimately killed it. It got so that composographs were made of everything. The *Graphic* once even had one of the King of England earnestly scrubbing his back with a brush in the privacy of his royal bath-room!

The tabloids, led by the *Graphic*, went beyond all bounds of reason during the Kip Rhinelander suit and swept the conservative papers with them. The full-sized dailies gave the story columns of space but the tabloids managed to keep four jumps ahead of them, libel suits and the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The conservative papers eventually got sick of the orgy of sin, sex and sensation and ran solemn editorials bewailing the decline of journalism.

The story finally died out, but sin, sex and sensation appeal to broker and hod-carrier, society matron and Woolworth counter girl, and it was not long before the conservative dailies were caught in the tabloid whirlpool again when "Daddy" and "Peaches" Browning were wished upon a jaded world.

Daddy Browning, an eccentric millionaire real estate dealer with a weakness for young girls and publicity, had made the

front pages of all New York newspapers by adopting a young girl. The steps to have the adoption annulled aroused wide interest. Months later the *Graphic* learned that the millionaire was paying court to another young girl who was subsequently to become famous as "Peaches."

Peaches and her doting mother were short of cash, and Gauvreau signed them up for the girl's "honeymoon diary." The secrets of the bridal chamber, illustrated with composographs, were given in detail. The composographs frequently showed Daddy Browning flopping about in his pajamas with words issuing from his mouth as in a cartoon: "Woof! Woof! I'm a Goof!"

A city editor, I sometimes think, has a terrific inferiority complex. Unless he is the city editor of the *Daily Worker*, he is never certain that he is right in playing up a story. If one plays up a story the others follow immediately. The result in the Peaches Browning story was that all the papers were soon stumbling over one another with columns of space.

It was good circulation, especially for the *Graphic*, and when Peaches had had enough of the eccentric millionaire, Gauvreau paid her \$1,000 to tell why she left him. Daddy liked the publicity and Gauvreau liked the circulation as well as the utter insanity of the whole story. To keep it going he helped Daddy buy a gander, assuring him that it was a rare "African honking gander." The bird had a honk like a claxon horn in distress. Daddy carried it with him wherever he went. Crowds followed, photographers snapped pictures, and when these were not available composographs were made.

One day, after a pleasant dinner in an Italian restaurant, Gauvreau reached the heights of pure inspiration on this story. The *Graphic* published a composograph

covering the whole front page showing Daddy beaming with paternal pride while the "African honking gander" had the following words issuing from its mouth:

"Honk! Honk! It's the Bonk!"

By this time circulation had reached 600,000. Crowds waited for the next installment in the Peaches Browning affair and solemn magazines like the *Nation* published editorials about the sad state of journalism in this country.

But by now life had become sheer buffoonery to the *Graphic* staff, and perhaps to Gauvreau.

V

Whether the *Graphic* was a newspaper with features or a feature paper with news was never satisfactorily settled. But it was the features that brought circulation, and two of its most popular ones were the "Lonely Hearts" column and the Venus and Adonis contest. The first ended sadly.

"Lonely Hearts" was several steps beyond "Advice to the Lovelorn." For a while the *Graphic* ran an advice column, but Dorothy Dix had cornered the market on that, so someone had the bright idea of having lonely people in the city meet through the columns of the paper. Women wrote that they were blonde, thirty-eight, thin, and anxious to meet men of forty-two who played ping-pong; and old codgers of seventy wrote that they wanted to take young girls to dinner in respectable restaurants.

The column was an instantaneous and tremendous success. Bushels of letters swamped the "Lonely Hearts" editor. Balls were arranged and lonely hearts just oozed out of the cellars and holes of the great city to attend them. Authorities squirmed over the use of the mails for such purposes, but even that might have been straightened out had not a thin, worn woman walked into

Gauvreau's office one day and deposited a six months' old baby on his desk.

"What—what's this?" the harassed editor asked.

"It's a lonely heart," she said bitterly.

That finished the "Lonely Hearts." The *Graphic* was strong on morals. Babies should have legitimate parents, preferably strong, healthy ones. The idea was to encourage marriage and produce a race of physically perfect Americans. So the Venus and Adonis contest was arranged.

The *Graphic* offered \$500 for every "Venus" and "Adonis" who married as a result of meeting through the contest, and \$1000 for each baby born of such a union. The day this was announced the editorial rooms were overridden by truck drivers, firemen, coal heavers, longshoremen and stevedores. Bruisers collared reporters and editors and insisted upon showing their biceps, thighs, etc. The most ungodly looking females sent in their pictures with measurements of private parts of their anatomies.

One mountainous bruiser strode into Gauvreau's office and demonstrated his health by tearing in two the only Manhattan telephone directory in the office. While this was going on another bruiser walked in and sneering contemptuously at such picayunish strength, ripped a chair apart. The office looked a wreck, while the gaping editor sank deeper into his chair, his eyes bulging.

When the editorial sanctum was cleaned up Gauvreau issued orders to keep out every man who looked as though he might have even the suspicion of a muscle hidden somewhere on his body. Despite all precautions one more crashed through. He had a chest like a monk's wine cask and a voice that shamed the "African honking gander."

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" he bellowed aggressively.

Gauvreau caught his breath and uttered a weak affirmative.

"Well, I'm in love!" the man-mountain roared. "But I gotta write her love letters! That's what she wants—love letters, see? You gotta help me! You started this!"

Gauvreau's sense of humor got the better of him. Behind locked doors the managing editor sat with the bruiser and pounded out a missive tender enough to make any Venus's heart flutter.

But it didn't do any good. They never married. No Venus and Adonis ever married and the *Graphic* never had to pay a cent of the advertised money.

VI

Periodically Gauvreau tired of a life devoted to recording sin. Whether this was caused by open condemnation of the paper by influential citizens or the realization that mass circulation and class circulation are two different things, remains problematical.

The *Graphic* had the second largest circulation in the evening field, but "African honking ganders" and "Lonely Hearts" brought the kind of circulation that did not interest the largest department store advertisers who are the backbone of a New York daily. In addition, the persistent criticism of the paper as a sheet pandering only to the lowest passions had left a profound effect upon public opinion. Gauvreau tried to show that the *Graphic* was capable of public service as well as of recording sexual sin, and the first time he tried it the paper got into a beautiful libel suit!

Carlo Tresca, the amiable Italian Anarchist, convinced Gauvreau that Greco and Carillo, charged with killing an Italian Fascist, were being framed. The *Graphic* led the assault for their defense. When the accused were acquitted, the editor ordered the night city desk to use pictures of Greco

and Carrillo on the front page. It was a *Graphic* story; the *Graphic* had saved them.

The paper's morgue was as muddled as its policies. No one could find pictures of the defendants, but a boy finally discovered a picture of Leo Carrillo, the actor. So far as the night desk was concerned the only difference between them was one r.

The next day the *Graphic*, as I recollect it, came out with a caption over the actor's picture: SAVED FROM THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

The suit was finally settled.

The desire to show that the *Graphic* had a heart as well as a proclivity to sex appeared again with the first rumblings of the depression. Gauvreau decided that the homeless and hungry ought to be fed, especially since a breadline would advertise the paper as the Hearst breadline on Times Square advertised the Hearst sheets. The War Department was persuaded to loan trucks and utensils, and the *Graphic* announced that it would distribute soup to the hungry.

Swarms of down-and-outers congregated about the *Graphic* building. Macfadden was pleased. He came down personally to see how the soup was being made.

When he tasted it he spat it out.

"What are these?" he asked. "Bullets?"

Gauvreau had forgotten that dried peas had to be soaked overnight in water!

The hungry milled around angrily. A reasonable riot seemed well on its way. In despair the editor mounted a box and addressed them:

"Listen, fellows. I don't know a thing about making soup. If some of you can make it we'll supply the food."

Several volunteered. Gauvreau left it in their hands. The next day everything but the trucks were gone—dishes, spoons, forks.

"This is my last experiment in sociology," he confided to me glumly.

He still gets the jitters every time he sees a letter with a War Department return address. The government wants him to account for 1,400 missing spoons and 1,200 dishes. He has developed a hatred of war as a result of these letters.

That some of its readers believed that anything was possible from the *Graphic* brought on one of the funniest yet one of the most tragic situations in the paper's history. Some important Macfadden official was told by a former drug addict that he had been cured by eating grape nuts or taking an orange juice enema or something. Gauvreau was instructed to give the former addict a desk at the office and to play up the story so that all who wished could come and learn how to be saved "from a life worse than death."

All day long the pale, haunted-looking cured addict waited for those who wanted to be saved. None came. That night Gauvreau went out to dinner. About ten o'clock the night city editor located him.

"For God's sake, chief," he begged, "get down here right away!"

"What's the matter?"

"Hell's bust loose and deposited a million little devils right on our doorstep!"

When Gauvreau reached the office it was a bedlam of swarming hop-heads in all stages of the jitters. Some were delirious, the others were a wriggling, cringing, howling mass. They squatted on reporters' desks, clambered over the city editor's neck. Some tried crawling on the walls in their agony.

Somehow the drug cure story had been misunderstood and word had spread that Macfadden would distribute dope free at the *Graphic* office!

JOSEPH STALIN AND HIS AIDES

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

IN ONE sense there are no "leaders" in the Soviet Union today. There is only one leader, Stalin, surrounded by a group of obedient satellites. This son of a Georgian cobbler is today in fact, if not in name, the autocrat of all the Soviet Republics. Peter the Great, whom, indeed, Stalin resembles in many traits of character, wielded no more absolute power over his subjects than Stalin exercises over the 160,000,000 citizens of the Soviet Union.

Although Stalin up to the present time has preferred not to assume the formal post of head of the Soviet state (one possible reason for this is that diplomatic complications might arise if he, as premier, openly took part in the framing of the decisions of the Communist International), he enjoys all the homage and adulation that are the habitual meat and drink of dictators. Portraits of this tall, powerfully built, black-haired and black-moustached man, with the typically Caucasian olive complexion, hang in every Soviet office. Whenever all Moscow turns out to parade on the two great revolutionary holidays, May 1 and November 7, pictures of Stalin, who is often shown smoking his favorite pipe, far outnumber those of all other Communist leaders, dead and living. And it is an unwritten rule that no speech by a Soviet leader on any subject may end without a full-throated tribute to Stalin's incomparable genius of leadership.

An endless and ever growing number

of factories, collective farms and schools bear the name of Stalin. The canal which links up the Baltic and White Seas and was built entirely with forced labor under the supervision of the Gay-Pay-Oo, or Political Police, is officially known as the Stalin canal. Four towns in various parts of the Soviet Union have altered their names in Stalin's honor. These are Stalin-grad (formerly Tsaritsin) on the Lower Volga, scene of Stalin's exploits during the civil war; Stalinabad (formerly Dushambe), capital of the remote Central Asian Republic of Tadjikistan; Stalinsk (formerly Kuznetzk), a large new mining and steel centre in Siberia; and Stalino-gorsk (formerly Bobriki), where one of Russia's large new chemical plants has been erected.

Stalin was born in 1879 on the southern slope of the main range of the Caucasus Mountains. His parents wished to make a priest out of him and sent him to an orthodox theological seminary in Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. Many of the students in the seminary were more interested in radical politics than in theology; and Stalin was ultimately detected as a participant in illegal Marxist circles and expelled. He then entered on the familiar pre-war life of the hunted underground revolutionary. A breach between the Bolshevik and Menshevik wings of the Russian Social Democratic Party occurred in 1903; and Stalin from the beginning aligned himself with the Bolsheviks.

Russian revolutionaries in Czarist times fall into two categories. Some lived abroad in little émigré colonies in Switzerland, France and England, eking out a precarious living by various shifts, writing articles for obscure polemical little Russian newspapers, denouncing one another, sometimes as bitterly as they denounced the Czarist régime. Because of the unrelenting persecution of the Russian police the central committees of revolutionary parties usually found it necessary to maintain their existence abroad, keeping up communication with the party groups in Russia by various surreptitious means.

Other revolutionaries remained in Russia, undertaking the hard and thankless task of carrying out propaganda on the spot, distributing the illegal literature which arrived from abroad, establishing secret printing-presses, endeavoring to obtain a grip on such limited working-class organizations as were permitted to exist. Stalin belonged to this second class of revolutionaries; and except for very short trips abroad to attend party congresses and to obtain instructions from Lenin his whole life has been spent in Russia. Five times he was arrested and sent into exile for his activities; five times he ran away from his place of exile and resumed his agitation.

Certain qualities of his character were undoubtedly formed during this period of underground work, with its periodic interruptions of arrest, imprisonment and exile. Surrounded by spies and *agents provocateurs*, he could scarcely fail to develop an attitude of extreme secrecy and of profound distrust of all except his closest and most reliable associates. The periods of arrest and exile were an admirable hardening school for a future revolutionary leader who would be utterly ruthless in driving through his program. It would

also have been natural if Stalin had sometimes felt that the émigré publicists had chosen an easier course than those who remained in Russia to carry on the unequal struggle. It is certainly no accident that the men who have enjoyed Stalin's special favor and have risen to posts of high authority under his régime have in no case been party intellectuals with long records of life abroad.

When Stalin was arrested for the sixth time, in the spring of 1913, the authorities sent him to a place so remote and well guarded that he was unable to escape. The March Revolution in 1917 released him from this banishment to the Turukhansk district of Siberia.

During the civil war Stalin was thrown from one front to another in the rank of a political commissar. His bitter personal antagonism to Trotzky dates from this time; there were several clashes between these two imperious personalities; and it required all of Lenin's authority and tact to prevent one of them from going off to sulk in his tent.

II

Stalin's uninterrupted rise to power began from the moment of Lenin's second and last mental and physical breakdown in 1923. Occupying the post of general secretary of the party, the shrewd, persistent, silent Georgian, who at that time was very little in the public eye, built up what an American professional politician who would understand very little else in Stalin's career and world outlook would readily appreciate and admire: a "machine" of devoted political henchmen whose votes could be relied upon to insure victory at the party congresses and the gradual elimination of his rivals in the party leadership.

One by one the "old guard" of the Bolshevik Party leadership, the men who had served in the Political Bureau, the highest steering committee of the party, in Lenin's time, were picked off, singled out for opprobrium as heretics and violators of party discipline, and cast into the outer darkness of political obscurity. Stalin's first and most formidable opponent was Leon Trotzky; once he had been disposed of, it was relatively easy for the rising dictator to rid himself of Lenin's old associates, Zinoviev and Kamenev, who were both men of feeble character. Finally came the turn of the former Premier, Rykov; of the former head of the trade-unions, Tomsky; of the former editor of the Communist Party central newspaper, *Pravda*, Bukharin.

Trotzky, who would not bend, was broken, deported from the country, deprived of Soviet citizenship and branded as a counter-revolutionist. The others, after they had subscribed to humiliating formulas of repentance and recantation, have been contemptuously permitted to occupy minor posts. Their places in the Political Bureau, the highest party council, have been taken by men who played secondary or less than secondary rôles in the early years of the Revolution, by men of whose allegiance Stalin may consider himself quite secure.

Although some of the means by which Stalin has attained and held power may be considered petty, or at least commonplace, the man has carved out for himself a large niche in history. The period of the Five Year Plan with which his name is associated is at once grandiose and tragic: grandiose, if one focuses attention on the magnitude of its industrial construction and its social changes; tragic, if one considers the enormous human sacrifices involved.

Peter the Great, who was born to the purple, and Stalin, who was born in a cobbler's hut, were both obsessed, after attaining supreme power, with the idea that Russia's technical backwardness and inferiority to West European countries must be overcome at any cost. And both autocrats set about overcoming it swiftly, energetically, clumsily, wastefully, above all, ruthlessly. Peter's new capital, new factories, new navy find their parallels in the growing and remodelled cities, the steel and machine-building plants, the electrical power stations which have been built under Stalin's régime. Peter's victims, the Streltsi, or old-fashioned bodyguards, whom he hewed down with his own hands, the many conspirators, true or false, whom his police discovered, the peasants who rose up in dumb rage against his exactions and his breaches with traditional custom, all have their modern successors: the vast numbers of "class enemies" consigned to concentration camps where food is scarce, work hard and mortality rates high, the uncounted victims of the famine which was the logical and inevitable result of the forcible collectivization of agriculture, the thousands of the old intelligentsia who fell into the grim clutches of the Gay-Pay-Oo on the formidable charge, easy to raise and difficult to refute, of "sabotage."

In the main, Stalin is not particularly eloquent in his speeches and writings. His style, which he tries very hard to model closely on that of Lenin, is clear cut, incisive, rather dry. But on one occasion, in a speech which he delivered before the directors of Soviet industrial enterprises, he gave the following colorful elaboration of his frequent exhortations to "overcome Russia's industrial backwardness" and "to master technique":

"Old Russia was continually beaten be-

cause of backwardness. It was beaten by Mongol khans. It was beaten by Turkish beys. It was beaten by Swedish feudal lords. It was beaten by Polish and Lithuanian gentry. It was beaten by Japanese barons.

"It was beaten because of military backwardness, cultural backwardness, industrial backwardness, agricultural backwardness. It was beaten because it was profitable to do so and because the beating went unpunished.

"That is why we cannot be backward any more."

III

Stalin owes his presentday ascendancy, in part, to the fact that he excelled other claimants for the mantle of Lenin in strength and shrewdness. He has also worked out and practised a technique of governing which is admirably adapted to Russian and Communist conditions. It is perhaps scarcely realized abroad what a tremendous instrument of power the Communist Party is, with its complete domination of the political, economic, social and intellectual life of the country. The two characteristics of the party in which every member is taught to take pride are its strict discipline and absolute unity. Whoever holds the lever of this machine, whoever is in a position to dictate just what discipline and unity prescribe and to brand anyone who disagrees with him as a heretic and, in extreme cases, as a counter-revolutionist, is obviously in a position to wield sweeping and unlimited power. It is into this position that Stalin has maneuvered himself with consummate skill. Under his direction the party machine is so smooth and well-oiled that no dissenting voices are heard at its increasingly infrequent congresses.

Dissident groups are denounced and expelled from the party before they have any opportunity to win a considerable following.

Stalin has also established a twin dogma of his personal infallibility and of the infallibility of the party as a whole. Histories of the Communist Party and of the Revolution have been rewritten; historical facts have been perverted and suppressed in order to convey the impression that there was no shade of heterodoxy in Stalin's record, and in order to minimize in every possible way the rôle which Trotsky played in the Revolution. Actually Stalin did not, at first, share Lenin's view that the overthrow of Czarism would be the prelude to a major social upheaval, and he favored a policy of benevolent opposition to the Provisional Government, which Lenin denounced from the beginning.

When a change of policy becomes imperatively necessary it is never admitted that Stalin has been wrong or that the party as a whole has been wrong. Scapegoats are always to be found among hapless obscure local Communist and Soviet officials, who are suddenly called to account, deposed from office or even placed on trial for pursuing policies which Stalin decides are no longer advisable. This method, incidentally, harmonizes very well with an old Russian tradition of blaming always the local official, never the faraway Czar.

During recent years Stalin has been endeavoring to make himself a popular figure with the masses. He receives delegations of workers and collective farmers, asks about their lives, listens attentively to their grievances. Accounts of these receptions are published in the newspapers, along with pictures of Stalin among the delegates. Despite this effort, Stalin could

not accurately be described as a figure beloved by the majority of the Russian population. Apart from the tremendous hardships which his policies have inflicted, especially upon the peasants, his way to power has not been through appeals to the enthusiasm of the masses, but through intricate moves on the chess-board of party politics. It is significant that the word with which most Communists refer to Stalin in private conversation is *khozayen*, "the boss."

Stalin is a prodigious worker; and there is something at once Asiatic and paternalistic in his insistence that every question or complaint directed to him shall be brought to his personal attention. I have known of several cases which indicate his extraordinary capacity for detail in taking up and settling quite minor grievances which had reached his office.

Stalin has received little formal education and speaks no European language except Russian. He reads extensively in his spare time, and the range of his reading includes modern and classical literature as well as work on politics and economics. He seems to possess a genuine appreciation of the value of the classics for the newly educated younger Soviet generation; and more than once he has been known to intervene personally in order to mitigate some of the grosser repressive excesses of the Soviet censorship.

If Stalin has a weakness it is perhaps a tendency to plume himself on his acute theoretical knowledge of Marxian economics and philosophy. In actual fact, while his practical statesmanship is strong and supple, he gives little evidence of originality in Marxian metaphysics. The few volumes of his published works are mostly reprints of miscellaneous speeches on current topics; he has never made any contribution to revolutionary theory com-

parable with Lenin's "The State and Revolution" or "Imperialism as the Last Phase of Capitalism."

Whatever the future may hold for Stalin he has already won a place as one of the men who have greatly changed and molded the channels through which the Russian historical stream must pass. For generations Russian historical scholars debated the question whether Peter the Great had been a blessing or a curse to their country. In the same way Russian and world opinion may differ widely about Stalin, depending on whether admiration is excited by the magnitude of his effort—in his own words, "to put the Soviet Union on an automobile and the peasant on a tractor"—or repulsion is aroused by the grimly Asiatic methods of famine and terror which were employed to promote the realization of the dictator's dream of a Socialist super-America.

IV

The second man in power and influence in the Soviet Union today is Lazarus Kaganovitch, who has reached the place where other speakers and Soviet newspapers habitually refer to him as "the best collaborator of Stalin." Like his chief, Kaganovitch, who before the Revolution followed his father's trade as a leather worker in the town of Gomel in West Russia, holds no position in the Soviet state apparatus. He is Stalin's right-hand man in the potent Political Bureau of the party and perhaps enjoys as much as anyone the confidence of the man of whom it was once said: "Lenin trusts Stalin; Stalin trusts no one." Kaganovitch has also for some years been head of the important Moscow organization of the Communist Party; and much of the process of energetic rebuilding and remodelling to which

the old city has been subjected may be attributed to his restless energy and initiative.

Kaganovitch is forty years old. He joined the Communist Party as a boy of eighteen and became head of the Soviet in the industrial town of Yuzovka, in South Russia, in the first months of the Revolution. He held several party and Soviet administrative posts and was at one time party secretary in Ukraina. He was ousted from this position as a result of the jealousy of some of the old-line Ukrainian Communist leaders; but his energy and adaptability had attracted the favorable notice of Stalin, who gradually promoted him to the rank of his first lieutenant.

Kaganovitch is a self-educated man, who had only two years of regular schooling in his childhood. He has displayed enough tact and skill to win Stalin's approval as a tireless worker without exciting his jealousy; he was among the first to set the fashion of paying glowing oratorical tributes to Stalin, whom he once described as "our great teacher in struggle and everyday work, the best exponent of Leninist doctrines and principles."

A tall dark man, Kaganovitch bears some physical resemblance to Stalin. There is now a personal as well as a political bond between the two men, because Stalin, who has survived two wives, recently contracted a union with the sister of Kaganovitch.

A vigorous speaker and a tireless organizer, Kaganovitch, who is said to sleep only four or five hours a night, is very active in national as well as in local Moscow affairs. He has been the leading spirit in drawing up an elaborate program of reorganization of both the Soviet and the Communist Party administrative appa-

ratus, the main tendencies of which may be briefly summarized as eliminating superfluous office-holders and bureaucracy, strengthening the personal authority and responsibility of men who are appointed to executive posts, and bringing the political and economic life of the country still more closely under party control.

A man of simple tastes, Kaganovitch occasionally finds relief from concerns of state by watching the film antics of Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd; he once expressed regret that Soviet film-producers were lacking in the American comic spirit. He is the only Jew who is today in the higher councils of the Soviet régime.

One of the few men of striking personality and originality of character whom Stalin has left in the party leadership is the War Commissar, K. E. Voroshilov. Born in 1881 in the poor family of a casual laborer in Ukraina, Voroshilov went to work as a mere lad and became involved in revolutionary activity in his teens. He was first arrested when he refused to take off his cap before a passing officer.

A metal worker by trade, Voroshilov soon became blacklisted as an agitator and suffered the double persecution of the employers and of the police. His record of arrest, banishment, escape and renewal of underground work is not dissimilar to Stalin's. Voroshilov was not a soldier by profession; but after the Bolshevik Revolution he raised a partisan corps among the workers of the industrial Donetz Basin and became one of the best known among the self-taught commanders of the Red Army.

A serious problem for the Soviet forces in the civil war was that of cavalry. Most of the Cossacks, the traditional cavalry of the Russian army, were in sympathy with the Whites; and sweeping raids by the White horsemen often neutralized the su-

periority of the Red Army in numbers and in technical equipment. Finally, a Red cavalry army was organized under the command of a dashing looking sergeant of the old army, Budenny. It was recruited from the poorer Cossacks and from peasants of the Southern steppe regions where horsemanship was a common accomplishment. Voroshilov, who possessed the double reputation of being a man of firm Bolshevik principles and of distinguished personal courage, was appointed commissar of this army, with the responsible task of seeing to it that the unruly horsemen of the steppes did not mutiny when they received an unpopular order or lose discipline and morale by indulging in wholesale looting and pogroms. He made out of the cavalry army a reliable force that proved its striking power against Denikin and the Poles.

Voroshilov had been associated with Stalin in the defense of Tsaritsin (the present Stalingrad) and was a natural and logical candidate for the post of War Commissar when Trotzky's first successor in that office, Frunze, succumbed as a result of an unsuccessful operation. Voroshilov is an impetuous, temperamental man; and his messages to the army brim over with warmth and eloquence. Despite his lack of regular military training, he is a good marksman and rides a horse well; to be able to shoot like Voroshilov is the ambition of every Young Communist.

Several years ago there were rumors of differences between Stalin and Voroshilov on the question of collectivization of agriculture; whatever truth may have been in them, matters did not come to a breach; and Voroshilov today plays an active part in the high party councils, not only in his specialty of military affairs, but also in other fields.

It is conceivable that the disappearance of Stalin from the political scene (not at all a probable contingency) would leave Kaganovitch and Voroshilov facing each other as rivals for party leadership, much as Stalin and Trotzky confronted each other after the death of Lenin. Whether Kaganovitch's tactics, which are similar to those of Stalin, would again carry off the victory or whether Voroshilov, because of his military reputation and personal popularity, would emerge as the stronger figure is a matter for conjecture.

V

The two men who occupy the highest offices in the Soviet state, President Mikhail Kalinin and Premier Vyacheslav Molotov, are both members of the Party Political Bureau, the supreme council of ten; but they enjoy less political influence and significance than Stalin, Kaganovitch and Voroshilov. Kalinin is of peasant stock; and, with his slight, somewhat bent figure, clear blue eyes and straw-colored beard, looks very much like millions of peasants whom one would meet in various parts of the Soviet Union. His appointment to a post in which he receives great numbers of peasant petitioners was a clever stroke of gauging popular psychology.

During the civil war he was a most useful propagandist for the Soviet régime, travelling extensively about the country, talking to large peasant audiences and taking their minds off their grievances about Soviet requisitions by painting vivid pictures of what would happen to the peasants if the Whites should win and the hated landlords, with detachments of Cossacks, should appear in the villages.

During more recent years Kalinin has essayed the difficult task of making collective farming popular with the peasants.

His knowledge of peasant ways and of practical farming makes it easier for him than for almost any other high Soviet official to visit a collective farm, poke into the bins and judge the quality of the grain, inspect the stables and see how the horses are kept.

Kalinin has a good deal of natural peasant shrewdness. At the time when he broadcast his message of greeting and goodwill to the American people, after Roosevelt and Litvinov had agreed on the conditions of establishment of diplomatic relations, American correspondents were permitted to be present at the occasion and were presented to Kalinin. Every question that was put to him that seemed to verge on controversial or inexpedient topics was parried with tact and good humor, but with absolute firmness.

Premier Molotov has held office since 1929, when his predecessor, A. I. Rykov, had shown too much tendency to kick over the traces of discipline in such questions as the rapid pushing forward of industrialization and the forcible collectivization of the peasant households. Stalin can be very confident that Molotov will never develop any oppositionist tendencies. A vegetarian and a teetotaler, Molotov, who, like all the prominent figures in the Soviet régime, was a pre-war revolutionary, is a hardworking Soviet official, without a trace of originality.

The other men whom Stalin has brought into the Political Bureau are Ordzhonikidze, a fellow Georgian, a man of noteworthy energy and something of a record in the civil war, who looks after the country's heavy industries; Andreev, a younger man with a reputation for administrative capacity who seems to be in danger of breaking his political neck on the stubborn difficulties of putting the Soviet railroad system in order; Kuibishev,

Kossior and Kirov. Kuibishev is a sort of commissar without portfolio, who recently directed the operations for the rescue of the hundred members of the *Cheyuskin* expedition who were marooned on an Arctic ice-floe. Kossior and Kirov might be described as minor Kaganoviches; the former leads the party organization in Ukrainia, the latter in Leningrad.

There are certain common characteristics in this group of present-day Soviet leaders. Not one of them has a university education; not one of them has a speaking knowledge of any European language except Russian, a fact which makes communication somewhat difficult when receptions are given to the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, few of whom are familiar with Russian.

There is a significant difference between Lenin and Stalin in the method of selecting collaborators. Lenin sought out and gathered around him the strongest individuals in the party. While he was a leader who exercised full, almost absolute authority, especially in the last years of his life, he was able to work with men of differing views and independent personalities, quarrelling with them, disciplining them, on occasion, but never finally breaking with them. Even the unruly Trotsky worked pretty faithfully in the party harness during Lenin's régime.

Stalin's method, on the other hand, is to destroy politically potential rivals and competitors; and this explains the tremendous turnover in the personnel of the party's leading organizations during Stalin's decade of power. Stalin tolerates only men whom he regards as fully devoted to him and politically dependent on him; and he seems to have forged a very obedient and fairly harmonious team in the present Political Bureau.

PORTRAIT OF A MEDICAL CHARLATAN

BY MANFRED S. GUTTMACHER

IN 1773 the leading newspapers of British America carried columns extolling the genius of one James Graham. This Graham had actually studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh, but though he called himself a "graduate" of the university, a careful scrutiny of its list of graduates fails to discover his name.

In 1771 he came to America, where he figured as a "philanthropic physician travelling for the benefit of mankind," specializing in diseases of the eye and ear but "ready to administer relief in the most desperate diseases to patients whose cases had hitherto puzzled the ordinary practitioners." He was a man with a great deal of dash and vigor, unusually handsome, and a very fashionable dresser; in later years he set his own fashions by wearing in summer white linen suits and black silk stockings. He possessed a great deal of social charm and was an excellent conversationalist. One of the basic qualities that all successful quacks have in common is what we term "a commanding personality." Graham surely had this. He practiced with great success in Philadelphia, Elizabethtown, Newark, Williamsburg, New York and Baltimore. He spent about one and a half years in Philadelphia, then the recognized scientific center of America. Later, in writing of his two and a half years in the colonies—which he records as five—he said that he went there to study the new science of electricity and to live among the Indians,

in order to obtain their secret herbs, which were so largely responsible for their great physical strength.

After leaving America, he established practice in Bristol, then the second city of the British Isles. In less than a year he had advanced to London. During the summer season he set himself up at Bath, the great center of gouty culture. Up to 1779 there is little to raise him above the level of his fellow quacks. But then he began to reveal his full stature. He made plans for the establishment of the Temple of Health. He spent a good deal of time in Newcastle, where a very skillful mechanic, Denton, who was later hanged for counterfeiting, made much of his marvelous apparatus. During the same year he visited Paris, apparently to collect more apparatus and no doubt to observe Mesmer, who was beginning to obtain great fame. Graham never refers to him, but it is obvious that many of his principles and much of his technique entered into the Temple of Health.

David Garrick, the great master of the English stage, had just died. Graham was shrewd enough to rent the beautiful house at 5 Adelphi Terrace in which this famous and beloved citizen had lived. Over the entrance of the house in gold letters was placed the inscription, "Templum Aesculapio Sacrum." "Over the doors of the principal rooms . . . are placed walking sticks, ear trumpets, visual glasses, crutches, etc., left and placed here as most

honorable trophies by deaf, weak, paralytic and emaciated persons and cripples who being cured happily no longer need such assistance."

Each room had its marvelous electrical contrivances and machines for producing and storing "fixable, nitrous, inflammable, phlogisticated, deflogisticated, phosphoreal, aethereal and vivifying air." There were insulated benches with powerful magnets and insulated seats for negative electricity, that is, "the withdrawing from the body of even the natural quantity of electricity" and "a great variety of cones, tubes, fountains, and sprinklers" for treating infections of the respiratory tract. In the Doctor's main office was a glass tube into which he could speak or drop a prescription for his apothecary. After the ringing of an announcing bell, a servant or an assistant apothecary suddenly rose before the Doctor's desk through a concealed trap door, bringing the desired drugs. In the *Morning Post* of June 1, 1780, Dr. Graham inserted the following notice:

Wanted a genteel, decent, modest, young woman. She must be personally agreeable, blooming healthy and sweet tempered, and well recommended for modesty, good sense, and steadiness, she is to live in a physician's family, be daily dressed in white silk robes with a rich rose coloured girdle (emblematical of innocence and health) to wait on ladies at a public exhibition and lecture on electricity. If she can sing, play on the harpsichord or speak French, great wages will be paid. A good performer on the Harmonica and Musical Glasses is likewise wanted.

Ironically enough, Emma Lyon, "the divine Lady Hamilton" and the innamorata of Lord Nelson, filled this large order. She became the Goddess Hygeia of the Temple of Health. It was there that she began her "attitudes" that years later won the applause of the greatest artistic in-

tellect of the age, the poet Goethe. Romney first painted his "beloved Emma" in 1781. It is not at all improbable that he saw her first in the Temple of Health.

II

In 1781 Graham gave up the Temple of Health on Adelphi Terrace and established the Temple of Health and Hymen in the famous Schomberg House in Pall Mall. A great horde flocked there; among them no less a patient than little Walter Scott, who in his second year of life had an illness which left him crippled. In addition to the musicales, teas, promenades, and scientific lectures, there were added two new and unique features—the lectures on Propagation, the Art of Love, etc., and the *pièce de resistance*, the Royal Patagonian Celestial Bed.

The master quack, Cagliostro, protégé of Cardinal de Rohan, had devised beds for painless childbirth, but no one before had invented beds whose employment during conception guaranteed beautiful and gigantic progeny. Literally thousands crowded into the new Temple. It is recorded that on the three nights following its opening an average of nine hundred persons was turned away. It became a rendezvous for the smart set of London. Many went time and time again to hear the famous lecture on "the Generation, Increase and Improvement of the Human Species!" Sly and knowing glances were cast toward the wonderful bed. Graham met the bitter denunciations of the righteous critics who accused him of trafficking in vulgarity and obscenity by pointing out to them that the Latin and Greek inscriptions outside of the Temple, "*Procul, O Procul Profani*" and "*Oudeis Akathartos Eisto*," exhorted the unclean minded to remain away.

Here we have Graham grown to full maturity. He is at the very zenith of his short-lived fame. He had become one of the most famous and notorious figures in London. Horace Walpole, in a letter to the Countess of Ossory, tells her that he was one of a party of eighteen who had visited the Temple on the previous night. It was at this time that George Coleman produced his highly successful farce about Graham, entitled "The Genius of Non-sense."

It is fortunate that the great lecture has been preserved. Despite its extravagant style and its passages of frank obscenity, it stamps its crack-brained author as one of the most original and forward-looking thinkers of his day. His prescriptions for humanity's ills are astounding. He proposes that "Parliament enact certain triennial or septennial jubilees or matrimonial insolvent acts for the relief of wretched, discordant, and barren couples." He advocates eugenics, forbidding the unfit to marry. He favors early sterilization of the "scrofulous, the venereal, the gouty, the melancholy and the mad." If the operation is unsuccessful he favors the marriage of these groups to "superannuated maids or to old, dilettanti women." He advocates alcoholic prohibition. He calls alcohol "the drink of demons—the liquid fire of hell" and "port wine the greatest bracer and holder together of the incorporate cattle of Great Britain." He proposes vegetarianism and views the eating of flesh as "a kind of incest." He champions daily baths, and sleeping in winter and summer with wide open windows on firm straw mattresses. He recommends the use of the continuous tepid bath and the employment of "medical music" in the treatment of the insane. He takes a blow at the "ugly, unnatural and most hurtful practice of very tight lacing among the

ladies and laming themselves and destroying true grace and ease in walking with high heels" and at that "odious, indelicate and most hurtful custom of man and wife continually pigging together in the same bed."

He opposes the window tax and anticipates Mussolini by proposing instead a special tax on bachelors. Graham goes even further by suggesting a similar tax on spinsters who had rejected proposals of marriage. He advocates soap and water and mercury ointment as the most effective venereal prophylactics.

The scientific basis for the efficacy of the Celestial bed was the hypothesis that the fertilization of the ovum is an electrical phenomenon. Graham asserted that the ovum contained in miniature the adult human being. In fact, he says, "All the future children exist in the ovary of the mother even before her birth." He claimed that this homunculus was liberated from the ovary and implanted in the womb by electrical and magnetic forces. The natural electricity created during copulation was artificially strengthened by currents passing through the bed. The room in which the bed was kept was "modeled after that of the favourite Sultana in the Seraglio of the Grand Turk."

"This Grand Celestial Bed," says Graham,

whose magical influences are now celebrated from pole to pole and from the rising to the setting of the sun, is 12 feet long by 9 feet wide, supported by forty pillars of brilliant glass of the most exquisite workmanship, in richly variegated colours. The super-Celestial dome of the bed, which contains the odoriferous balmy and aetherial spices, odours and essences, which is the grand reservoir of those revivifying and invigorating influences which are exhaled by the breath of the music and by the accelerating force of electrical fire, is covered on the underside with brilliant panes of looking-glass.

On the upmost summit of the dome, are placed two exquisite figures of Cupid and Psyche, with a figure of Hymen behind, with his torch flaming with electrical fire in one hand, and with the other, supporting a celestial crown sparkling over a pair of great living turtle doves on a little bed of roses.

The other elegant groups of figures which sport on the top of the dome, have each of them musical instruments in their hands, which by the most expensive mechanism, breathe forth sounds corresponding with their instruments; flutes, guitars, violins, clarionets, trumpets, horns, oboes, kettle-drums, etc.

In the Celestial Bed, no feather bed is employed, but sometimes mattresses filled with sweet new wheat or oat straw, mingled with balm, rose leaves, lavender, flowers and oriental spices.

The sheets are of the richest and softest silk and satten of various colours suited to the complexion of the lady who is to lie upon them. Pale green, rose colour, sky blue, white and purple, and are sweetly perfumed in the oriental manner with the attar of rose, jessamine, tuberose, or with rich gums, fragrant balsams and oriental spices,—in short everything is done to assist aetherial, magnetic, musical, and electrical influences, and to make the lady look as lovely as possible in the eye of her husband! and he in hers.

The chief elastic principle of my celestial bed is produced by artificial loadstones. About 1500 pounds weight of artificial and compound magnets are so disposed and arranged as to be continually pouring forth in an everflowing circle, inconceivable and irresistibly powerful tides of the magnetic effluvium, which every philosophical gentleman knows, has a very strong affinity with electrical fire. The full organ on violent motion of the bed peals forth swelling sounds and noble tones, bracing and invigorating every spring and principle of life.

Sometimes the mattresses are filled with the strongest and most springy hair, procured at vast expense from the tails of English stallions, which are elastic to the highest degree.

In addition to claiming to be able to

produce a race of giants to replace the puny inhabitants of the British Isles, the Doctor claimed that he could, by controlling the electrical forces, produce a child of the desired sex.

III

This famous bed was rented for fifty guineas a night. It is recorded that Lord Gordon, the mad instigator of the terrible anti-Catholic riots of 1780, was one of those who made use of the bed. Dr. Graham had publicly invited Charles Byrne, the most famous giant of the day to be the first to use it. The poor fellow, then dying from acromegaly, had the impotence that marks the late stages of that type of gigantism, and had to decline the invitation. The author announced in his lecture that he was then engaged in researches to determine the basic philosophical principles of the bed. He aimed to simplify it, "so that every British couple of middling circumstances could afford to own one."

After a year, the inevitable reaction of the righteous forces in the community set in; and in 1782 the temple was closed. Graham then took modest rooms on Panton Street where he lectured on love, marriage, and procreation. The admission fee had dropped from half a guinea to one shilling. This placed him in direct competition with the "sapient pig" and the "talking duck" that were being shown nearby. In 1787 he appeared in a new character—that of a special delegate from Heaven to announce the millennium. Not only did he designate himself as "the Servant of the Lord, O.W.L." (Oh Wonderful Love), but attempted to establish a new chronology dating his writings from the foundation of the New Jerusalem Church.

Before the coming of the second month of the new calendar this odd prophet was put under restraint in his own house by order of the magistrates. The *Whitehaven Packet*, on August 22, 1788, had the following item:

Tuesday morning Doctor James Graham was sent off to Edinburgh in the custody of two constables. This unfortunate man had for some days past discovered such marks of insanity as had made it advisable to secure him!

This confinement was of a very short duration, for a few months later we find him going again at full tilt. The religious interest, which had fully blossomed forth just before his confinement, became a consuming one for the six remaining years of his life.

However, it was impossible for such a personality to be constant to any one interest for so long a time. It was at times eclipsed by the eccentric Doctor's two final panaceas—earth bathing and prolonged fasts.

"A Short Treatise on the all cleansing—all healing—and all invigorating Qualities of the Simple Earth when long and repeatedly applied to the Naked Human Body and Lungs for the Safe, Speedy and Logical Cure of All Diseases," was published in 1790 in Newcastle. He states that he came upon this marvelous remedy while "reflecting on what is well known to every old woman, plowman, cock fighter and school boy; namely that only smelling of the earth, or following the plow, are wonderfully refreshing, restora-

tive and exhilarating." It is interesting to see in this strange publication of Graham's what a really enlightened conception of geology this scatterbrained charlatan had. He says that were it not for the fact that divine revelation establishes six thousand years as the age of the earth he should believe from his studies that it was fifty millions of years old. "There has certainly been a time when this Island, Britain, was part of the continent of Europe and even when Europe and America were one continent." The more practical portions of the thesis deal with the technique of Earth Bathing and the cures resulting from it. It is strongly urged that the patients be buried completely naked up to their chins in the earth for three or more hours a day. The living grave is to be three feet wide, five feet long, four feet deep at one end and two at the other, forming a sort of bench to sit upon.

Immediately after his failure to found a New Christian Church, Doctor Graham joined forces with the Methodists. He would seem to have been preëminently fitted for this calling and, could he have devoted all of his energies to any one enterprise, would, I believe, have attained fame as a Methodist minister. In his later years he apparently became an ether addict.

Ironically enough, this inventor of a medicine that would prolong life to twice the Biblical span of "three score years and ten" died suddenly before he reached his fiftieth year, completely penniless.

FRENCH OPPRESSION IN INDO-CHINA

BY THOMAS STEEP

THE Englishman in India or the American in the Philippines is content for the most part to express his superiority over the natives by assuming toward them a disdainful aloofness. But the Frenchman in Indo-China feels obliged to remind the natives of their inferiority by occasional corporal punishments. Indo-China is one of the few spots left in Asia where a white man may safely slap a servant for making mistakes or kick a railway conductor for not speaking a European language fluently.

It is perhaps the right thing to do, it being a prerogative of imperialism to manifest itself in understandable terms. The British in India complain that the natives are spoiled by too much kindness; the Americans in the Philippines complain that the Filipinos are being educated into arrogance by too much latitude in running their own affairs. The French in Indo-China, realizing that white prestige is vulnerable to a rising native morale, seek to perpetuate their relation of masters toward subjects by reminding the subjects, realistically, of their abjectness, forgetting that some of them have civilized backgrounds; that the Annamese, for instance, had a civilization coincident with Confucius and that the Cambodians, at Angkor, had a city more resplendent than Rome in its palmyest days.

Indo-China, with its 21,000,000 peoples of varied colors, customs and religions, is to France somewhat as the Philippines,

with their 12,000,000 Christian Filipinos, Moros and aborigines, are to the United States. Both dependencies are subtropical, extending, roughly, 1100 miles north and south, and both produce, abundantly, commodities essential to Western industries; both are dominated by an active native race, the Philippines by the Christian Filipinos and Indo-China by the Buddhist Annamese. But whereas the Filipinos have progressed far in their struggle to throw off white domination, the Indo-Chinese are just beginning.

Whenever rebellious sentiment in Indo-China spreads threateningly, the French Governor General, supreme intermediary between the home government and the natives, calls before him the vassal kings and petty tribal chiefs and explains to them that France's mission is to protect them, that but for the French garrisons any or all of the five States might fall a prey to a more rapacious overlord; then the vassal kings and petty tribal chiefs, beneficiaries of the French treasury, are mightily pleased.

The French possession comprises the colony of Cochin China and the "protectorates" of Annam, Tonkin, Cambodia and Laos, which together are slightly larger than France. Two-thirds of the people are Annamese, who descended from the highlands of Tibet and brought with them Buddhism, ancestor worship and Confucianism. The next in point of numbers are the Cambodians, descendants of the

Khmers who built the Hindu city of Angkor; the Tais mountain people, who are related to the Siamese; and the Chams, who are Mohammedans. In addition, there are half a million aborigines, 300,000 Chinese, 40,000 Eurasians (mostly the offspring of French gentlemen and Annamese ladies), and 20,000 Europeans, largely French.

Old Gia-long, King of Annam, was congenial but credulous. Had he been less trustful of Europeans, his descendants might still be absolute monarchs. A fierce fighter in the tribal battles that followed when his country broke off as a tributary of China, he united in 1802 Annam, Tonkin and Cochin China and proclaimed himself King. Master of an area that extended from the Chinese border to the Mekong delta, he sat on his peacock throne, smugly chewing his quid of betel-nut and squirting its crimson juice into a spittoon of solid gold.

But his luxurious court, his concubines, kowtowing mandarins, eunuchs and opium pipe, destroyed his fighting prowess. Finding himself the victim of an intrigue by three pretenders to the jade sceptre, he asked the advice of a French Catholic bishop who with French missionaries and a horde of French buccaneers, already had settled on the Annam coast. In a moment of weakness, at the bishop's suggestion, the King sent an embassy to Paris to ask protection. France, uneasy over the growing power of England in India, quickly dispatched troops from Pondicherry to put down Gia-long's enemies, but not without first exacting a treaty favorable to France. Fancy the naïveté of jolly old King Gia-long in imagining he could obtain European assistance for nothing!

France was not slow to discover that Annam was "ungrateful." Gia-long in

1820 died and was succeeded by his son, Minh-mang, who, among other accomplishments, had seventy-one children, of whom forty-nine were sons. Minh-mang disliked Europeans and showed it by killing a Catholic bishop, several dozen Catholic missionaries and 20,000 converts, or alleged converts. France decided to support the Bible with her army and to preach sermons from the cannon's mouth; assisted by Spain, whose Christian pioneers also had been massacred, she seized and occupied Saigon. In 1867 she proclaimed Cochin China a French colony; gradually she absorbed the other States as "protectorates." By 1885 she had acquired in subtropical Asia a domain to rival the British in Burma and the Dutch in the East Indies.

II

What induces a Frenchman to live in Indo-China, eight thousand miles from his beloved boulevards—what but a maximum of ease with a minimum of exertion? Except when the exigencies of business distract him, he sips his apéritif and smokes his cigarette with the hauteur of a conqueror in an atmosphere as near Parisian as the subtropics will permit.

Social life in Saigon, the metropolis, because of the intense heat, is conducted outdoors, flagrantly unprivate, and centers in the late afternoon, after the three-hour siesta, about the sidewalk cafés. His legs sprawled across the sidewalk in a way to give the natives the option of walking in the street, the colonial Frenchman is observed drooped over a table at the Hotel Continental in the Rue Catinat, drinking his apéritif, his cork helmet resting on the pavement, his pomaded hair imparting a faint perfume to the circumambient air. And beside him, if she is

pretty, nestles coquettishly his *congaie*, the native equivalent of the Parisian *petite femme*. Doubtless there is a spot of colored ribbon in the button hole of his lapel, but otherwise his costume is dazzling white. White also are the uniforms of the "boys" who patter softly across the tile floor of the hotel lobby, bearing trays of glasses (clinking) to monsieur's sidewalk table.

From his table monsieur looks indifferently across the cobbled square, blazingly hot. The Theatre Municipale (subsidized for French patrons out of native revenue), on the opposite side of the square, exposes a façade of female nudes, whose stoniness probably accounts for the native indifference toward them. The street is a congeries of bright colors and languorous motions. There are tall, lithe, dark-skinned Annamese women striding, gracefully and erect, with luresome uncovered legs and seductive bosoms; there are solemn Hindu money-changers with sinister glances and garish red fezzes; there are rickshaw boys with mushroom hats topped with brass knobs; there are Chinese merchants, fat and unctuous, with feet padded softly like the feet of cats. And among them, his carbine swung from a strap, strolls the *poilu*, symbol of French domination.

Like every white settler in a hot country, the Frenchman tells you that, in spite of his leisure, servants and his sense of superiority, his existence is intolerably boring, but that, having become attuned to it, he prefers it to the strenuousness of competing with his equals in a more temperate climate at home. His position as a colonial invests him with a kind of romance that enhances his desirability as a husband among French women, or, if unhappily (or happily), he arrives unmarried, he easily acquires for

his *ménage* a congenial *congaie*, who may be herself partly French, the daughter of an Annamese woman. His temporary enjoyment of native female companionship is resented neither by natives nor foreigners, it being conceded to be something of a natural law, unworthy of embarrassing concealment, that wherever there is a Frenchman there is necessarily also a woman.

To spare monsieur nostalgic pains, his government strives to create for him the illusion that he has never left his natural habitat by laying out (entirely at native expense) boulevards, buildings, museums, theatres and shops so Frenchified as to disguise their oriental origin; and the Messageries Maritimes bring bi-weekly to monsieur the latest French newspapers and fresh colonials. And should monsieur wish to wander from the boulevard cafés he may explore without journeying very far from a wine bottle, the most picturesque jungles in the world; the jungles about Angkor's temples or the "marine jungles" in the Bay of Along, where mountain peaks, protruding from the sea, are washed by the waves into shapes incredibly fantastic.

But the Frenchman is in Indo-China for no purpose so sentimental as to look at the pretty scenery. He is there for business, to utilize its cheap labor, to tap its resources, to sell French goods, to provide lucrative jobs, to enable France to share grandiosely in the European exploitation of Asia.

France's policy is to create in her colony an almost exclusively French market by imposing prohibitive tariffs on non-French business. Nothing not specifically earmarked French is exported or imported without the payment of heavy customs duties; merchandise entering Indo-China from countries other than France is fre-

quently delayed and often damaged in transit, while the shipment of French goods is expedited. It is a kind of sabotage whereby molasses is permitted to ooze out onto station platforms and contents of sardine cans are permitted to go into the stomachs of customs officials, not to mention the imported Philippine cigars that find their way into the mouths of freight-handlers.

France's policy also is to encourage the natives to produce raw materials while consuming French manufactured products; sugar, for instance, is exported from Indo-China to France raw, and imported by Indo-China from France refined, which provides business for refineries in France and jobs for Frenchmen at home. Of rice Indo-China produces annually a million tons in excess of its need; otherwise its exports are chiefly raw materials, timber, copper, iron, tin, zinc, opium. From her customs duties and her monopoly on opium, salt and tobacco, France derives above the expense of running her colony a substantial profit and creates in addition a protected area for French business and enough traffic to support a passenger and freight service between Marseilles and Japan.

And further to improve her economic foothold in Asia she has extended from Hanoi a railway 530 miles northward into Yunnan, a province of China, with whose 11,000,000 people she does 60% of the business, selling them French perfumes and allied articles in exchange for lead, zinc, antimony, ebony, salt, skin, jade and opium.

III

What do the natives get out of it other than being "protected"?

At Hongay on an island off the north-

east coast of Tonkin, near Haiphong, there is a coal mine. It is worked on the open cut system, none of it being below ground. The hills, from which millions of tons of coal have been removed, have been sliced and terraced into vast amphitheatres and gargantuan stairways, black with coal dust and teeming with grimy coolies toiling in the blazing sun. Not a tree, nor a flower, nor a green thing; only the black coal dust hovering in clouds over the workers and their huts. Twenty thousand coolies, their wives, their babies, are here in the blistering black fields, picking, sifting, hauling. Their pay for a day's work from sunup to sundown is twelve cents; to deter them from wandering away in search of pleasanter employment, two weeks' pay of their accumulated earnings is withheld. The coal is loaded in ships and sold to Japan. The mine is owned by a French syndicate, whose absentee stockholders obtain yearly a profit approximating their original investment.

It may be argued, does France not play the rôle of a benefactor in giving jobs to twenty thousand coolies? The implication is that the coolies might starve to death if it were not for France. But would they?

The coolies at the mine have no voice in the government, nor are they represented in the government; their King is a puppet who dares initiate no reforms in their behalf not approved by the French. They have no schools. They have facilities for gambling and opium smoking, but no schools. Hence there is an absence of mass education that might threaten French security or that might propound the dangerous hypothesis that the twelve-cent coolie is entitled more liberally to share in the natural resources of the land in which he was born. The Hongay mines are not the kindest nor the cruelest of the French industries that exploit the coolie. There are

industries where he is worked more and is paid less and there are industries where he is worked less and is paid more. But the economic status of the average coolie varies little from that of the coolie at the Hongay mine.

Western supremacy in the Far East has succeeded with least embarrassments in those localities where the standard of living is low and the native intelligence undeveloped. France, foreseeing that the English in India and the Americans in the Philippines were creating problems for themselves by giving the natives education, higher living standards and a share in the conduct of government, offset her "civilizing influences" by keeping her wards illiterate, unfit for public affairs and pauperized by pernicious indulgences, notably by opium and gambling. She established schools to educate the retainers of her subsidized Kings and tribal chiefs and to qualify native assistants to French administrative officials, but she disclaimed a moral obligation to lessen mass illiteracy. She built railways, highways, electric plants and postal, telegraph and telephone systems which, while paid for directly or indirectly by the natives, are primarily for the benefit of the French. About 27,000 miles of highways, constructed by coolies, are kept in splendid condition by requiring the natives to contribute yearly ten days' labor.

Gambling is recognized by the French as a native pastime that certainly would prosper without their presence. But opium is a government monopoly, yielding a glorious revenue. At the Saigon and Hanoi government opium plants, visitors are shown how the drug bubbles in huge vats while it is being prepared, and how it is packed in iron drums when finished; later the pasty substance is repacked in smaller quantities, in tins for retail to the

public, in fancy boxes for the native royalty. The use of opium, not common before the advent of Europeans, now is widespread, involving a traffic with a yearly turnover of millions of francs; and no one questions the propriety of France's doling out an opiate by the wholesale to an Asiatic people whom she has conquered.

For a betterment of his condition the Indo-Chinese has to look to a source other than his native Kings or tribal chiefs, who are controlled by the Superior Council. The Council is a formidable body with supreme power. Its principal members, beside the Governor General, are French naval and military officials who authoritatively negative any proposal inimical to French interests. The native potentates, who are paid to do as they are bidden, are obsequiously acquiescent; they know where their fancy boxes of opium come from.

But even the Asiatic worm turns.

The chance remark of a Governor General, Alexandre Varenne, who happened also to be a Socialist, unexpectedly disclosed in 1925 a serious movement to throw off the French yoke. M. Varenne, in a moment of impulsive generosity, suggested that France contemplated independence for her colony. In a speech before the Superior Council he said that when France had accomplished her mission of civilization "it may be believed that she will leave only the memory of her work; that she will no longer claim any rôle in the life of the peninsula, neither to direct nor to counsel; and that the peoples who have profited by her tutelage will no longer have any ties with France other than those of gratitude."

M. Varenne's remarks dumbfounded the French Foreign Office and prompted the French press to demand angrily that

he be recalled. Despite his plea that he had uttered mere soothing platitudes, M. Varenne found it necessary presently to suppress native insurrections, mutinies of Annamese troops, strikes by coolies and hostile street demonstrations by intellectuals who construed his remarks as indicating that France's hold on Indo-China was weakening. The Tonkinese, who, as I have said, are the most energetic of France's wards, capitalized their grievances and joined the rest of Asia in the movement to oust the white man.

One sees on the street in Hue, the capital of Annam, a tall Annamese coolie, his black glossy hair switched around and tied in a topnot, his bespangled and sinewy arms supporting a burden which he carries on his head. A white man passes, and the coolie turns his head and stares. What is the coolie thinking about? Nothing, one remarks jocularly. But there is a kind of thinking that, even in a dumb coolie, is aroused involuntarily, perhaps by the memory of a kick or a slap in the face.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

BY ERNEST L. MEYER

His comings and goings are confined to a beaten track in an area no larger than Battery Park. But his intelligence and creative vitality embrace the globe, penetrate thirty centuries, are at home in a dozen literatures and languages, and crack the walls of his prison to live in freedom with the free.

To know William Ellery Leonard's stature you must know also his sickness. He is a victim of distance-phobia. His earthly prison is a small area in Madison, Wisconsin, where he is professor of English at the State university. For twelve years he has been unable to travel more than four or five blocks in any direction from his apartment near the campus. Not because of physical infirmity. He is over six feet tall, fifty-eight years old on his last birthday, but with the resiliency of a man far younger. He swims, skates, plays tennis. His bicycle has been put away—souvenir of the days before the great fear won out completely.

The great fear is the fear of spacial distance from a center of safety: home, mother, wife. The phobia has its roots in childhood shocks, ineradicable, seemingly, despite self-discipline, self-torture, the aid of eminent psychoanalysts, and long seasons of trial and terror. Until the age of thirty-five he was normal, a traveler, a climber of New England mountains. Then, for eleven years, he was seldom outside the city limits on foot, automobile, bicycle or train. And since 1922 he has been

confined to his present narrow beat. He has told it all, powerfully, in "The Locomotive God," which has been used as a text-book in psychology classes in three American universities and accepted by experts as a notable contribution to the field of psychiatry.

Long-legged, lean, with white hair, gaunt-checked, Indian-featured though not tawny, with dark brown intent eyes behind glasses and arched by black eyebrows, he strides the campus and its fringes. Two blocks north, and Lake Mendota, turquoise in a casket of hills, a special dispensation in his dungeon. Four blocks west, and a row of motley university buildings under the elms, a class-room, more scholar-shops, and a hospital, foreboding landmark—in that direction—of the end of his tether. Four blocks south, and the railroad tracks, uncrossable because unconquerable, symbol of the Locomotive God, the demon woven across the pattern of his psychic yesterdays. Four blocks east, and a line of book-stores, hot-dog stands, a church and drugstore, a greengrocer's, a tavern and a movie—all the tinsel and shoddiness of a typical main street which mark for him the City. The City in which he is permitted to roam, by the grace of a phobic god, over his domain of five acres.

Escape? He has tried, and suffered setbacks and collapse. Intelligence, reason play no part in the drama. They stand impotent in the wings. This lies deeper, in the mysterious grottoes of being. "It is characteris-

tic of my chronic neurosis," he writes, "a *feel* that converts a half-mile, or even two blocks from home, in terms of subjective need and powerlessness, into an infinite remoteness, at the same time that it remains to eye and to estimate exactly the same half-mile or two blocks it is."

In this constricted demesne, then, he lives. With his wife, sharer of his imprisonment, and with his library, wings for his escape.

II

These escapes have taken him into many times and many places. He is at home with the Greeks, the Romans, the Old Norse, the Old and the New Germanic, the Spanish, the French and the Dutch. He has rendered Empedocles and Lucretius into blank verse. He has translated Beowulf, retaining the rhythmic pitch and roll of the original. He has only recently advanced a startling new theory on the metrical form of the old Spanish epic, the *Cid*, holding it to be essentially a form of the Germanic folk-verse of the "Nibelungen," and he has written monographs in Spanish and English on this discovery. A bibliography of his contributions to scholarship, the drama, poetry and critique would cover five of these printed pages. He escapes the tag of dilettantism by his thoroughness, and by his standing among great men in the fields in which he strides. His contributions to each have been accurate and unassailable.

He has found it more difficult to escape the tag of being a mere pedant, a "professor's poet." In modern America this label attaches itself popularly to any scholar who makes use of classical allusions, classical diction in his materials, even though he invests the archaic with blood and life, and enriches the present with the vitality of the past. It is this quality that brings vigor to his creative works. He imparts the im-

perishability of thought and emotion that have made the great men great in all civilizations, and the eternalness of suffering and joy that have made them all—great and small—human.

This eternalness is the unconscious *Leit-motif* of all his works. He has written the life of Socrates. He has taught the saga of Eric. He has written the drama of Red Bird, Indian chief; a life of Christ, and poems on Tutankhamen, Shakespeare, Tom Mooney, Eugene Debs, and himself. Socrates, Eric, William Ellery Leonard, Red Bird, Jesus, Debs—who are they but strong men, each in his own way, and each under the whips of life walking the vale to Gethsemane? The thread of this common destiny is woven in all of Leonard's works. Hence, the occasional classical allusions. Hence, the diction with its stark Anglo-Saxon predominating, but with excursions into the Greek, the Latin, the Germanic. In some poets this would be an intrusion, a philological strut. In Leonard it is the thread that unites a minute present to a vast past, investing the here and now with meaning and grandeur. He has made of his scholarship, not pedantry, but power.

What Leonard is really doing is carrying on the traditions of great poetry before it succumbed to the cults, the isms, the ists, and the facile smart-cracking jinglers who are having their day. The tradition of Catullus, Sappho, Virgil, and Keats, all but withered in our generation. Linking Leonard thus with a great past, again the stigma of "dusty scholarship" seems to attach to him, and he stands branded, for cultists to regard with amused condescension, as a "professor." In an essay on the imagists, he has made this reply:

"They [the New Poets] will say, finally, that I'm a professor, an academic pedant, with my eyes in the back of my head looking into the past, with my ears on the hori-

zontal, listening to admonitions from the critic graves of Aristotle, Quintilian and Scaliger, and to the verses of Pope and those awful mid-Victorians who sang 'In Memoriam' and 'Saul.' And to this charge, inevitable and serious, I must premise a defense. What is a professor in any field? Why, simply a man so interested in a particular phase of art or science that he makes it his life work to examine and master it. He is the one above all who knows tendencies, causes, values; he above all is in a position to distinguish fact from folly, the permanent from the ephemeral, shape from shadow, and (on occasion) beauty from buncombe."

There is the professor as appraiser, a function he has exercised with critical acuteness in many fields. But beyond and above that he is the professor as creator, who can not only distinguish beauty from buncombe but who can fix the difference unforgettably in our minds by his own contributions to the world's literature.

Greatest, in the opinion of eminent critics, is "Two Lives," a narrative in sonnets given to the public in 1925. My own experience of the volume antedates its publication by two years. Long before Leonard, at the urgent behest of friends, released the book to the publishers, I was in possession of a precious manuscript copy. I read it aloud, all two-hundred-odd sonnets, to a dozen groups, large and small, in three cities. Largely as a test to determine whether my judgment of "masterpiece!" was grounded chiefly on my veneration of the writer and my acquaintance with many of the tragic episodes whereof he wrote. I found, however, that the music, the passion, the power and beauty of the poem swept through all hearers, of whom many had never heard of the author, prisoner in his five acres. During these readings they were *his* prisoners. From the opening sonnet:

The shining city of my manhood's grief
Is girt by hills and lakes (the lakes are
four),
Left by the ice-sheet which from Labrador
Under old suns once carved this land's relief,
Ere white men came with building and
belief
Across the midland swale. . . .

To the cadences of the epilogue: "Indian Summer":

(O Earth-and-Autumn of the Setting Sun,
She is not by to know my task is done!)
And this the hill she visited, as friend;
And this the hill she lingered on, as bride—
Down in the yellow valley is the end:
They laid her . . . in no evening Autumn
tide . . .
Under fresh flowers of that May morn, beside
The queens and cave-women of ancient
earth. . . .

"Two Lives" is the story of the poet's brief and tragic first marriage many years ago, the suicide of his hereditarily afflicted wife, his own collapse, his fight back to semi-normalcy. A personal history lifted to the universality of art through the magic of luminous poetry. The episode around which the poem is wrought, plus recurrent shocks during his childhood and young manhood, are the basis of his distance phobia, which has irresistably contracted the world in which he moves from a city to a ward, from a ward to a precinct, from a precinct to the present five acres of his domain. On the other hand, those episodes, transmuted into living and unforgettable verse, have burst the prison of his obscurity. From being known by a handful of scholars and critics, he became known to a multitude. Lewisohn, Stefan Zweig, Spingarn, Mencken, Floyd Dell, Van Wyck Brooks, hailed "Two Lives" as "superb" as "a masterpiece," as a "generous expanse, wide as life, and blown upon by all the winds of thought." The world was applauding

Genius through the bars behind which a suffering Man walked gauntly.

Thus far I have discussed but two phases of Leonard's fecundity: his scholarly contributions and his poetry created of subjective adventure and pain. There is much more. His stature is paradoxical—though in prison, out of the world, there are few men who live in the world more expansively, or who are more intimately at home with its ramifications of politics, history, art, economics, its dusty beginnings and probable destiny. To listen to him talk informally in an evening's conversation is to leap from Old Norse to the New Deal, from Beowulf to Admiral Byrd, with the present illuminated by lights from the past.

He lives intensely in the here and now, which is unprofessorial, uncloisterlike. So intensely that he jeopardizes his security with the earnestness and tenacity of his heretical views. During the World War he was suspect, ostracized by all save his good friends. Though of old New England stock, he did not support the war or its issues. He was pro-German in the sense that he did not swallow the Allied lies, or the new Wilsonian mythology of Galahad questing for the grail of democracy. He saw through the fakery at a time when seeing-through was unwise and unsafe. The American flag, he wrote, "became an alien symbol, not precisely as hoisted over the transports, but as wrapped around the political shysters, the profiteers, the sadists, and the nincompoops and ninnies now all-powerful in every village. There seems an inversion of all values. The German issue disappears in the American issue. What will become of my country?" The poems he wrote in that period he burned. The things he endured in that period were burned into him. Scars added to scars, and no flight possible.

"To distinguish fact from folly . . ."
The process has put him inevitably on the

side of the radicals, as against the complacent trumpeters of bourgeois values and virtues. He wrote a poem on Tom Mooney, another on Eugene Debs, and corresponded with the latter in jail and out to the day of his death. Leonard's instincts flow, and rarely without reason or without later historical justification, to the One as against the Mob. Hence, his life of Socrates, his story of the "Poet of Galilee." Hence, his powerful "Lynching Bee," written from a factual account of a Southern "burning" and in a heat as searing as that which consumed the Negro's body on the cottonwood. Vivid as flame, the poem is an in memoriam for all martyrs to the mob. Its close is an elegy written in a country charnel-house:

Here on the fork, except that spot of red
(Still fierce as some primordial desire)
All lust is dead:
The lust to breed, the lust to burn;
The rut of flesh, the glut of fire. . . .
Lift up the head,
If still you can, and turn
To the great spaces of the skies. . . .
Black . . . black . . . all black . . .
The moon has set,—perhaps elsewhere to
hang,
Keen as a knife, bent like a boomerang,
A witch's bangle in the zodiac. . . .
Black . . . black . . . all black. . . .
Though dawn be pregnant with her enter-
prise,
And stars perhaps will keep. . . .
Black . . . black . . . and over yonder
The glow is gone from all the town there-
under. . . .
And all the people sleep . . . and sleep
. . . and sleep.

He does not have to go so far afield to be stirred by man's injustice to man. On his own campus, and at the risk of personal security, he has championed victims of mob hysteria or Victorian vindictiveness. One case among many is illustrative. It involved a student couple, both juniors and adults,

who were expelled by the university for having been detected in cohabitation at the home of a friend. I happen to have known both of them. Neither was a varietist; they were normal, decent, and good scholars, economically unable to afford marriage for years to come. The evidence in the case was obtained in a particularly scurrilous fashion. The dean of men invaded the apartment, a private home, in which the couple was occupying the sleeping porch. The door was locked. The dean called the police on the telephone. He also called the janitor, demanding the key. He created furor, awaking other occupants of the apartment. Just before the police arrived, the couple surrendered.

The circumstances of the snooper aroused Leonard, who is anything but a Greenwich-Villager or a touter of free-love. He investigated the case thoroughly and wrote his report in a letter to President Glenn Frank, and later, following publication of erroneous rumors, released the letter to the press. Its opening is characteristic of a scholar who lives not only in the library but in life:

"There occurred about two weeks before Christmas, an episode, which, when it came to my ears, aroused in me such amazement and doubts that I turned from my leisurely and remote Greek and Latin studies in Plato and Epicurus and Lucretius on the conduct of life to an intensive study of special problems of conduct in the very modern and specific world of the University of Wisconsin, as revealed in the action of the dean of men . . ."

Leonard did not raise the question of the university's right to punish departures from the current sex code, but he said:

"The central meaning of his [the dean's] action stands out in steady glare. Mr. President, older than any sex-code of Christian civilization, and considerably older than

any sex-code devised by the University of Wisconsin, is a sex-code founded on the deepest instincts of human nature, prevailing, as anthropologists tell us, even among the most primitive peoples, a sex-code of honor as man to man, of chivalry as man to woman. That code forever forbids a man to invade the privacy of another man with a woman in the relation of lovers, except under one condition, when the woman is the adulterous mate of the invader. . . ."

The letter, of course, did not save the student couple from expulsion in utter disgrace, nor did it result in censure for the dean. Its sole apparent effect was to bring down on Leonard new vituperation of the mob, especially of the hinterland righteous who saw in the episode added support for the conviction that sin and sophistication stalked the campus. Why, then, the letter? A chivalric gesture? A bid for publicity? Anything but that. It was the spontaneous response of a man grounded in the traditions of human integrity as reflected in great literature depicting that integrity constantly at war with the base and shoddy ethics of the herd. The case of the students was a challenge as important as the war, as the legal lynching of Debs and Mooney, as the lynching by fire of the Negro. For the students, weighed in the scale of ethics as cited by Leonard, were "lynched," not to the sound of howls and auto-horns, but to the bleating of sanctimonious sheep . . . In the end of the chapter, the bleating won; but in the end of the book the lone voice will be remembered.

III

Not always on fire with the outrage of Isaiah. Not always steeped in classicism. He has his antic hours as well as Attic. His "Aesop and Hyssop," fables new and old rendered into rhyme, holds humor, sting-

ing irony and laughter. He loves Aristophanean satire with Rabelaisian sauce. He wrote a parody, "Omelet and Oatmelia," as a faculty production, and the staid University Club rocked with guffaws. He writes pointed limericks on town and gown windbags. He loves plays on words. I met him one day when he had sad news.

"Our cat died."

"The lovely angora? That's too bad."

"Yes, the angora. You know about angoras?"

"Not a great deal."

"Peculiar cats. Most peculiar. You know they lick themselves continually to keep glossy. The long hair rolls up in little balls on their tongues. They swallow the little balls of hair. And then because they can't die jest they jest die."

Though in most ways an atypical professor, based on the caricatures which the public holds true pictures of all pedagogues, he does have the scholar's habit of totally losing himself in the discussion at hand to the exclusion of all else. One bitterly cold day his wife called me on the telephone.

"Have you seen Ellery?"

"No, Tod."

"He went skating and hasn't returned."

"Well, it's only six o'clock."

"I know, but he never skates after dark. He's always home by 5:30 or before."

"Don't worry yet. If he's not back in half an hour, call me again."

She called in half an hour. She was distracted. He had not yet returned, and was not at the home of any friend within his narrow beat.

"I just know something has happened. He probably skated far from the boathouse pier and probably stumbled and broke a leg. Maybe he fell in the open water off Picnic Point. They tell me there's a wide crack in the ice at that spot. Please come over and help me look for him."

I joined her, sought to calm her. She had called another friend with instructions to remain in the apartment in case the poet returned. We set out. We stopped in at the University Club for a new recruit, an instructor who took with him a big flashlight.

We walked to Mendota. Moonless, starless, black as pitch, and intensely cold. The ice boomed and crackled. The lake beyond the pallid snow on the bank was a misty nothingness. Our flashlight illuminated fitfully cones of polished black ice. We ploughed ahead into the wind, halloing at every ten steps.

"I think," cried Mrs. Leonard, stopping suddenly, "I hear him groaning."

We stopped, cupped our ears, maneuvered the flashlight in wide, eccentric circles. Mrs. Leonard trembled.

The tableau was dissolved by a yell from the shore.

"Halloo—oo—ool!"

It was the poet. We ran, slid, stumbled back through the darkness. He met us half way.

"Ellery! What on earth. We thought —"

"I'm terribly sorry," he apologized. "I came home and was told you were looking for my body on the lake."

"But you were an hour late. You'd gone skating, and —"

"Of course I'd gone skating. And on the way home, at the library corner, I met Jack, and we got to talking of the scansion of the Cid. I've got it! A basic count of 4 plus 4 in each hemistich. An eight-beat long line with regular metrical mid-line division, characterized by great plasticity of speech material and by many substitutions of rest and rest-beats. Listen! Plain as daylight:

*Abraçan los escudos delant los coracones,
Abaxan los lancas abueltas con los pen-
dones. . . .*

His voice, resonant, triumphant, rose and fell in the old Spanish cadences while we scrambled back across the ice and snow hummocks. His arms, gesticulating to the rhythm of the verse, cast flailing shadows in the zone of the flashlight, and a curious crowd on shore watched our homecoming.

These are the diversions in his prison: scholarly flights, humorous descents, and friends to talk to. You are as like as not to find him engrossed with a visiting Oxford don, or a German "gestalt" psychologist, or a Russian historian, or an archeologist fresh from Asia Minor, or campus colleagues in astronomy, paleontology and in other fields of natural science of which he has more than a layman's knowledge, or an ex-I.W.W. with hands still calloused from the harvest-fields. "The people on earth I have always felt most at home with are from the so-called intellectuals and the so-called proletariat—analytic masters of human reality by isolated thoughts, instinctive masters by commonality of toil." Scholars . . . and the corner laundryman.

He has, also, the lanes and the strip of lake shore within his five acres which give him stuff for speculation. "Imprisonment stimulates the spirit of prowling and sharpens one's observation and wits. The shorter

the walk from one's door the more one learns to see and sees to learn."

He has, besides that, his work as teacher, his courses in Old Norse, in Old English, in the philosophy of the English poets, in the Indo-Germanic origins of the English language. "Dusty pedagogy,"—as printed starkly in the catalogue—but, from the personal report of his own students, vital and illuminating excursions into past and present that draw serious scholars from far places to his rostrum and invest their lives with enduring value. Despite the burden of campus classes, blue-books, seminars, the reading of doctors' theses, the constant weight of his phobia, and the constant throttling of the wish to travel to places explored by his scholarship, he carries on the tradition of learning that creates and not merely classifies . . . Four blocks this way, four blocks that way. . . But he has just published the translation from the German of "Gilgamesh," the first poem in any written language, which was done into German from the Assyrian by Leonard's old friend, Professor Herman Ranke of Heidelberg. He is also putting the last touches on a volume on Lucretius . . . The world and civilization are not outside his narrow domain. Sometimes, somehow they emanate from it.

THE BRUTALITIES OF THE POLICE

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

THE favorite method in the detection of crime among us, particularly when the circumstances are unusually mysterious, is a clever device whereby the policeman's club is treated as a sort of divining rod, and applied to the head of the nearest suspected citizen. And when this fails to dislodge a satisfactory number of clues, a like contact is made, on other parts of the body, with leather straps, blackjacks, pieces of garden hose, and similar implements.

To be sure, one hears of occasional sleuths who have achieved better results through the patient study of fingerprints, the application of magnifying glasses, and the ordinary use of their own heads. But the average town marshall or city policeman in daily practice prefers to leave these gentler tactics to such fictitious characters as Sherlock Holmes and Charlie Chan. Certain it is that in the realm of reality, which may be clearly viewed through the appellate criminal decisions of the various States, the cudgel and the shillalah are the preferred open sesames of police investigation. One of the most recent examples of their use, in the American ritual known as the third degree, appears from the case of the State *vs.* Jackson, heard on appeal by the Supreme Court of Alabama, in 1933. In granting a retrial, the judges quoted excerpts from the defendant's testimony:

They whipped me and threatened me there at the city hall that Saturday night. There

were about fifteen of them. . . . They dropped me down across a chair. . . . They used a hose and strap. . . . A man told me that if I did tell it, I would have a chance to explain it in court as to whether I did it or not. They said, I wouldn't see no court if I didn't tell it.

That such inquisitions frequently reach the proportions of sadistic orgies is a matter of cold court record. Consider for example, the case of the State *vs.* Frank Lang, reversed on appeal by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. The defendant was convicted of murder upon the strength of a forced confession, despite his attempt to repudiate it at the trial. He explained the manner in which it was obtained.

Wade and Bienemann and this here "17" started asking me if I killed Charley Pacini. I told them, "No I didn't do it." Three of them started pounding me. I says, "No; I didn't do it, so help me God; I didn't do no wrong." They kept it up quite a while, and at last Bienemann made me get up against the wall again, and they pounded me and told me to say I did it. . . . I finally said I did, after having been beaten.

The fact that the word "pounding" is employed in the true sense, was corroborated by three physicians who examined the victim when the police were finished with him:

There were marks on the right arm, also marks on the left side, left back, extending from the shoulder down to the edge of the ribs. . . . The left arm was also bruised, black and blue to the elbow; and

there was a discoloration, greenish yellow, from the elbow down towards the wrist. The left arm was swollen, also the forearm. The tissues of the back were somewhat swollen. There were also bruises on the buttocks.

II

Such practices, of course, are without the smallest legal basis; and their only explanation is the well-known inferiority complex of most constables, complemented by the equally notorious haziness of the average citizen on the subject of the bill of rights. The humblest traffic cop is frequently so bedazzled by the splendor of his own badge that he does not hesitate to fancy himself in the triple rôle of judge, jury and Court of Appeals; while the accosted citizen is just as likely to mistake the resulting insolence for the solemn utterance of a Delphic oracle.

It is a commonplace of American constitutional law, however, that a man must be presumed innocent, and treated accordingly, until he is proven guilty. The legal powers and duties of a policeman are no less limited than those of any other useful minor employé of the city or county. His uniform never justifies a breach of the peace; and assault by an officer is criminal to the same degree as assault by a civilian. It is obvious, furthermore, as a matter of simple psychology, that statements made through fear or pain cannot be of genuine value in any honest search for real guilt. It was wisely observed by the Supreme Court of the United States, some years ago, that the human mind, under pressure of a calamity, is liable "to acknowledge indiscriminately a falsehood or a truth as different agitations may prevail."

Because of these considerations, added to motives of elementary humanity, the

various State courts of last resort have consistently denounced all third degree methods. Their attitude will be illustrated by two or three typical quotations taken from recent rulings:

We take this occasion to condemn such practices in unmeasured terms. We are not living in the Dark Ages, in the time when the defendant had no rights which anybody was bound to respect. (*Ross vs. the State*, Oklahoma Court of Appeals, 1930.)

Nothing justifies cursing and abusing a prisoner. . . . It is the law, as old as our Constitution, that a defendant has the right to stand mute when charged with a crime. (*The State vs. Snook*, Ohio Court of Appeals, 1929.)

Such an exhibition of ferocity on the part of a guardian of the peace is, of course, deplorable, and a sad commentary upon a police system which makes it possible. (*The State vs. Rowe*, Florida Supreme Court, 1929.)

But although the courts continue to protest against official cruelty by granting new trials, the police departments refuse to amend their methods. "One is driven to the conclusion," says Justice Pound of the New York Court of Appeals, "that the third degree is employed as a matter of course in most States, and has become a recognized step in the process that begins with arrest and ends with acquittal or final affirmance." *The People vs. Barbato* (1930).

That the eminent jurist does not exaggerate the facts, is made plain by the appellate record of an abundance of cases. Of course, it is impossible, in the space of an article, to discuss any more than a few of them. It must be remembered, moreover, that cases reviewed on appeal usually involve only capital offenses. When the man who emerges from the police station with a black eye or a broken jaw is

only a vagrant or a trivial offender, the incident is not even recorded by a news item. For if the newspaper reporter values his chances on the next criminal story, he will prudently refrain from undertaking any moral crusades against the chief source of his information.

III

A comparatively mild case of police trial by ordeal is furnished by Louisiana in the State *vs.* Scarbrough (1928). When the prisoner refused to accept the official theory of the homicide, he was removed from the regular place of detention to an "antiquated jail," which was four miles away.

In a dirty, rat-infested cell of this special bastille, he was kept in solitary confinement for four days and nights. Although the time was mid-winter, and the glass in the barred window was broken, he was left entirely without bed clothing for two days, and then given only one blanket. For the whole period his only food was a sandwich a day, and such drinking water as he managed to find in the reservoir above the toilet. The police visited him every hour and prodded him with questions.

That the use of a short length of garden hose, as a substitute for the knout, is not limited to atrocious offences, appears from the Florida case of the State *vs.* Rowe (1929), in which a citizen was suspected of having robbed another of \$15 at the point of a gun. The prisoner's guilt was questionable; but his inquisitors persevered until their original guesses had been strengthened by a confession. The fact that the appellate tribunal was bound to hold it worthless did not abate the lustiness of their blows. The court said:

The record convinces us that one of the police officers beat Rowe with a piece of garden hose, in an effort to extort a confession from him. . . . They followed this up by planting officers in and about his cell to question and annoy him during the same night and immediately after the beating with the hose, and while the accused was still feeling the effects of the unlawful treatment.

In another case, the State *vs.* Lee, decided by the highest court of Georgia in the same year, 1929, the inducements for self-incrimination were more varied. A promise to the prisoner to procure his acquittal of the murder for \$300, was followed by a threat to let the mob have him. An officer then drew a pistol, and offered to "fill him full of bullets." The same man of law later struck him with the weapon, knocking out several teeth. When this case was appealed, the judges were convinced that the defendant had deliberately wrecked a train, and deserved the death penalty. Nevertheless, they were compelled to order a new trial, because of the lawless conduct of the police. Thus the only accomplishments of the agents of justice were a delay of legal procedure and an increase in the expenses of prosecution.

For obvious reasons, however, official flogging is more generally employed when guilt cannot be shown without the prisoner's admissions; and its frequent effect is the conviction of persons whose culpability is doubtful. Yet even in such cases the ordeal may involve the gruesome details of a witches' Sabbath. In 1927, a Mexican, Guerellimo Hernandez, was taken into custody on suspicion of murder, by a Texas sheriff. The body of the deceased had been found in the debris of his burned dwelling. But the evidence utterly failed to point to the accused, and there was some doubt as to the incendiary

origin of the fire. Indeed, the appellate court was not sure "that a crime had been committed at all." These uncertainties, however, did not daunt the arresting officer. His testimony reveals a rather startling procedure in finding a scapegoat:

We took him up to the scene where the house had been burned. On that night we put a handkerchief over his eyes, and had him blindfolded, and had a chain around his neck. We then had him sit down over the spot where we had picked up Mr. Paddock's body, and we had bones there for him to look at. They were human bones, and were the bones we had picked up at the spot where he lay.

Here are some additional details of this amazing scene:

I made that confession because they scared me. . . . I was chained on the neck. . . . They told me to tell the truth or they would kill me by a fire they built there; they were going to burn me. . . . There was a stob driven down in the ground near the fire. Kiser (the sheriff) put it down there with the chain.

To say that such practices may be tolerated as overzealous performances of duty, is tantamount to conceding that the meticulous science of crime detection is suitable only to cases where the culprit is caught in the act; and that under other conditions the sentinels of order must resort to violence, unless they happen to apprehend a man who is both guilty and talkative.

It also follows, according to this ludicrous conception of law enforcement, that if an arrested individual is innocent, it behooves him to be also eloquent, and hope that the trial jury or the appellate court will eventually release him. In the State *vs.* Holick (Illinois, 1929), the accused was a man of good reputation and a veteran of the World War. When police

officers of Cook County arrested him for murder, and he refused to confess, they angrily informed him that they would make him do so "if it took them a year to do it." So that, regardless of his highly probable innocence, the man was damned if he didn't, and surely condemned if he did. It is not easy to perceive the difference between pre-judgment by the police, and the medieval methods of trial by fire, or ordeal by water.

IV

The discovery of murder by means of necromantic incantations seems to be among the established principles of the third degree. In the case of the State *vs.* Albert Ellis, certain legal guardians of Missouri submitted a suspected citizen to eighteen hours of continuous questioning, the police acting in relays. He was not allowed to sleep, nor was he given any food. Two officers took turns in slapping him, and his shoes were taken from him. At one time he was stripped of his clothing, and required to look at bright reflectors. After referring to the foregoing as the "undisputed facts," the opinion of the State Supreme Court continues:

He was compelled on Saturday afternoon, and again before daylight on Sunday morning, to go with police officers to the vacant lot where the deceased was murdered, and then, while it was yet night, to go to the undertakers and stand before the body of deceased while a light was flashed on her face. He was required to put his hand on the corpse.

In reading a Chicago case (the People *vs.* Cope, 1931), one suspects that the *modus operandi* was suggested by gangdom, although the accused was not a professional rogue, and the offense was comparatively minor. The defendant was

being held for the theft of an automobile. But the chief of detectives, Michael Grady, wanted him to confess also a murder. Renouncing the intellectual labors involved in the subtle analysis of external clues, the learned investigator undertook a sort of vivisection of the prisoner:

He put Cope on a chair and asked him if he was going to talk, and when Cope said he had nothing to say, Grady kicked him on the shins, bent him back by the neck, got up and kicked him in the stomach, and hit him with a blackjack on his knees and legs. This lasted about half an hour. He was brought out of the cell several times and was threatened and beaten.

Evidently this was insufficient to compel him to sign certain typewritten sheets prepared by the officers. But the "voluntary statement" was duly made a day later, when further appeals were directed to his conscience. The court continued:

He was taken out of his cell up to the gymnasium, and they chained his ankles together and strung him up. The desk sergeant did that [who also] hit him on the back twice with his fist. Cope was suspended in that position for about five minutes and then taken down.

V

A confession extorted through similar agonies was held of no legal effect by the New York Court of Appeals, in the State *vs.* Barbato (1930), while Cardozo was its Chief Judge. In summing up the prisoner's narrative of his treatment at a police station in New York City, the court said:

Defendant testified that one of the police officers struck him on the jaw, and knocked him to the floor; that the other two pulled his hair, and knocked him about with blackjacks, kicked him, cursed him, threatened to kill him, and made

him write, "I kill Julia Musso," because they menaced him with further abuse if he refused.

On the next day, when arraigned in the Bronx Homicide Court, the accused man asked the judge for protection (!) against the sworn officers of peace and public safety. When he was committed to the Bronx County jail, the warden found it advisable to call a doctor. His findings were:

Black and blue marks over right arm; tumor of the blood over middle of the arm; several abrasions over right elbow and right forearm; livid stripes over right forearm and back of right hand; black and blue marks over left arm and also over both eyelids of left eye, and over cheek bone; abrasions over temporal region, back of the neck, and shoulder blade, both sides of the back, and left lumbar region; black and blue marks at buttock and over left thigh, and back of both thighs; abrasions on right leg.

It must be admitted that the "case" had been thoroughly "covered." Indeed, it was only a miracle that the prisoner's feet retained their original shape and health. It is to be remembered that the defendant was not a convicted offender, but merely a citizen under investigation, taken into custody by men legally required to protect him. However, the principle of good sportsmanship about giving the victim an equal chance does not apply in the sweat rooms of police inquisitions. In a recent Nevada trial, I had occasion to listen to the admission of a desk sergeant that immediately after the prisoner was brought to the station, his hands manacled one to the other in front of him, the officer struck him on the mouth, simply because he did not like the crime of which the man was subsequently *acquitted*.

Such conditions could not endure, of course, if prosecuting attorneys were al-

ways inclined to accord prisoners the ordinary constitutional immunities. But often these officials so completely forget their duties that they act as masters of ceremonies in the police rituals. A perfect example is given in the case reports of Oregon for the year 1929, in the State *vs.* Green. For the period of a week, with the knowledge of the State's attorney, the suspect was denied his legal right to consult a lawyer or to be taken immediately before a magistrate, as the law prescribes. From time to time the police and the prosecutor attempted by questioning to extract incriminating admissions, one of these sieges continuing for a whole night.

Finally, the prosecuting officer decided that if the prisoner's silence could not be broken by browbeating, the flood-gates of speech might be opened by trickery and ruse. Accordingly, he employed, at the expense of his county, what the court called a "highpowered detective named Barada," and placed him in the cell with the accused, in the guise of a bank robber.

Presuming on the extreme ignorance of his cell mate, the "planted" detective pretended that he had just succeeded in bribing the prosecutor, and offered to loan his "pal" \$2000 for the same purpose, with an additional \$1000 to open a sanitarium after his release. Being convinced that this was the quickest way of regaining his liberty, the accused admitted the homicide under circumstances indicating self-defense. Of course, the prosecutor refused to be bribed, but proceeded to use the confession to secure a conviction. The appellate tribunal naturally failed to perceive the legality or dignity of these Machiavellian tactics, and granted a new trial.

In the case of the State *vs.* Snook (Ohio Court of Appeals, 1929), the prisoner was

submitted to twenty-four hours of continuous interrogation by detectives and the State's attorney acting collectively and separately. He was given no respite even when he was taking his only meal, which consisted of a sandwich, a glass of milk, and an orange. As the questioning progressed, and the defendant became vague in his answers, the prosecuting attorney deemed it necessary to drive his points home effectively by striking the helpless man in the face five or six times. That Snook's story was credible enough to convince the appellate judges, appears from the emphatic admonitions contained in their order for a new trial:

The procedure commonly known as the "third degree" has no place in the administration of justice. No state of facts, however desperate, no crime, however atrocious, justifies those who are charged with enforcing and upholding the law in digressing in any particular from the obligation of that duty.

The fact that the criminal suspect is a woman does not seem to induce legal officials to make exceptions for the sake of chivalry. In the People *vs.* Elsie Sweetin, reviewed by the Illinois Supreme Court in 1927, the defendant had been ill for some days preceding her arrest. At the jail, she was examined by a physician, and drugs were administered to her by a deputy sheriff during the night. None the less she was continuously questioned, by the State's attorney and others, from early evening until 4 A.M. the next day. Thereupon, "in her weakened condition," her alleged accomplice, Hight, was placed in the room with her, at the direction of the prosecuting attorney, so that she might be frightened into a confession. After suggesting that "the end never justifies the use of unlawful means," the appellate court said:

It is not contradicted that Hight informed her that he had confessed the crime, implicating her, and that a mob was forming, and unless she made some statement that would satisfy the officers, the mob would take them both out and hang them, but that if she would make a statement to satisfy the officers, they would both be removed to places of safety.

VI

Similar threats to throw a suspected man "out to the mob" were made in 1933, by certain guardians of public safety in Pennsylvania. The decision of the State Supreme Court in the Commonwealth *vs.* Brown, shows that the intimidations were not carried out, but it is certain that the accused did not fare much better in the company of his legal protectors. The court found from the transcript of his testimony:

That he was placed in a small, hot room in the police station, and accused by the officers of the murder of the child; that he was struck by them over the eye with a blackjack; that he was struck altogether fifteen or twenty times.

It also appears that his custodians cursed him, continued to beat him, and deprived him of food and water for fully twenty-nine and a half hours. One of the officers drew a gun, cocked the trigger, and threatened to blow his "damned brains out." Finally, the labors of justice were rewarded by the desired confession. But it is probable that under such promptings, the same admissions could have been obtained from any other citizen picked up at random. The defendant further testified:

Then I said: "You give me something to eat. Give me some water, don't beat me any more, and I'll say I did it!" . . . I couldn't tell them nothing, I just said, "I killed her." And he [the officer] said,

"Now tell me how you done it." I couldn't tell him, so he told me.

Incredible as it may seem, instances are not lacking in which police officers have tolerated, if not actually invited, the assistance of mobs in order to force a suspected person to incriminate himself. An illustration to the point is the case of the State *vs.* Willie Thomas, which was properly remanded for a new trial by the Supreme Court of Georgia in 1929. The defendant had been arrested pursuant to the sheriff's best guess, although there were no witnesses to the homicide. A group of civilians later relieved the public servant of his responsibility, by taking charge of the prisoner for a night. The next day, when he was again in jail, his written confession was in the hands of the authorities. There seems to have been an amusing conflict of jurisdiction between Centurions and Pharisees, that the officer did not clearly explain:

When Willie Thomas made this confession to me, it was after the crowd had visited him and took him out to the swamp that night; I don't know whether there were as many as a hundred or not, nor what they did to him to cause the confession.

The persuasive methods employed by "the crowd" may easily be imagined. They may also be inferred by analogy from the earlier case of the State *vs.* Gerard White, in the neighboring Commonwealth of Mississippi. The sheriff took the defendant into custody on general principles, but having no substantial evidence to warrant detention, he merely visited the scene of the crime with him, and there released him. Whether the officer had reason to expect what followed does not appear from the record. Although his unconcern may be difficult to explain, he is entitled to the benefit

of the doubt. The interesting fact is that the prisoner was with him again the next day, ready to confess according to the best police requirements. What occurred in the interval appears from the decision of the Supreme Court of the State:

[The accused] was again taken into custody by Mr. Gilbert, a planter, who took him to the store where the dead man lay. . . . The hands of appellant were tied behind him, he was laid on the floor on his back, and while some of the men stood on his feet, Mr. Gilbert, a very heavy man, stood with one foot entirely on appellant's breast, and the other entirely on his neck. While in that position, what is described as the "water cure" was administered to him, in an effort to extort a confession. . . . The "water cure" appears to have consisted of pouring water from a dipper into the nose of appellant so as to strangle him, thus causing pain and horror.

With such shocking precedents of police coöperation with crowds, it is not surprising to hear of instances of closer unions in which the sworn officers of law and order have actually participated in lynchings. In California, the last case of mob violence before the recent San José incident occurred in 1920, when three men were taken from the Sonoma County jail and hanged to a tree for the alleged slaying of a sheriff. The current report, considered credible enough to warrant official investigation, was to the effect that San Francisco police officers had been active members of the mob, and that the custodians of the prisoners had "neglected" to protect their wards. Unfortunately, Governor Rolph's statement, if he made one to fit this great legal occasion, is not preserved for the instruction of posterity.

Another case of official execution without trial occurred at Mineola, New York, in 1932. Hyman Stark was arrested with

others for the robbery and beating of Valeria Hazenski, mother of a country detective. The prisoner was ferociously pummeled by legal "investigators" of the case, until he lost consciousness. "Pulseless and gasping," he was then taken to the Nassau County Hospital where he died three hours later. It was announced by the local district attorney that "apparently an over-enthusiastic police officer broke Stark's adam's apple."

Seven policemen were arrested for assault, and five others were tried for manslaughter, but a jury of their peers promptly released them. Through a peculiar twist of logic, the good citizens of the county deemed it their patriotic duty to help the imprisoned officers. To make sure that law and order, Mineola style, should triumph, they held an "air carnival," and raised funds for the defense!

VII

The deceased prisoner in the Mineola case was a youngster of twenty, but our bludgeon-swinging criminologists, encouraged by such examples of public approbation, seldom vary their technique for the sake of juvenile offenders.

In the State *vs.* Dickson and others, decided by the Kentucky Court of Appeals in 1925, the defendants were two Negro children suspected of stealing certain work clothes of small value. There was no reliable evidence connecting them with the theft, but the police beat them "with a blackjack until they confessed." A deputy-sheriff testified that he had "whipped them a little."

In Harrison County, Texas, two years before, an eighteen-year-old boy, Robert White, was arrested on a charge of arson. The State Court of Criminal Appeals later pointed to the "weakness of evi-

dence of guilt," and suggested the probability that the fire had been caused by spontaneous combustion. Yet according to the officers themselves, the boy was laid across a log, his clothes were removed, and he was whipped with a green rod described by an officer as being "as thick as my biggest finger." These acts were followed by threats to place him in a "shocking machine." One of the warders of social peace admitted:

I think I hit him with my fist once, and slapped him once. I struck him with my fist as hard as I could.

In Oklahoma City, as recently as 1930, two boys, Arthur Ross and Charley Heath, were taken into custody upon suspicion of stealing an automobile. There were no eye witnesses to the offense, but the necessary avowals of guilt were promptly extracted by means of the usual barbarities. The Supreme Court of Oklahoma, in remanding the case for a new trial, said:

From the admissions of the officers themselves it is evident that the purported confession was obtained under compulsion and the use of threats. Both defendants were about seventeen years of age, young and immature boys, arrested on suspicion, taken to the city jail, and from there to the "sweat room" where the third degree was applied.

The Torquemada of the secret rites here resorted to was a policeman named C. C. York. The record shows that he struck both prisoners in the face; that he caught one of them by the hair and started to hit him; and that definite threats were made to take the two children "down the river and they would not come back."

It is sometimes hinted, ironically enough, that though these official terrors may be suggestive of the Spanish Inquisition, their use is necessary in order to inspire

professional knaves with a proper respect for the law. It is more likely, however, that their only effect is to encourage a revengeful contempt of the police, if not a similar attitude toward a legal system that permits trials by ordeal. It was aptly observed by the Wickersham Commission that the use of forbidden means degrades the fight against lawless men "almost to the level of a struggle between two law-breaking gangs."

VIII

But even if it were possible to suspend the courts and acknowledge two forms of trial, one for the guilty and another for the innocent, the question of culpability could not be left to the peculiar hunches of the arresting officers. Of course, the moral indignation would not be great, if it were clearly shown that some *condottiere* for Al Capone happened to receive a few preliminary whacks, as a sort of foretaste of the subsequent legal punishment. The only objection would be that civilized nations have definitely abandoned the rack, and cannot now restore it for use in special cases. It must be remembered, furthermore, that the habitual public enemies, however enterprising and militant, comprise but an infinitesimal fraction of the total population; and that the officers have egregiously failed to single them out through the primitive technique of breaking heads at random. The increase in criminality in all sections of the Republic ought to be sufficient proof that in stooping to conquer, the police have only succeeded in simply stooping. The general populace may well resent the addition of indiscriminate official cruelty, to the periodical foraging expeditions that they must patiently endure from kidnapers and racketeers.

A great deal has recently been written about the slowness of the judicial process, and the necessity for greater celerity of criminal trials. It is probable that some of the proffered changes are not without merit. But it should be evident that the reformation may plausibly begin with a general purgation of the constabulary. I have already suggested that these conditions are not due to any lack of protective legislation. I have also shown that prosecuting attorneys prefer to reckon their successes according to the number of convictions, rather than the fidelity of their labors to legal principles and constitutional equities. It is likewise plain, from the staggering list of appellate reversals above cited, that trial courts are

too prone to accept extorted confessions as unimpeachable truth.

Yet the problem is serious enough to merit the notice of the attorneys general of the various States; and certainly there is nothing to prevent grand juries, in their periodical inquiries into the subject of public safety, to concern themselves also with compelling legal officers to obey the law. A few indictments for assault or official misconduct would tend to suggest that the wielding of tomahawks is not a commendable system of crime detection; and that while other methods may require a little more labor and intelligence, they would set a better example, and be more conducive toward the administration of civilized justice.

THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER SCANDAL

BY GRAYSON L. KIRK

IT WAS early in September, 1872, when an enterprising reporter for the New York *Sun* managed to obtain access to a file of documents in the office of a Philadelphia master in chancery. Exactly how he obtained the evidence is unknown; what he did with it is a matter of public record. He placed on the desk of his editor material which revealed the intricate plot behind one of the most sensational political and financial scandals of the Nineteenth Century—the Crédit Mobilier.

Measured by modern standards, newspaper make-up was still conservative, but the *Sun* rose nobly to the occasion. Under startling headlines it alleged that, five years before, Oakes Ames, a congressman from Massachusetts, had successfully bribed numerous prominent representatives and Senators, including the Speaker of the House, the Vice-President, and the new Republican nominee for the Vice-Presidency. The purpose of the bribery was to influence these gentlemen favorably toward the interests of a corporation known as the Crédit Mobilier of America—a corporation engaged in building sections of track for the government-subsidized Union Pacific Railroad.

The publication of such charges would have been packed with dynamite at any time. Coming, as they did, in the thick of a presidential campaign, the detonation was deafening. Politician after politician hurried to deny the charges and to reassure their constituents that they had had

no trafficking with Oakes Ames or his schemes, whatever they might have been. Administration papers sought to smother the whole affair, ridiculing it as an example of the basest kind of mud-slinging. Not so, however, the New York *Tribune*, whose editor, Horace Greeley, was stumping the country in a spirited but vain effort to wrest the Presidency from General Grant. The *Tribune* quite naturally regarded the scandal as a godsend and, while it was wary of direct charges, kept the issue before the voters by its tireless reiteration, "Put Oakes Ames on the stand! Put Oakes Ames on the stand!"

By the end of the campaign, enough evidence had accumulated to convince most people that the scandal had not been cooked up for election purposes. For one thing, the originator of the disclosures, a former business associate of Ames, was admittedly not a Greeley man, and he vigorously denied that the affair had been planned with any reference to the election. Here and there, despite the too vehement denials of the politicians under fire, bits of corroborative evidence had reached the press, and the independent newspapers, one by one, took up the *Tribune* refrain and clamored for a congressional investigation.

When the election was over, the administration, now that it had weathered the storm, would doubtless have preferred to let the whole matter drop. This being now out of the question, a congressional com-

mittee began somewhat gingerly to pry into the matter, hoping against hope that it could speedily end its unwelcome labors. But the more they investigated, the more they found to investigate. Soon a second committee of the House and a committee of the Senate joined in the task. When it was all over, the indignant government was busy prosecuting suits for the recovery of some of the millions of dollars of which it had been defrauded, and, as Godkin remarked in the *Nation*, "Its effect on congressional reputations may be briefly summed up in this way: total loss, one Senator; badly damaged and not serviceable for future political use, two Vice-Presidents and eight congressmen." Oakes Ames had told his story.

II

That story begins with the decision of the Federal government to build a railway from Omaha to the Pacific. Although no one questioned the general desirability of the project, there was sectional rivalry over the route to be followed and there was even some skepticism over the feasibility of a road across the mountains. Business men applauded the idea, at least in principle; and, for that matter, many who were not business men. The Rev. Calvin Colton, for example, who lectured in 1850 at the Smithsonian Institute, lauded the plan

as a door for Christian missions. I do not hesitate to say, that since the day when Christ commissioned his Twelve Apostles to go forth and teach all nations, there has no such door as this been opened. You observe, by a map of the world, that it [the railroad] will connect the darkest regions of paganism with the brightest lights of Christianity—that it will put all Asia . . . in immediate connection with Christian Europe and Christian America. Both Europe and America teem with Christian people who are earnestly desirous of evan-

gelizing the world, and who are only waiting for the opportunity.

Once the outbreak of the Civil War removed the barrier of sectional rivalry, the railway problem reduced itself essentially to a matter of technique in combining government aid with private enterprise. The government could not build and operate the line: the outcry of the rugged individualists would have been too vociferous. Private capital could not shoulder the burden: the risks, in view of the cost of building across hundreds of miles of uninhabited plains, were too great. The two had to be combined in some practical fashion.

The original arrangement as enacted into law in 1862 was considered to be fairly generous. The railroad was to be given the right of way and alternate sections of public land on each side of the track, making a grant of ten sections a mile. In addition, the government was to loan the company its bond in amounts, varying with the expense of construction, of from sixteen to forty-eight thousand dollars a mile. These bonds were to constitute a first mortgage on the railway property and were repayable with interest in thirty years. Special government directors were to assist in the management.

There was no great rush of capital to the new enterprise. War-time money demands were too pressing, and two years after the passage of the act only a little over two million dollars worth of stock had been sold. Despairing of further success, the government agreed in 1864 to increase its liberality by doubling the land grant—now to be twenty sections a mile—and by changing the lien of the government bond loan to that of a second mortgage. It was thus offering for the entire road a gift of over twenty million acres of land and a loan of approximately \$55,000,000 in bonds.

This was a plum which capitalists found worth considering. There was still much skepticism as to the income earning power of a completed railroad built across hundreds of miles of virtually uninhabited country, but the financial arrangements were now so liberal that the line could be constructed at a profit to the builders irrespective of the annual operating deficits which might occur. In fact, the sale of the public lands, combined with sales of stock, railway first mortgage bonds, and government bonds, was enough to build and equip the line and still leave in the hands of the company a formidable reserve against the possible low earnings of the initial period of operation.

But this policy of leaving the surplus as a reserve against future costs did not fit into the schemes of the officials of the railway company. These men saw in the railway project an opportunity to make a first-rate killing. The sale of government bonds and first mortgage bonds would provide a great deal more than enough to pay for the construction costs and there would remain the railway stock and not less than thirty-five to forty million dollars' worth of public lands. If, also, the construction costs could be written up so as to absorb all available funds, a princely profit could be diverted from the Federal treasury to the pockets of the promoters. At no time concerned with the ethics of such tactics, the plotters were occupied solely with devising a sure and safe method. For one thing, they had to avoid the policy of letting contracts to the lowest bidder. Otherwise, they could not connive with the contracting company so as to get a share of the artificially swollen costs. Also, they had to have a scheme which would make it unnecessary for any individual to carry the burden of legal responsibility. What device would satisfy all of these requirements?

It was at this point that a brilliant idea occurred to Thomas C. Durant, the vice-president of the Union Pacific. He recalled having heard of a corporation known as the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency which had been incorporated a decade before to assist in the financing and promotion of railways "and other improvement companies." Early in May, 1864, Durant, who had forsaken the practice of medicine for the allurements of high finance, bought the charter of the Fiscal Agency and secured the consent of the Pennsylvania State legislature to rename it the *Crédit Mobilier of America*. The Union Pacific stockholders each took, share for share, the same amount of *Crédit Mobilier* stock, and the first careful step had been taken. There now existed two corporations of different names but owned by exactly the same persons. In place of contracting with someone else to build the road and demanding a cut in the profits, they could let the contracts to themselves and save all the profits. There was no problem of individual liability and there was complete freedom of action to squeeze the last dollar out of the Treasury.

The method of operation was simple. The directors of the Union Pacific assigned contracts for construction of sections of the road to various individuals. These persons—dummies, of course—promptly assigned their contracts to the *Crédit Mobilier* (which consisted of the men who, as Union Pacific directors, had originally let the contract). The first contract of this kind was let to an impecunious ferry-boat operator named Hoxie who, despite his poverty, contracted to build 100 miles of track at the rate of \$50,000 a mile. Peter A. Dey, the chief engineer of the Union Pacific—and an honest man—estimated that this first portion would cost not more than \$30,000 a mile, and when he learned

of the Hoxie contract terms, he refused to pad his figures and resigned in a letter of ringing protest.

With such a man out of the way, the game went merrily on. The players made their own rules and the chips were supplied by the government and the public. The largest of all the contracts was given to Oakes Ames, a millionaire shovel manufacturer and one of the largest holders of Union Pacific-Crédit Mobilier stock. Observe this contract! In the first place, some 238 miles of the road included in the 667 miles of the Ames contract had already been built by the Crédit Mobilier at a cost of about \$27,000 a mile. The Ames contract called for payment for this same section at \$42,000 a mile—a clear profit of between three and four millions of dollars.

The Ames contract was not assigned directly to the Crédit Mobilier but to an inner ring of seven trustees who were given voting proxies for six-tenths of all the stock. In this way the directors were able to squeeze out dissident elements, to keep their operations more nearly under cover, and to concentrate control more effectively. Another advantage of this subterfuge came to light later when the State of Pennsylvania sued to collect \$1,200,000 in dividend taxes from the Crédit Mobilier. The courts solemnly held that, as the dividends had been declared by the trustees to the Crédit Mobilier stockholders and not by the Crédit Mobilier itself, the taxes were not collectible.

III

The amount of actual profits taken by the Crédit Mobilier has been the subject of much argument. The directors of the railway could not legally sell stock except for cash and at par. They were forbidden by

law to use the stock or bonds of the company to pay for costs of construction. To evade this law, the railway directors gave to themselves (as Crédit Mobilier directors) checks for work done. The Crédit Mobilier directors gave these same checks back to themselves as the railway directors in payment for stocks and bonds—which transaction could then be entered on the railway books as a cash sale. By this subtly planned defiance of the law a large part of the Crédit Mobilier dividends were in the form of securities rather than in cash. For example, the following dividends were declared in 1867-8:

December, 1867.....	120% in stock and bonds.
January, 1868.....	20% in stock and bonds.
June, 1868.....	150% in cash and bonds.
July, 1868.....	75% in bonds.
July, 1868.....	30% in cash.
December, 1868.....	200% in stock.

Total595% in one year.

If one figures these security dividends at their par value the profits are breath-taking. The railway company was loaded with between ninety and one hundred million dollars in construction charges, while the actual cost to the contractors was apparently not much over fifty millions.¹ Many of the dividend securities were at the time of declaration much below par so that the cash value of the profits seems to have been slightly in excess of twenty-three millions—a mere 47%. This, at least, was the conclusion of the congressional committee of investigation, accepted in 1887 by the report of the governmental Pacific Rail-

¹ The Union Pacific balance sheet for 1870 listed the construction account as \$97,273,549.06; the report of the congressional investigating committee estimated \$93,500,000 as total charges.

way Commission. The apologists for the company have claimed that this conclusion fails to take into account other expenses borne by the Crédit Mobilier but, even if generous allowances are made, the profits still were huge.

Huge is a small word for such a bonanza. The year from December, 1867 to December, 1868 was the great open season. During this time the stockholders received as dividends 60% in cash, 290% in bonds, and 575% in stock. The bonds were worth not less than 80 and, the stock between 20 and 30. On this basis, the dividends amounted in cash value to well over 400%, a figure which speaks for itself.

Meanwhile, Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Crocker, and their associates, were playing the same game with the Central Pacific, building from California east to meet the Union Pacific. The race was hectic for the rewards were literally to the swift. It appeared for a time as if the two roads might never meet. The companies had chosen their own routes and there was a prospect of two overlapping lines, each going on indefinitely. Only a hasty act of Congress, fixing the point of juncture, prevented this.

The actual construction of the road was picturesque and difficult. Building, as they were, into uninhabited waste-land, the construction crews had to take all their supplies along with them. They could procure fresh meat as they went along, but everything else—food, shelter, clothing, etc.—had to be brought along the completed sections of track. Everything, that is, but entertainment. The terminal towns, housing as many as ten thousand busy men during work seasons, swarmed with prostitutes, gamblers, and saloon-keepers who helped the wild Irish laborers to while away the evening hours and holidays.

When the track had been built many

miles beyond the town, the crew would take a day off, knock down the buildings and set them up again further along. "Hell on wheels," as Samuel Bowles of the Springfield *Republican* termed it, had moved again.

When the last spike—appropriately, a golden one—was driven in 1869, engines bearing a train-load of portly dignitaries moved from each end of the track and met at the Ogden, Utah, point of juncture which had been fixed by Congress. There was much popular rejoicing, and among the many poems written to celebrate the occasion, Bret Harte's was, perhaps, most popular:

What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching, head to head
Facing on a single track,
Half a world behind each back?

Had they but known their masters, one can well imagine what confidences they might have exchanged.

IV

The directors realized that they had to stifle all possible sources of criticism and investigation if they were to carry through their steal effectively. They had filled Peter Dey's post of chief engineer with General Granville M. Dodge, who offered no remonstrance to the padding of construction accounts. In fact the General actually lobbied in Washington to secure favorable railway legislation, receiving in one case a special honorarium of \$24,500 for services in connection with the passage of a single bill. It is also not improbable that the General's official scruples were affected by the fact that he owned, in his wife's name, of course, one hundred shares of Crédit Mobilier stock.

But what of the five government directors who sat on the Union Pacific board?

Why did they not interfere and protest the situation? In one case—the proposal to extend the Hoxie contract, at \$50,000 a mile, over fifty-eight miles of track already built—four of the five did register their opposition, but it does not appear that they were often so obstreperous. The congressional investigating committee made this brief but scathing summary of their activities in its report: “Some of them [the government directors] have neglected their duties and others have been interested in the transactions by which the provisions of the organic law have been evaded. . . . At least one of the commissioners has been directly bribed to betray his trust by a gift of \$25,000.” So much for the government directors.

There remained the possibility of dissension among the ringleaders or an airing in Congress. Against this, precautions were taken, elaborate ones, and for the time being all went well. It seems clear that, during the period, the Central Pacific officials spent around five million dollars for legislative bribery. The *Crédit Mobilier* adopted a different technique. They, too, had on their books unexplained expenditures of nearly half a million dollars, but this fund was not their chief weapon. Oakes Ames, the shovel king, was not only a leader in the *Crédit Mobilier*, he was also a member of the House of Representatives and, what is more, a member of the Pacific Railway committee.

With his entrée into Congress, he approached various of its influential members in the fall of 1867 and offered to sell them *Crédit Mobilier* stock at par. This stock was not listed on the market and its value at that time was known only to those who were on the inside and who knew that, now that the Ames contract had been let, the dividends would soon begin pouring in. No man knew this better than

Oakes Ames. And when he offered stock at par, he knew that a first dividend of 120% in stock and bonds would be declared within a few days. Riches like this are not thrown idly away, and Ames himself admitted that in allotting the shares of stock to congressmen he wished to place them “where they will do the most good to us.”

The nature of the stock sales indicates that this guiding principle was kept well in mind, for the congressmen with whom he dealt were in all cases influential.

Not much stock was needed. Ames succeeded in spreading 343 shares in such a way as to include the Speaker of the House, a number of committee chairmen, and other members of importance. Among these were men such as Schuyler Colfax, James A. Garfield, “Pig Iron” Kelley, Henry L. Dawes, John A. Bingham, James Brooks, William B. Allison, Henry Wilson, John A. Logan, and Glenni Scofield.

The method of sale was simple. If the congressman lacked the money to pay for the stock, Ames carried the sale on his books, deducted the purchase price from the first dividends and paid the balance to the happy legislator, who found himself in possession of valuable stock without a cent of original outlay.

It does not seem that there was direct bribery in the sense that the stock was sold as a definite *quid pro quo*. Ames always claimed that the *Crédit Mobilier*—Union Pacific needed no more legislation after the act of 1864 and that he could not have been trying to purchase congressional action. Admitting all this, it seems clear that there was one significant purpose to be accomplished: that was to enlist the support of important congressmen in such a way as to block or prevent proposals for adverse legislation, or worse still, for a public investigation. The congressional

committee that did eventually perform this task expressed itself as "satisfied that Mr. Ames entertained a fear that when the true relations between the Crédit Mobilier Company and the Union Pacific became generally known, and the means by which the great profits expected to be made were fully understood, there was danger that congressional investigation and action would be invoked."

This was by no means an illusory fear for there were several people in Congress who were openly suspicious of the whole business. Chief among these were the Washburn brothers, Elihu of Illinois and Cadwallader, of Wisconsin, who were already at this time attacking the method of railway construction and introducing bills providing for legal regulation of the rates to be charged when the line was completed. In the light of all this, the Ames defense seems unimpressive.

Five years passed before the scandal reached the public. It might not have come out then except for the fact that one McComb brought a suit in equity to compel the delivery of shares of stock to which he claimed he was entitled. When some of the material which he used to fortify his claim fell into the hands of the *New York Sun*, the fat was in the fire. Many of the alleged purchasers denied the accusation indignantly. Thus, Schuyler Colfax, who had just finished a term as Vice-President, and who was a widely known speaker on religious subjects, swore to his home-town audience at South Bend that "in all my public life no man ever dared to make me a dishonorable proposition. Do I need to add that neither Oakes Ames nor any other person ever gave or offered to me one share or twenty shares, or 2,000 shares in Mobilier or any other railroad stock and that unfortunately I have never received the value of a farthing out of the 270%

dividends nor the 800% dividends in cash, stock, and bonds, you have read about?" Thus, too, James A. Garfield—later President—authorized the statement in a newspaper interview that he "never subscribed for a single share of the stock and that he never received or saw a share of it."

V

Oakes Ames, whatever he may have privately thought of his business practices, was not accustomed to be treated as a moral leper. A wealthy tyro in politics, dull and unimaginative, he was at first amazed and then genuinely indignant when those who had business dealings with him now repudiated him in such a sanctimonious fashion. By his code a man who accepted a bribe was culpable; the man who offered one was not. Why should he be a scapegoat to shield these high and mighty people?

When Congress met, the investigating committee elicited from Ames only a stubborn reiteration of his contention that he had sold stock to these men but that he had not sought to bribe them. Some, he admitted, had become frightened after their purchases and had returned the stock. Since he had continued to hold the stock himself and to pass along the dividends, the return involved no difficulties. Others, such as Hooper and Alley of Massachusetts, Grimes, of Iowa, and Bingham, of Ohio, had continued to hold their stock.

The case of Colfax aroused much interest. Persisting in his denials, he demanded the right to cross-examine the witness. Ames, obviously angered, stuck to his story that he had sold the retiring Vice-President twenty shares of stock and he produced his account book as evidence of the transaction. The more Colfax denied his guilt, the more deeply he entangled

himself. Ames insisted that he had paid him by check \$1200 as dividends. Colfax denied receiving the check.

Finally the check, made out to "S. C. or bearer" and cashed as was then the custom by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, was produced. The cashier of Mr. Colfax's bank produced a record to show that, four days after the date of the check, Colfax had made a deposit to his account of \$1200 in bank notes. At this point the embarrassed Vice-President took time out for two weeks while he went on a religious lecture tour. Upon his return, he had his answer ready for the committee. After probing his memory he now recalled the source of the \$1200 deposit. Two hundred dollars of it had come from his father-in-law. One day he had found upon his desk a letter post-marked New York. Upon opening it, he found a thousand dollar bill accompanied by a brief note from one George F. Nesbitt "congratulating me most cordially and warmly on my nomination for the Vice-Presidency, and saying that the writer desired to send me, confidentially, the remittance enclosed to aid me in the heavy expenses of the canvass, but wished it kept a secret, as neither his family nor anyone else would ever know of it, unless I told them." Unfortunately, Nesbitt was dead and the covering letter had been long since destroyed.

Colfax managed to escape official censure but few believed his story. Irrespective, though, of whether it was Colfax or Ames who had lied about the \$1200, Colfax *did* testify that he had received, while Speaker of the House, several similar contributions from Nesbitt, though always by draft. This alone is scandalous, for Nesbitt was an envelope manufacturer who held lucrative contracts from the Post Office Department—and Speaker Colfax was chairman of the Post-Office Commit-

tee of the House. Oddly enough, this revelation seemed to arouse little comment.

The case of Congressman Brooks is also illuminating. He had been appointed one of the five government directors of the Union Pacific. As such he could not be a stockholder of the road; so, when the *Crédit Mobilier* was organized, he demanded to be allowed to buy 200 shares in the name of his son-in-law. The promoters compromised by giving him 100 shares, \$5,000 in Union Pacific bonds, and \$20,000 in Union Pacific stock. Later, when the *Crédit Mobilier* stock was increased by 50%, Brooks claimed and received his additional fifty shares. Legally and morally he had no right whatever to own any *Crédit Mobilier* stock, and the flimsy son-in-law subterfuge deceived no one.

Public excitement was aroused by the promoter's testimony about the *Crédit Mobilier* profits, and a second congressional committee (the Wilson committee) was constituted.

The first committee's report was a partisan whitewash. Either upon their own admission or upon incontrovertible evidence, it had been established that the Vice-President, the Vice-President-elect, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and members of the Appropriations Committee, the Judiciary Committee, the Banking and Currency Committee, etc., had all purchased stock from Ames. All were Republicans and all were exonerated. Ames, who had no political importance, was made the scapegoat, and the committee with pompous words about "offenses . . . against the very life of a constitutional government by poisoning the fountain of legislation" recommended that he, together with Brooks, the only Democrat involved, be expelled from their seats.

Then the House debated the report. Should Ames and Brooks be expelled? It

was a gala social occasion and the galleries were crowded with curious spectators. The gallant congressmen voted to admit lady visitors to the floor and, as soon as their permission was given, the ladies swarmed down the aisles, perched on chair-arms, climbed upon desks, filled the steps leading up to the Speaker's desk, and pulled available law books into the aisles and sat upon them. A basket of flowers presented by a feminine admirer filled Ames's desk.

In such an atmosphere the House could scarcely be vindictive. It listened to a claim read by General Butler (a former counsel for the *Crédit Mobilier*) for the judiciary committee to the effect that Congress had no legal authority to punish members for offenses committed prior to the opening of the session. It listened to Ames's own able defense prepared for him by a Boston lawyer—and then voted to reject the demand for expulsion, substituting a vote of censure upon the conduct of the two men. The show was over. "Never", complained the *New York Tribune*, "had trial or investigation so weak and illogical an outcome; never was verdict so utterly out of relation with the gravity of the offense and the bearing of the evidence."

The second committee's report was as bitter as the first had been mild. The persons whom it considered were not politically powerful, and it was free to condemn unsparingly the financial practices of the *Crédit Mobilier*. "Your committee", it said, "find themselves constrained to report that the moneys borrowed by the corporation . . . only to meet the necessities of the construction and endowment of the road, have been distributed in dividends among the corporators; that the stock was issued not to men who paid for it in money at par but who paid for it at not more than thirty cents on the dollar in road making." They concluded by recommend-

ing that the government attempt to recover as much as possible of the defrauded money through the courts. The Attorney General took up the affair at once and brought suit in September, 1873, against the railroad and nearly two hundred individuals. Losing the case in the Circuit Court, he appealed to the Supreme Court, and lost again. It was a bizarre situation, for the Supreme Court held in effect that, if any recovery were to be made, the chief defendant in the case (the *Union Pacific Company*) should have been the plaintiff. The government in the rôle of donor and creditor had no right to interfere between the railway company and those with whom it dealt. The aggrieved party, according to the court, was really the railway company which had every right of legal redress against the fraudulent activities of its officials. But, since there was no one in the company who cared to bring action, there was nothing to be done. So, in the end, nothing happened to anyone.

Looking back upon the affair, it seems doubtful if the ringleaders were consciously criminal. It was an unscrupulous time and public funds were regarded as fair game—as long as the public received something, however little, for its money. A decade after the scandal, Rowland Hazard, one of the chief stockholders in the *Crédit Mobilier*, read a defense of the company before the *Rhode Island Historical Society*. In part he said, "Much has been said about the immense profits made by the *Crédit Mobilier Company*. I do not think that the per cent. of profit in any transaction has any bearing upon its moral quality . . . Is it not clear that whatever profit the public was willing to pay, in order to secure the benefit of the road, the company might with propriety receive?" To this, given the premises, there seems to be no answer. But consider the premises —

THE STATE OF THE UNION

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE IN WISCONSIN

By STANLEY E. KALISH

Milwaukee

AFTER years of agitation an unemployment insurance plan has become law. Wisconsin, with a possibly inflated reputation for progressive legislation, again has taken the initiative, and on July 1 will inaugurate a plan of "unemployment benefit reserves."

Proponents of this social reform had to take their proposal through the back door, as every economist seeking social reforms is learning to do. Instead of forcing unemployment insurance on recalcitrant business men, the sponsors put the issue squarely up to that tattered die-hard, the individualist, by making the plan applicable to each separate business, and the employer responsible for his own business alone. This program is not designed to care for the State's jobless at every slack industrial period. Rather, it is founded on the idea of stabilizing employment so far as possible, and of paying unemployment benefits to compensate those workers who become unemployed through industry's failure to provide steady work.

"Wisconsin," says A. J. Altmeyer, secretary of the Wisconsin Industrial Commission, which will be administrator of the plan, "is attempting to put into effect a law which will enable the employer who can satisfactorily control his own unemployment problem to do so without having to help support another employer who

cannot solve that problem." That is the crux of the Wisconsin idea.

A plan satisfactory to all elements was not easily found. The history of unemployment insurance in Wisconsin as a pertinent issue dates back to 1921, when the first of a recurrent series of laws was introduced into the State legislature. At every regular biennial session for ten years, a bill was presented providing for State unemployment insurance. As regularly it was defeated, none ever passing either legislative house. Philip F. LaFollette, son of the great liberal Senator from Wisconsin and brother of the Badger State's Bob, Jr., was elected Governor in 1930 and took office the following January. His leadership, and a change of sentiment accelerated by the débâcle of 1929, brought unemployment insurance to the fore.

An interim committee drafted a proposed bill for introduction at a special session of the legislature in the fall of 1931. This law bears the name of Harold M. Groves, a Madison assemblyman, but also a practical economist on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. He was assisted in drawing the bill by Professor John R. Commons of the same university, who is nationally known as a labor economist, and Paul A. Raushenbush, sometime professor of economics at the university and later adviser to the Industrial Commission after the benefits plan became law. Professorial assistance in the planning of social legislation is no novelty in Wisconsin. Its university faculty has formed a Brain Trust whose services have

been employed in many capacities over a long period of years.

Real credit for the passage of the measure belongs to the farmer. Wisconsin is primarily an agricultural State. The overwhelming majority of her legislators represent the rural elements, and it was this group, rather than the Socialist bloc from Milwaukee, which actually made the bill law. Their sentiment was crystallized in favor of the proposal by the belief that it might lessen the oppressing load of property taxes. Wisconsin has a State income tax and the farmer legislators believed that regularized employment would increase returns and relieve the property burden. If the Wisconsin theory of controlled employment is proved valid, the property tax load will be materially decreased by growing income tax returns.

The back door design of the bill, as mentioned, pushed it through. It was amended on the recommendation of Governor LaFollette, who insisted that it should become effective only "after industry's failure to establish a voluntary system within a reasonable time."

It was estimated that Wisconsin industry and business employ 350,000 workers. The legislature provided that if firms with a total of 175,000 workers submitted voluntary plans that were approved by the Industrial Commission, the law would be inactive. They were to have until 1933 to submit their plans, and if less than half had complied, the law would become effective for all Wisconsin. Employers with accepted voluntary plans would be permitted to operate under their own systems.

To spur unemployment benefits, the Industrial Commission founded an advisory committee of six, composed of three members from organized labor and three representing employers, who were to study the law and assist in putting it into oper-

ation. The committee met frequently in the spring of 1932 and drew up a series of model voluntary plans.

But the LaFollette government was swept from office by the Democratic landslide in the fall of 1932. Albert G. Schmedeman, long-time mayor of Madison and President Wilson's minister to Denmark, became Wisconsin's first Democratic Governor in forty years. The advisory committee had favored postponement of the law until July 1, 1934, and Schmedeman, after firmly refusing to advocate its repeal, endorsed the proposal. The Democratic legislature followed its Governor's advice. It also whittled the voluntary requirement from 175,000 to 139,000 employes. The shrink in voluntary requirements, however, has had little effect. Progressive employers in favor of unemployment insurance, or at least willing to abide by it, have delayed submitting voluntary plans that would help approach the 139,000 total and permit their more reactionary brothers to escape the intention of the measure. Very likely the blanket plan will be put into force in July.

Each individual employer in Wisconsin will set up his own fund. Every company employing ten or more persons is subject to the law, and beginning on July 1, the employer will set aside—out of his own money—2% of his payroll each month to build up the reserve fund. He also will pay 1/10 of 1% to the State administrative fund of the Industrial Commission. The Commission's authority is four-fold:

1. To create employment districts and appeal boards in case of controversy arising out of payments from the fund.

2. To invest monies and authorize investments by individual firms of money in municipal, State and Federal government securities which can immediately be liquidated.

3. To finance public employment offices throughout the State.

4. To name advisory committees to assist in performing the commission's functions.

The employer makes his monthly contributions to his fund until such time as he has an average of \$75 for each employé eligible to receive benefits. When that average is reached, the contributions automatically cease. No benefits are paid for one year after the beginning of the fund, or until such time as an average of at least \$55 an employé has been established.

The following groups are not eligible to receive benefits under the plan: farm laborers, domestics, elective and appointive officers on an annual salary basis, teachers, inter-State railroad workers, loggers (a sentimental objection, because Wisconsin's decadent lumber industry was a seasonal business), persons unable or unwilling to work normal full-time, unless they work more than half-time, and all persons who earn more than \$300 in any one month or an annual salary of \$1,500 or more.

Any employé, not in the groups above, is eligible for benefits unless he has lost his job through misconduct or voluntarily relinquished it without good cause attributable to his employer. He is not eligible if he has left his job because of a trade dispute. An employer is not responsible for an "act of God" which affects the place of employment and throws his men out of work. If a man is ordinarily self-employed and can return to his own business, and has not been working temporarily for another for more than five months, he cannot receive the benefits of the plan. A worker who refuses to register at a State employment office or refuses to accept a suitable position when offered one, is barred. So, for obvious reasons, is a student working during summer vaca-

tions. Thus the creators of the law have endeavored to avoid the misuse of this plan as a dole for those willingly idle, those unfitted for employment, and petty grafters.

If an employé is not ruled out by ineligibility restrictions and has been a resident of Wisconsin for two years prior to his unemployment, or has been employed for at least forty weeks within the State over the previous two years, he may receive benefits.

The State legislature, in passing the law, wisely foresaw the attempts of business men to dodge benefit payments by employing out-of-state workers. It put claws in the law by ruling that when a non-resident loses his job, the benefits he would have received must go to the State fund in a lump sum at the ratio of \$5 for each four weeks the ineligible employé worked.

If a worker loses his job, he must automatically wait two weeks before receiving benefits. Then he receives 50% of his average wage for the preceding period of employment. The maximum he may receive is \$10 a week. Thus a worker earning \$21 a week will receive only \$10, but one who earned \$18 will get \$9. The minimum payment is \$5 a week if the employé's average wage was \$9.99 or less. The employé is eligible to receive one week of benefits for each four he has worked, for a maximum period of ten weeks. For those on part-time work, payments are made on the difference between the actual wage and the weekly benefit payment for total unemployment. Employers are liable only to the limit of their individual fund.

With an average maximum of only \$75 an employé, what happens in the case of a total and prolonged shutdown? Full payments are made until the reserve fund has shrunk to an average of \$55 an em-

ployé. At this point, individual payments scale down as the fund drops at the rate of \$1 for each \$5. For example, when the average for an employé reaches \$50, the maximum benefit paid out to an individual is \$9. When the average drops to \$45, the maximum payment is \$8, and so on.

If a jobless worker had been employed by more than one firm in a relatively short period, the first responsibility naturally rests on the latest employer until he has fulfilled his obligation. Then, if the worker still is unemployed, and if there still is liability, that is, less than the maximum of ten weeks of benefits, the next previous employer assumes the burden, and so on for the preceding twelve months.

There is one escape from participation in the Wisconsin unemployment benefit reserve plan. If the Industrial Commission accepts a guarantee of forty-two weeks of work a year at an average of thirty-six hours a week from a business, the firm avoids obligation to the law. Companies applying for this exemption will have to satisfy a severe scrutiny, for Wisconsin's commission is notoriously hard-boiled. It is prophesied that the commission will accept only large firms with a clean record of employment over many years.

Will the Wisconsin plan of benefit reserves be successful?

Economically, it flagrantly violates that fundamental, but apparently outmoded, law of supply and demand. Citation of this principle has been a reiterated argument of its opponents. They say, "How can we control our market merely by controlling our employment?" Perhaps they are right. It is not my purpose to argue the economic merits of the law, but merely to present it as an unique method of placing responsibility for unemployment allegedly on the shoulders of the

man who most directly controls it—the employer.

In the final analysis, it is inevitably the consumer who pays the bill. He will, in the case of many articles, legitimately pay for the maintenance of three separate funds, those of the manufacturer, the jobber, and the retailer. He also is quite likely to pay an increased price for an article out of proportion to the costs of this insurance, just as he did when the Federal processing tax on raw materials was inaugurated.

The State of Wisconsin, at least, is attempting a long-time planning to overcome the chaos of the last four years. It is embarking on a theory, and until it is disproved, approved or improved, the scheme is probably the best of the several that have been proposed.

Unemployment insurance theories heretofore have been invariably based on group contributions. Proposed laws have usually provided for payments to a general fund by both employé and employer. The general fund is an anathema to the employer. He does not want to contribute to the support of his less efficient rival. The joint contribution system naturally offers the unemployed greater relief than does the Wisconsin plan. Based on the scheme of a general fund and joint contributions, bills have been introduced in other State legislatures, among them New York and Ohio, but have always failed of passage. Advocates of the plan in Wisconsin have realized that the fundamental purpose of such a law properly is the stimulation of more regular employment rather than the creation of a dole, and that only in this form is it acceptable both to employers and law-makers.

"The Wisconsin unemployment reserve plan assumes that much of our chronic irregularity of jobs should prove gradu-

ally preventable, and that compensation laws should encourage rather than penalize efforts in that direction," says Dr. Raushenbush, the Industrial Commission's adviser. "Just as employers are now required by law to pay workmen's compensation for accidents, so they should in the future pay limited unemployment compensation to laid-off workers. Both accidents and unemployment are *industrial hazards* and generally produce costs—to be prevented where possible, but compensated where unavoidable."

The breadlines of the future will tell the whole story.



HOW A DULL WESTERN CITY TAKES ON CLASS

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

Lincoln, Nebraska

FROM his travels abroad in 1932 a clergyman of Lincoln, Nebraska, brought back the following pronouncement, delivered by the Lord Mayor of Lincoln, England. "Your city is the best known of all the Lincolns in the world," said his Excellency. "Mail addressed to Lincoln, unless it designates England, is always sent to Lincoln, Nebraska."

Whether or not the Lord Mayor knew what he was talking about or whether he was just talking, it is hard to say. But his pronouncement was at once laid hold of by the Nebraska capital. For it not only confirmed the city's private opinion of itself; it served to enlarge that opinion somewhat. Prior to his Excellency's statement, Lincoln had regarded itself as being the cultural hub of little more than the Mid-West. But upon receipt of that statement, it felt not unjustified in taking in more territory still.

As a matter of fact, however, the Nebraska capital is near the heart or center of things in more ways than one. Were it a trifle farther south and west, that is, it would be the geographic center of the United States. And were it a bit farther east, it would be the population center of Nebraska. More specifically, as regards its situation, it is the principal city on Salt Creek, a small tributary to the Platte River, and is some fifty miles west of Omaha and about the same distance from the Kansas border. It is a typical prairie city, the country roundabout being of a slightly rolling, nondescript character—the sort of country that sends Lincoln people scurrying away to distant vacation grounds during the summer months.

Now and then an ungracious visitor to the town asks why the capital city happens to be situated where it is, or why the Lord ever put a town here at all. A proper answer to that question might well be that the Lord didn't. But such is not the answer that the average resident of the city would give. For Lincoln is strong in the belief that its destiny has always been a special concern of Providence. Its God is, to be sure, of the Republican faith and the Methodist persuasion. But it has served this God long and zealously, with the result, so it feels, that it has been the recipient of many divine favors.

These favors an active chamber of commerce is wont to catalogue year after year in some such wise as this: 98 churches, 21 of them Methodist; 11 office buildings, the highest towering seventeen stories above the street; virtually no crime problem and not a single tenement house; 3 national banks and 12,000 college students; many famous men and women whose home is, or was, in Lincoln; the most beautiful capitol in America, and "one-

fourth of the population of the United States within a radius of 500 miles."

The population of Lincoln itself is about 75,000—the female population exceeding the male by some 2,000. This preponderance of women, banded together as the women are in various sisterhoods, is said to account, in large measure, for the sanctity of the town—its Sunday blue laws, its expurgated movies and libraries, its clean alleys, and its general freedom from crime. It accounts, too, no doubt, for Hoover's polling four thousand more votes than Roosevelt in the last election—this in the face of a Nebraska landslide for Roosevelt. That the latter was elected has strengthened rather than weakened the city's faith in Hoover. And were Hoover to run again, the women would again—with their Republican men in tow—march to the polls for him.

It is just such righteous balloting, so they feel, that has during all these years safeguarded their city against wine bibbers, Communists, and other menaces, and made it a place where property and human life are held sacred. As for Communists, it is doubtful that Lincoln could muster a round dozen. And half of these would prove to be college boys out to bedevil their Republican dads. There are enough lawbreakers, perhaps, to justify a small police force and a municipal court, but they are petty offenders—dog poisoners, traffic violators, and a few harmless drunks. Such major crimes as homicide, rape, and kidnaping are virtually unheard of. From 1927 to 1932, for example, not a single murder occurred in Lincoln, whereas in other American cities of the same size there was an "average of eight murders per year or a total of forty for the same five-year period." This is a remarkable record. And it is doubtless an enviable one, even though a local wag

did say that the foregoing statistics were not necessarily to the credit of the place.

But this same wag is happy, the chances are, to be living in Lincoln, and is as proud as the next man of its high-class citizenry, its financial strength, and its cultural attainments. And he is at one with his fellow townsmen in resenting any slurs on his home town. He resents, for example, the stupid opinion—held by certain Easterners—that Lincoln is nothing more than a "big country burg" or that it is merely one of a number of hinterland capitals, overrun with cowboys and Indians. He can appreciate, in this connection, the outraged feelings of Jeff Tidrow, one of the town's octogenarians. Jeff can usually be found selling papers at the corner of Fourteenth and O Streets. But last summer he took his savings and went back East to visit his brother in Philadelphia. Shortly after his return, we asked him how he had enjoyed his trip. He was speechless for a moment, then went off into a high treble of profanity. But after a bit he calmed down and told us what the trouble was. He said that the whole trip was spoiled because all that "God-damned brother" of his wanted was to talk about cowboys and Indians. "I told him," Jeff said, spitting viciously toward the curb, "that I hadn't seen a Goddamned Indian in fifty years. I must of told him the same thing forty times, but it didn't do no good. So I cut my visit short and come on back."

Jeff's experience in the East is not, it appears, an uncommon one. And short of his profanity, he voices the general resentment of Lincoln toward Easterners who "low-rate" the town with their notions about Indians, sod shanties, and outdoor plumbing. It is true that the chamber of commerce stands always ready to give the lie to notions of this character. But

the notions persist nevertheless—this despite the town's modern sewage system, its paved streets, its water mains, and its "24,925 houses wired for electricity." These items alone should settle the matter. But if further evidence of Lincoln's modernity is needed, the city can bring forward its factories, airports, libraries, and schools. And it can call the roll of its famous citizens—General Pershing or Charles G. Dawes, for instance, or Louise Pound, Colonel Lindbergh, and Willa Cather. Strictly speaking, only one of these personages now lives in Lincoln, but the others have lived here in the not-too-distant past. Moreover, there is Guy Kibbee, well-known movie comedian, and Howard Greer, the celebrated Hollywood designer. Not many years ago Kibbee played in stock at the old Oliver Theater. As for Greer, he not only lived in Lincoln, he was born here. By his own admission, however, he heartily dislikes the town, and "avoids it, when crossing the country, by taking the Southern route." His dislike is easily understood. When he was a boy the neighborhood gang poked fun at him for making doll clothes. On the contrary, Paul Swan, said to be the "most beautiful man in the world" and famous as a dancer and sculptor's model, professes to have only pleasant memories of his residence in Lincoln.

But no matter what these celebrities may think of the city, it makes a business of recalling them and of parading their names every now and then in the Sunday papers. Of late years it has even taken the Great Commoner to its heart, sings his praises unblushingly, and forgets that in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 it bitterly opposed him for President. That it gave him a slight edge in 1908 was due solely to Bryan's making a special plea for the support of his home-town. But this

support, which might have helped in 1896, was of no avail twelve years later, and for the third time he "went up Salt River." There was something ominous perhaps in the fact that Bryan, child of fortune as he styled himself, should have settled in a town on Salt Creek. Bryan did succeed, though, in impressing his ponderous morality on the town, and even today his ghost rises to confront anyone who ventures—in public, that is—to lift a stein of 3.2 to his lips. In private, and on the sly, the city guzzles liquor along with the best of them, hard liquor at that. But to return to Bryan. As a political prophet he was without honor, and he might well be consoled if he could know that his brother, Governor Charles Bryan, has for years hounded the city like a nemesis.

Nevertheless, the Nebraska capital, Republican stronghold though it is, owes a debt of thanks to the Governor, for he has done as much as any man to keep the town in the public eye. Not only has he been thrice Governor of his State; in 1924 he was his party's nominee for the vice-presidency. Oddly enough, Charles G. Dawes, a one-time resident of Lincoln, was the Republican nominee for the same office. Dawes began the practice of law in Lincoln in 1887 and lived here until 1895. So no matter how the 1924 election went, Lincoln was in a position to proclaim the Vice-President as one of her citizens. It is noteworthy, too, that both Dawes and Governor Bryan have, in certain quarters, been regarded as presidential timber.

The same may be said, moreover, of General Pershing, whose name has for years been associated with that of the Nebraska capital. Pershing was an instructor in military science at the University of Nebraska from 1891 to 1894, was graduated from the University's college of law in 1893, and since 1917 has owned a home

in Lincoln. His address is 1748 B Street, as any boy scout can inform you. There is a rumor to the effect that the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce, in order to secure him as a resident of the city, made him a present of the house on B Street. But this rumor seems to have no foundation in fact. The home was built in 1888 by Mrs. Butler, a sister of General Pershing, and is now in charge of Miss May Pershing, another sister. The extent of the general's residence in Lincoln appears, however, to be that once or twice a year he drops into the city for a brief visit with Miss Pershing.

But after all he did actually reside in Lincoln in the early nineties. Hence, there is no reason to question the city's right to boom him for President twenty-five years later—in 1919, to be exact. The first Pershing for President club was organized in Lincoln. Mark Woods, Lincoln capitalist, was chairman of the executive committee and addressed the following appeal to all Nebraskans:

Our appeal is to you as a Nebraskan, for a Nebraskan. With your active assistance we can nominate and elect as President of the United States a Nebraskan who has distinguished himself before the entire world.

General John J. Pershing is a Nebraskan, owns his home in our State and will, when his duties to the nation are ended, take up his permanent residence in Nebraska. Nebraska is fortunate in having an opportunity to present one of its own citizens for the Presidency.

There is something rather pitiable about Mr. Woods' effort to fix a Nebraska, or Lincoln, citizenship upon General Pershing—this especially when one knows that Pershing is a native of Missouri, that he has lived his life almost wholly away from Lincoln, and that even though his official "duties to the nation" are now ended his

adopted city sees little or nothing of him. Mr. Woods' sophistry is pitiable, too, in the fact that the boom came to naught. General Pershing, that is, was not interested. Whether he didn't care to go before the country as a Nebraskan or Lincolnite, or whether he simply didn't care to be President, it is impossible to say. But anyhow the city still claims him as its own and still fêtes him whenever he drops in for one of his infrequent visits.

Colonel Charles Lindbergh might well be gratified to learn that he, too, is a Lincoln celebrity. True, the colonel does not own a home here. He never did, in fact, but he did learn to fly here. He enrolled in 1922 as a flying student with the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation, took his training with great seriousness, and was regarded as something of a grouch by the other students. His instructors didn't, moreover, think highly of his ability, and wouldn't allow him to fly "solo," unless, that is, he would put up a \$500 bond. Lindbergh felt that the demand was ridiculous; so in high dudgeon he left Lincoln to become a solo and stunt flyer on his own responsibility. But perhaps at this distant time the colonel has only kindly feelings for the place. At any rate, since his transatlantic flight Lincoln has made whatever capital it could of his name.

The slogan of the town is "Link up with Lincoln." And under this slogan the Nebraska capital has managed, in one way or another, to link itself up with a great many people of prominence. It established a rather unsavory connection, it is true, with the late Gus Winkler, big shot gangster, shortly after the three-million dollar robbery of the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company. The robbery occurred September 17, 1930, and it was established that Winkler couldn't have taken part in it directly. Still, he was accused of

engineering it, and the Lincoln authorities entered into an agreement to absolve him of any connection with it if he would aid in recovering the negotiable part of the loot. This he succeeded in doing, and turned back to the city \$583,000 in securities.

But to take adequate note of all such personages as have lived, or still live, in Lincoln, or as have kept the town in the limelight, would be to write a book. A work of this sort would go far, however, to squelch all those who are inclined to high-hat the city. Generous space in such a history would have to be given to Roscoe Pound, a *bona fide* native son. Nor would Willa Cather go unnoticed. Miss Cather was graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1895.

There is Dorothy Canfield Fisher, moreover. She spent some years in Lincoln when her father was chancellor of the university. At the same school the late George Edward Woodberry was once an instructor in English—this in the early eighties. Woodberry might have stayed on indefinitely with the university had his religious views been more conservative and had it not been for a keg of beer he is said to have kept in his rooms. It appears that he and his students were given to drinking bouts. Hence, it is with no little unction that Lincoln's pious oldtimers recall their part in ridding the town of him.

Still, Woodberry, along with Roscoe Pound and other great men, must have drunk occasionally, at least, of Lincoln's pure water, must have attended its churches, and partaken of its bounties both material and spiritual. So doubtless the good people of the town have found it in their heart to forgive him. Anyway, they have added his name to a roster that

would grace the history of any city. And to this list of names they are now thinking of adding Stephen Crane's.

For it appears, on good authority, that Crane visited Lincoln in February, 1895. He had little more than landed in the town, though, when he was taken before a judge. With what he called his "Eastern scruples" he had interfered in a saloon brawl, where a big man was pounding a rather small one. "But thus I offended a local custom," wrote Crane. "These men fought each other every night. Their friends expected it and I was a damned nuisance with my Eastern scruples and all that."

Crane came West to see the Mississippi, to see a cowboy ride, and to be in a blizzard of the plains. He found the blizzard in Lincoln. It is true that he could have done better farther west, but apparently he was satisfied with the Lincoln blizzard, or what he took for a blizzard. In all likelihood, it was nothing more than an ordinary snowstorm, for Lincoln has probably never been visited by a genuine blizzard. It hasn't been, at any rate, within the past thirty years.

Blizzards and tornadoes have a way of passing the town up, as do famines, epidemics, and Communists. Doubtless, the Republican and Methodist God still watches over it. But with Omaha, just fifty miles to the east, it is different. In 1913, for example, a tornado ripped that city up in good style. But Omaha—in the opinion of Lincoln, that is—is something of a hell-hole, casts a heavy Democratic vote, and disapproves pretty strongly of Methodist morality. So it was altogether right and proper that the tornado should pass over Lincoln and raise the devil with its big, wicked sister city.

THE LIBRARY

The Bloody International

MERCHANTS OF DEATH, by H. C. Engelbrecht & F. C. Hanighen. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{8}$; 308 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

IRON, BLOOD AND PROFITS, by George Seldes. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{8}$; 397 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THESE two books tell in the main the same story, and that story, spread far and wide by the publicity machine of the Book-of-the-Month Club in the case of "Merchants of Death", is now fairly common knowledge. The Engelbrecht-Hanighen volume, which has an excellent introduction by Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, is by far the better of the two. It contains a mass of hitherto unpublished material, it is ably written and expertly organized, and its point of view is happily lacking in the professional pacifist's missionary zeal. Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen know history and contemporary politics and economics too well to be taken in by the futile crusades periodically let loose upon the world by the naïve Jane Addamses and the various Peace Leagues. The Seldes volume is a decided advance over the same author's recent disgraceful history of the Vatican. It is plain that he knows a great deal about the devious workings of the armaments manufacturers, but it is equally plain that he has been very hasty in his thinking and writing upon the subject. As a result, his book reads like a first draft, rather than a finished product. Mr. Seldes still writes books the way Hearst copy readers write head-lines.

The armaments industry, controlled by about fifty men, is truly a bloody international. Next to banking and organized religion, it is the most inhuman occupation of man. Like banking, it stops at nothing to gain profits, and like organized religion, it takes special delight in creating hatred between nation and nation. What the Catholic Church did in the days of the Holy Roman Empire, and what the Protestant Church did in the days of the Reformation, the armament industry has been doing during the past 150 years, spreading hate, misery, and death. It was only historically appropriate that the first important improvement in the flintlock gun should be made by a Scottish minister, Alexander Forsyth. As soon as he would finish his Sunday preaching in a neighborhood chapel, he would go to his room in the Tower of London and resume work on his new gun. The modern art of fighting thus had a respectable English progenitor, and its sponsorship continues respectable to this day. In 1914 the following honorable, learned, and peace-loving gentlemen were shareholders in Vickers and other munitions companies: Lord Balfour, Lord Curzon, Earl Grey, Lord Kinaird, president of the Y. M. C. A., Sir J. B. Lonsdale, Sir Alfred Mond, the Bishops of Adelaide, Chester, and Hexham, and Dean Inge of St. Paul's.

Whatever may be said against these frauds cannot be said against the munitions manufacturers themselves. They have seldom made any bones about their business. Krupp, Skoda, Vickers, Zaharoff, Spangdeau, Schneider, Mitsui, Du Pont, Colt,

Winchester, Remington, Bannerman—not one of them has ever claimed to be an advocate of international peace. Two or three of them have occasionally mouthed pious drivel about the brotherhood of man, but they knew and everybody knew that they were spouting so much blarney. In fact, the complete openness of their dealings has often taken on a certain tragic humor. Remington, for example, supplied both sides with arms in the Russo-Turk War of 1879. Says the official historian of the company:

Then Russia and Turkey decided to fight. Both patronized the Bridgeport factory, and the strange situation developed of one plant daily grinding out thousands of cartridges for the combatants to fire against each other in deadly battle. Both nations had their inspectors at the works. The officers treated each other with formal courtesy while they inspected millions of the little messengers of death which were to fill the air of Southeastern Europe with noise and destruction.

During the World War this impartiality was even more grim. The French and English munitions manufacturers sent thousands of tons of bauxite and nickel to Germany *via* Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries, and the German munitions manufacturers sent thousands of tons of iron and steel to the Allied countries *via* the same routes. Millions of Allied soldiers were thus killed by bullets made from metal coming from their own countries, and millions of German soldiers were killed by bullets made from metal supplied by their own countrymen. But that is not all. The munitions manufacturers actually prolonged the war for two years, and thus may be charged with the lives of God knows how many millions of soldiers. Early in the war the Germans captured the Briey basin in the Lorraine sec-

tion of France. The basin was enormously rich in iron, and Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg and the German general staff admitted that without this iron Germany could not have prosecuted the war for very much longer than the Spring of 1917. The French general staff knew the value of the Briey basin, but it refused to bombard it and thus to put an end to the war.

A number of French journals protested bitterly against this outrage, but the French government answered them all with the statement that if the French forces bombarded the Briey basin, the Germans would certainly bombard the French mines at Dombasle, then the chief source of iron for the French armies. The Germans did not bombard Dombasle in return for the French not bombarding Briey. Had either side done what we have been led to believe national armies should do, the World War would have come to an end early in 1917. Why then all this murderous courtesy? The answer is very simple. The Schneiders of France and the Krupps of Germany owned the Briey basin and Dombasle, and through their connections with the general staffs of both countries they saw to it that no damage was done to their properties. It was for the continuation of this bloody decorum that American soldiers died in 1917-1918.

The munitions manufacturers, as I have said, stop at nothing to safeguard their business. They bribe public officials, as the recent Seletzki scandal in Rumania showed; and they bribe the press. Schneider, the French munitions manufacturer, has in many ways given bribes to the Havas Agency, which is the French equivalent of the American Associated Press, and to such papers as *Le Temps*, *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Journal*, *Figaro*, *Gaulois*, *Journal des Débats*, *Echo de Paris*, *Liberté*, *Patrie*, *Eclair*, *Rappel*, *Radical*, *Intransi-*

geant, and *La Parisienne*. The Krupps have done exactly the same thing in Germany, though they have apparently specialized in bribing high army and navy officers. In our own country, the Du Pont Company controls all three dailies in Delaware.

There is far more to the horrible tale of the bloody international, but you might just as well read it for yourself in the two volumes under discussion. As for doing away with the ghastly mess, most of the schemes which have been suggested are obviously absurd. The nationalization of the armament industries, as Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen point out, would be of doubtful value. It would probably only mean the vast expansion of the industries, "and international trade would continue in raw materials rather than in finished products." As for putting the entire munitions industry of the world in the hands of an international body, the immediate obstacles in the way are obvious and tremendous; but even if they were overcome, we would need an international body commanding sufficient international respect. We have no such body; certainly the League of Nations is no such body. But even if there were a real League of Nations, the only countries who would abide by its rulings in the matter of the purchase of armaments would be those who were too poor in raw materials to make their own armaments; the Big Powers, which control all the raw materials for munitions, would obey the international body only when doing so suited them.

Messrs. Engelbrecht and Hanighen say, "There remains . . . but one real way out, disarmament. . . . Disarmament has not been achieved because of the international political situation. International politics in turn are determined by our whole civilization. . . . The problem of disarmament is therefore the problem of building a new

civilization." All of which is perhaps a cautious way of saying that so long as we live in a capitalistic society there will be war. The conclusion, it seems to me, is inescapable.

The burden of armaments is colossal, and is growing. From 60 to 75% of nearly every national budget is spent for war purposes. In this country it is probably even larger. That great humanitarian, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, has installed the greatest war program in our history. Our arms budget is now nearly 200% more than our pre-war arms budget. More than 150 new warships are being built, and nearly 1200 war planes. The munitions manufacturers have nothing to complain about in the New Deal. Only the other day the Hercules Powder Company of Wilmington, Delaware, reported that its profits for the first four months of 1934 were 400% larger than what they were for the same period a year ago. Similar programs of "preparedness" are being pushed in France, Italy, Germany, Japan, and Poland. And the same is true of England, despite the hypocritical peace and disarmament talk of that arch fraud, Ramsay MacDonald. The English government is now constructing at Singapore the greatest naval base in the world.

The reasons for all this "preparedness" are not mysterious. A war between Japan and the United States for "the open door" in China is now only a question of a few years. All well-informed persons also know that a struggle of some sort, and very likely a war, is coming between England and the United States over the Argentinian and Brazilian markets. As for the English-Japanese situation, the facts are now public for all to examine. Japanese textile sales in the British Far Eastern colonies have mounted enormously during the last few years to the dismay of the Lancashire

cotton industry, and the English, those staunch defenders of the sacredness of contracts, are rapidly abrogating their trade agreements with the Japanese in India, West Africa, and Egypt. All of which explains why the English are so busy turning Singapore into the most heavily armed naval base on the globe. The causes of the friction between France and Germany, and Germany and Poland, are well known.

It is such economic struggles which cause most wars. The munitions manufacturers seldom, if ever, cause wars. Sometimes they prolong them, as they did in the World War, and as they are now doing in the Paraguay-Bolivia War. But most of the time they only help prosecute the wars which capitalistic rivalries have determined. Maxim Litvinoff, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, spoke only the truth when he told the League of Nations in 1927 "that under the capitalist system no grounds exist for counting on the removal of the causes which give rise to armed conflicts. Militarism and big navies are the natural and essential consequences of the capitalist's system." One does not have to be a Communist to agree with this logic. One needs only to know the history of the last 175 years. The capitalists, as every historian, radical or conservative, knows, control their governments. In their search for profits, the capitalists are forever looking for new markets for their goods or for new sources of raw material and cheap labor. And they are ever on their guard lest some foreign nation interfere with their present markets and sources of raw material and labor. If the first cannot be obtained peacefully, they push their governments into war; and if the second are truly in danger, they also push their governments into war.

Most wars in the past 175 years can be explained in these simple and elementary

terms. Certainly the World War can thus be explained, as every student of the times will now agree. The United States joined the Allies solely to protect the loans of Wall Street to them. Had the Germans defeated the Allies, as seemed probable for a while, the Wall Street loans would have gone to the winds. We entered the war to make sure that these loans did not go to the winds. The American people had nothing whatever at stake in the European mess. Their dead died wholly in vain. They only assured more misery for those they left behind, and for countless generations after them. The talk about making the world safe for democracy was so much blarney to make the carnage more pleasant to themselves and to their relatives and friends.

The munitions manufacturers naturally help along all war hysteria. It is only good business for them to do so, as it is good business for an investment banker to misinform the investing public. Judged by the *mores* of our present civilization, they are both reputable gentlemen, and it is as foolish to denounce the first as it is to denounce the second. It is our present civilization, which gives birth to both bankers and munitions manufacturers, that should be denounced. The howling of all the Jane Addamses and all the Lillian Walds and all the Peace Leagues against them is so much shouting at the moon, so long as the present order is accepted. If it is honorable for Mellon to make millions while the working men and working women who made the millions for him starve, then it is honorable for Krupp to make millions selling munitions to both the Germans and French, even while the two are at war.

The causes of war are many. But the main ones lie in the economic field. Other causes lie in the field of nationalism. One

of the worst curses let loose by the post-Reformation era was the belief that it is somehow nobler to be a Frenchman than a German, or a Spaniard than an Englishman, and so on; and that this fictitious superiority is worth fighting for. The Versailles Treaty, by creating more nations, thus created more possibilities for future wars. It is probably within the range of psychological truth to say that this nationalistic curse will haunt the human race long after capitalism is eradicated. In Russia today, where collectivism is the rule, class distinctions between families have already sprung up; and there is small reason for believing that in a world completely collectivistic there will not spring up class distinctions between groups of peoples, or nations. And where there is a feeling of superiority there is a possibility of war.

The causes of war, I repeat, are many, but all intelligent people will agree that at present the chief ones lie in the economic field, in capitalistic rivalries. The eradication of capitalism—or Fascism, which is only a desperate and more virulent form of capitalism—will perhaps not do away with all wars, but it will certainly do away with many of them. The belief that capitalism is immortal is a superstition. It is no more immortal than cannibalism.

CHARLES ANGOFF

The Best Book on Chaucer

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, by John Livingston Lowes. \$2.50. 5 x 7¾; 246 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

THE six chapters of this little book (lectures at Swarthmore) concentrate between two covers more relevant information and wise criticism on his growth into greatness than any other among so many competent accounts of Chaucer and his poetry, American, English, German, and French. Kittredge would be the first to say so; though

Lowes, in dedicating it to "myn owene maister deere," would be the first to say how much it owes to Kittredge. It is moreover, the most irresistible of all calls to know Geoffrey Chaucer; it is, again, a fusion of exact and comprehensive scholarship with the emotional, imaginative, intellectual organization of a man's and a scholar's experience in people around him indoors and out and in books old and new, such a fusion as turns exposition into a work of art; it is the culmination of Lowes's communicated personality (to date); and a useful reminder of how the only "interpreter" and only "popularizer" worth listening to must be the independent researcher who has become the articulate master in the subject announced. It is, too, the culmination (to date) of America's preëminence as for a generation the land of Chaucer, because it is the land of Lowes, Kittredge, Tatlock, Manly, Root, Robinson, Brown, and others who have succeeded to Tyrwhitt, Skeat, and Furnivall in England (as well as to those earlier Americans, Child and Lounsbury), and to some big names in Germany and France.

One large idea shaped the book: Chaucer's "timeless creations on a time-determined stage." Under the "time-determined" Lowes reviews Chaucer's own multifarious practical activities in the world of the late Fourteenth Century, in pre-Renaissance England and early Renaissance Europe south of that ancient Germanic world of Scald and Sagaman in the contemporary Scandinavian and Icelandic northland: the young squire and soldier of Edward the Third, the travelled diplomat on difficult missions to France and Italy, the controller of customs making his reckonings (like Hawthorne), the supervisor of public works, the forester, the parliamentarian,—who met all sorts of

mankind, high and low, face to face and voice to voice.

To these items, long familiar of course, Lowes gives a vital immediacy as if he had followed the living Chaucer about and about: probably no other American scholar has so largely the gift of identifying himself, in his researches into old records, with the abounding life out of which they came, without subjectively vitiating the records as historical documents. He reviews Chaucer's immense reading in mediaeval science, astrology, physics, medicine, theology, having himself read Chaucer's own scientific and philosophical sources with Chaucer's own late mediaeval outlook; and one is impelled to defend the long abandoned term "the learned Chaucer," realizing that "learning" is always relative to what the times offer to be learned and that few, if any, English poets have so organically woven their learning into their art. He reviews Chaucer's immense reading in literature: the artificial fashions, which from the first he adapted with creative freedom, of his contemporaries Machaut, Froissart, Deschamps, in such dreamy, sentimental, dainty and elegant contrast to Chaucer's bustling life on earth's solid dirt among men of harsh, boisterous, or quarreling throats; his subsequent acquaintance with Boccaccio's narrative verse which he re-worked into English poems, "The Knight's Tale" and the "Troilus," so much greater; the austere Dante who uplifted him and who echoes again and again in great phrases where Chaucer achieves that high seriousness complacently unheard by Arnold; the story-tellers Ovid and Vergil.

Lowes has absorbed Chaucer's library, French, Italian, Latin, with something of Chaucer's own assimilative zeal and alert memory and has penetrated into the psy-

chology of those Chaucerian moments (as he penetrated so uncannily into the creative processes of Coleridge in "The Road to Xanadu") where one reminiscence leads to another, merging with the on-moving creative activity of the poet shaping something new.

For Lowes is ultimately critic, interpreter, not antiquarian, not source-hunter. But, though he demonstrates what Chaucer's Fourteenth Century activities as student and man of affairs contributed to the patterns or substance of Chaucer as poet of timeless creations, even Lowes leaves us with sundry unsolved, and doubtless insoluble questions, for instance: how so busy a man, executor of large business assignments, and inveterate student of science and letters, had still the time and the energy to create such a huge body of verse, verse with a zest, grave or gay, that flagged only once—in the "Legend of Good Women," where, too, he was not tired by overwork but whimsically bored with his monotonous theme; and how so courtly a French-speaking gentleman, beginning in an entirely French atmosphere of palace and poesy, could have from the beginning as artist been under the compulsion to use the unused English tongue, until at long last he was using it, for matters far or familiar, with a range in key and idiom exceeded only by Shakespeare. . . .

As to wherein Chaucer's creations are timeless, the reader is referred to this extraordinary little book itself.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

More Drama Than History

THE ROBBER BARONS, by Matthew Josephson. \$3. 5½ x 8¾; 474 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

AMERICAN economic life was completely transformed from 1860 to 1900. Out of the

transformation a small group of men acquired enormous wealth and power. These men are the subject of Matthew Josephson's new book. It gives an admirable portrayal of them: their personal characteristics, the skullduggery to which they resorted, and their ruthless battles, often a form of economic civil war, for supremacy. The portrayal is colorful and dramatic. As the story sweeps on, the characters move in and out: they are not isolated in separate chapters, but are dealt with wherever and whenever they appear and affect events. Thus the book acquires a larger unity which transcends its biographical method, and makes the story more dramatic and absorbing.

As a story, its one defect is that, while it includes all the major and many of the lesser capitalists, there are some serious omissions. Two of the omissions are startling. The plundering of the nation's natural resources was one of the most important aspects of the epoch; Josephson tells of the railroads' part in the plunder, but says nothing of individuals (some of the coal, copper and lumber barons). Nor is there any mention of forerunners of American imperialism; neither of Henry Meiggs and William R. Grace, who plundered Peru and Chile and one of whom was known as "the pirate of Peru;" nor of Minor C. Keith, the "American Cecil Rhodes," who conquered the Caribbeans economically and financially and laid the basis for their colonial domination by the United States. These defects arise out of the fact that the book is written almost wholly from secondary sources (the main reliance being Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes"), which does not, however, affect the value of the dramatic retelling of a story which is already known.

But Josephson's history is not as good as

his drama. He has, superficially but suggestively, woven in part of the economic and political backgrounds of the scene in which his characters played their parts. This does give more integration and significance to the story. But Josephson claims too much. He does *not* tell "the story of industrial concentration." Merely assuming its existence, he does not analyze the social-economic factors which conditioned it; and he practically ignores the development of many important industries, either because no colorful personalities were identified with them, or because, where there were such colorful personalities, the facts were not available in secondary sources. Save for some inadequate references to agrarian and labor struggles, the significance of class forces in social-economic development is neglected. Josephson pretentiously lugs in Marx, of whose approach there is scarcely anything in the book, and lumps him with Henry George, Veblen, Hobson and C. A. Beard: a generously inclusive theoretical eclecticism! As economic history the book is seriously defective.

The fundamental defect is the conception of "economic narrows" as the source of capitalist wealth and power. Just as the feudal barons acquired power by control of territorial narrows, so the capitalist barons acquired power by control of economic narrows. Hence the *robber barons*. The theory is of limited applicability in both cases, and in neither case does it explain the prevailing economy and its changes or the forms of the exploitation of labor, out of which wealth and power arise. It is, in its dramatic implications, the theory a literary man would seize upon.

Because of his "narrows" theory (and the overemphasis on personal characteristics and skullduggery) Josephson tends to

lump the robber barons together. Yet the men he deals with belong in two separate groups: industrial capitalists like Carnegie and financial capitalists like Morgan, with Rockefeller starting as one and ending as the other. This involves two separate economic stages, and their class-economic differences: industrial capitalism and monopoly capitalism.

Industrial capitalism was identified with an economic upswing. Its characteristic was industrial concentration, with its concomitants of increasing technological efficiency and greater production. The industrial capitalist participated directly in production, combined the functions of management and exploitation, waged competition by improving efficiency, and, while plundering workers, competitors and the public, never plundered his own enterprise.

Monopoly capitalism is identified with the tendency toward economic decline. The trustification of industry, or monopolist combination, did not arise out of the control of economic narrows; it was a gradual growth based on industrial concentration, the constantly greater social or collective character of production, and the menace to profits of increasingly destructive competition. Control of monopolist combinations, whose ownership and management were more and more separated by the multiplication of stockholders, was seized by the financial capitalists, who plundered the enterprises because their ownership stake was usually small. After thrusting aside the commercial capitalist, the industrial capitalist is himself thrust aside by the financial capitalist, who delegates management to hired employés and is concerned merely with exploitation. Monopoly tends to limit both efficiency and production, and reacts against the progressive aspects of industrial capitalism.

These two stages intermingled in the

development of American capitalism more than in other countries; but their disentanglement is necessary in order clearly to understand the movement of class-economic forces. This Josephson does not do. It makes him slight the rôle of finance capital and leads to his most serious omission: the complete ignoring of imperialism. Monopoly capitalism and imperialism are inseparably interlocked. Imperialism was not dominant in the American economy by 1901, when Josephson ends his story, but it had emerged definitely, particularly its ideological manifestations; it shaped the policy of the Spanish-American War and the acquisition of a colonial empire. The book might have discussed the subject, even within the limits of its emphasis on colorful personalities, by including Minor Keith and his "banana empire." The omission of any discussion of imperialism seriously distorts the picture of the epoch.

One thing, however, which is unusual in books of this sort: in spite of its theoretical inadequacy, "The Robber Barons" does indicate the inherent defects and historical relativity of the social-economic system in which the barons operated. But the points are neither sufficiently proved nor driven home.

LEWIS COREY

The Incomparable Nijinsky

NIJINSKY, by Romola Nijinsky. \$3.75.
6½ x 9½; 447 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster.

THIS biography of the great Nijinsky opens with his future wife's first sight of him at the Budapest début of the Russian ballet in 1912. It ends with his interment in an insane asylum, and the implication that he will never get out. It was written (or so it says) by his wife, and its pages are infused with the feeling that its hero-subject can do no wrong. Its material is

almost guaranteed to shock any Sunday-school scholar west of Nantucket Lightship. Not only does it tell the story of what Broadway calls a "boy dancer," but it includes a three-cornered love struggle of a kind seldom described—at least in so candid a manner—in English writing. That it also contains an intimate account of the people and pageants that made up what came to be called Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, together with many valuable sidelights on the development of modern dancing, is less startling, but perhaps more valuable.

Of the book's three facets, the love story is that of a boy born of generations of dancers, and trained from earliest childhood in the rigorous discipline of the Imperial Russian Ballet. Nothing but dancing interests him. He adds almost super-human technique to extraordinary natural ability, develops a leap that is more like the floating of a bird than the jump from earth and back again of a human being. An artist introduces him to Serge Diaghileff, "master magician of the Russian Ballet," whose ambition it is to take the Imperial troupe to Western Europe. The older man falls in love with the younger, who, knowing nothing of the world outside the dancing school and the theatre, accepts the resulting relationship without question. Only when the girl Romola, daughter of a Hungarian actress, sees the young dancer and also falls in love with him does trouble begin. Obtaining a position in the chorus, she follows Nijinsky all over Europe without the slightest encouragement. Finally, on a tour to South America, which Diaghileff has refused to make, the youth succumbs and marries her in Buenos Aires. That the girl who worked so hard to get him should lock herself alone in her room on her wedding night, and say so, is one of the details

which is made credible only by the complete innocence of her telling. Then begins the revenge of Diaghileff, which hangs in somber tragedy over the latter part of the book.

Mingled with this bizarre love story is much fascinating information about the development of what was without doubt the most brilliant artistic achievement of the pre-war period. In a few short years the Imperial Russian Ballet, under the management of the man who is the villain of this book, makes its indelible mark on the theatre, music, painting and writing of Western Europe. America did not see it until 1916, when it had passed its highest peak, but no one fortunate enough to have sat in the topmost gallery seat will ever forget the thrill of that first impression. Here was such a synthesis of music and movement and drama and décor as had never been seen before. It made all other dancing seem taffy, and punctured all the windy pretensions of the opera.

The tale of the building of the Ballet is worth the price of the book. People move and talk and quarrel in it, ideas are born, the difficult art of choreography brings forth such masterpieces as "*L'Après Midi d'un Faune*," and develops them from rough sketches gestured with a master's fingers to full spectacles on the Metropolitan stage. The book is crowded with those people whose collective and coöperating genius was the Ballet, and who are now scattered over the earth.

The third valuable thing about the book is the way it discusses dancing. No art is less known by laymen in this country, and no art is less fortunate in those who choose to write about it. Most books about the dance are so technical as to be incomprehensible even to dancers, or so loaded with high-flown verbiage that they read like so many Books of Mormon. It is

true that Mme. Nijinsky does talk about tours en l'air, entre chats, pirouettes, and other ballet steps, but she does it with such simplicity and with such illuminating historical sidelights that it will be intelligible to all literate laymen.

So far as Nijinsky himself is concerned, one puts the book down with the feeling that he eluded his biographer as he had eluded his wife. He remains a shadowy creature, sinister and beautiful, more faun than human. As a dancer he was unequalled, as a composer of dance compositions he broke through established forms and pointed the way to modern experiments that have not yet run their course. The only rôle he could not learn to play was that of the ordinary man in the street.

His relations with Diaghileff will perhaps horrify some people, yet there is a reasonable doubt as to whether his "rescue" for the normal burdens of life and love at the hands of the woman who married him was worth what it cost. Unfortunately, only one of the three people concerned can testify, as the dancer is insane and the impresario dead. The same thing is true in regard to the intricate and ruthless revenge charged against Diaghileff. In weighing the value of Mme. Nijinsky's testimony in both matters one is bound to note certain obvious blind spots which make for bias. She does not, for instance, ever seem to have realized that the important problem was not so much whether she or Diaghileff possessed Nijinsky, as it was whether Nijinsky as a man and an artist could develop to the point of possessing himself. And there are times when she is naïve to the point of stupidity. But these criticisms aside, the book has a considerable power, and it is a very real contribution to biography as well as to the literature of dancing.

MILDRED ADAMS

The New International Language

THE SYSTEM OF BASIC ENGLISH, by C. K. Ogden. \$2.50. 5½ x 8; 320 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

A NEW PLAN OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR, by Janet Rankin Aiken. \$1.40. 5½ x 8¾; 216 pp. New York: *Henry Holt & Company*.

THE system of international communication known as Basic English seems to me much more valuable than such artificial languages as Esperanto, Ido, Novial, and Occidental. I have from the start had a strong prejudice against these artificial languages. I have worked hard on German, French, and other natural languages and now feel well paid for every bit of work I have put upon them. Acquaintance with a real language opens up to one all the valuable treasures in its literature. An artificial language cannot reward hard labor with great treasures. There is no literature back of it. Nor does there seem to be any real practical use for it.

Basic consists of 850 simple English words. They are all found listed on the first two pages of Dr. Ogden's manual. In Basic we do not say *enter*, *mount*, *extract*, etc., but *go in*, *get on*, *take out*, etc. Thus only the simplest words are used and the number of them is limited to 850. Notice in the following passage of Basic that it does not differ from normal English:

Those who have no knowledge of English will be able to make out the sense of a radio talk, or a business letter, after a week with the word-list; but it may be a month or two before talking and writing are possible.

Thus it is clear that a foreigner who has in a few months learned to read Basic has received something for his trouble. He is on the way to read English, which has a rich literature and is the language of 180,-

000,000 people. Basic can be used also in teaching English-speaking children the grammar of their native tongue.

We are in the midst of a great period of scientific study of English. It is time that the results of these investigations become available to our American teachers and students of English. Dr. Aiken's book is an attempt to lead away from the old traditional system to a more scientific plan. The aim is a high one and there is a good deal of fine thinking in what she says.

But it is difficult to write a book of this kind without making mistakes. The new plan requires new formulations, which must later be thoroughly tested before they can become established. The most common mistake in Dr. Aiken's volume is to set up a new formulation where the old system is better. For instance, the author regards the indirect object as an adverb, because, she says, it indicates direction, which is an adverbial idea. But she has overlooked the fact that in the indirect object there is still a more prominent idea—the conception of a person interested in the action: "They chose *him* a wife." The close relation of *him* to the verb and its position between the verb and the direct object show very plainly that the word is an object, not an adverb. There are a number of such mistakes in this "New Plan of English Grammar," but I do not regard them as serious blemishes on the fine book.

GEORGE O. CURME

Social Psychology Keeps Groping

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, By Abraham Myerson. \$3.50; 5¾ x 8¼; 640 pp. New York: Prentice-Hall.

SOCIAL psychology is a difficult and an undeveloped field—just how difficult and undeveloped the psychologists themselves realize least of all. Proof of this is found in the fact that social psychology is now

generally recognized and acclaimed as an "experimental science," characterized, of course, by the usual number of professional experts, Ph. D. dissertations, and general text-books. The "laboratory technique" and the "scientific attitude," along with "correlation coefficients" and "probable errors" have become definitely accepted parts of the stock in trade, here as elsewhere.

An appreciation of this state of affairs and a growing dissatisfaction therewith must have influenced Dr. Myerson to write his present book. His discerning criticism of the experimental literature on the subject indicates as much. He states that his observations as a psychiatrist have led him to two theses, justifying his newest venture. The first of these, namely that "the visceral-organic structure of man is basic to the understanding of psychology," self evident as it may seem, represents the most important contribution of the book. The second thesis, that "apart from his group a man is a mere potentiality," is of somewhat more doubtful validity.

Dr. Myerson's work gives, at first glance, an impression of exhaustiveness, which is not sustained by more careful inspection. The cause of this shortcoming, however, lies not so much in the author as in the field about which he has chosen to write. In recognizing the impossibility or, rather, the pedantry of attempting too narrow a delimitation of social psychology, Dr. Myerson reveals a deep insight into the problem. At the same time, the book suffers for want of a precise definition of its subject, which becomes so all-inclusive as to forbid any but a cursory treatment of its topics. Thus one finds education as a social phenomenon dismissed in five scant pages, with a few trite observations to the effect that the schools

play an important part in developing character. Religion as a manifestation of group behavior is scarcely mentioned at all; and the same is true of such highly socialized enterprises as warfare, mob activities, and panics.

Certain inconsistencies in viewpoint appear from time to time, the author occasionally citing in support of his own theories experimental studies of the type he has already criticized. This occurs especially in connection with the discussion of nature versus nurture, and the effects of incentives. One striking error of fact appears in the description of marriage by caste, to wit: "A Catholic cannot marry a Protestant and remain in his church unless the Protestant becomes a Catholic." Finally, the neglect of the Adlerian inferiority complex and the Freudian doctrine on the *Id* detract seriously from the discussion of social motivation and reality, in the eyes of one reviewer, at least.

On the favorable side we may include Dr. Myerson's eclecticism and his rejection of all monistic points of view in interpreting observed facts. To make any one principle, such as the conditioned reflex, for example, the sole foundation of a psychological system is weakness indeed; yet this is a common error among men of all schools. On this point, as in his criticism of the artificiality of experimental social psychology and his emphasis upon visceral processes, the author is at his best.

Much of the difficulty confronting the conscientious writer of psychological books today is due to a modern paraphrase of an old dictum: "Man cannot serve both science and philosophy." It is this belief that has given rise to such curious antics among the more inferior scientists of our time. Nevertheless, the greatest thinkers of the past and the pres-

ent have managed to accomplish this dual service. Dr. Myerson has struggled valiantly to do the same, though not always with brilliant success.

FRANCIS L. HARMON

Charming and Worthless Biography

LOUIS XV AND HIS TIMES, by Pierre Gaxotte. \$5. 5¼ x 8½; 358 pp. Philadelphia: *The J. B. Lippincott Company*.

OF THE contemporary apologists for monarchism, M. Gaxotte is one of the most brilliant and distinguished. He has previously appeared as the monarchist historian of the French Revolution. His approach in that volume was theatrical. The leaders of the revolution were all barbarous fanatics, psychopaths, or crooks. The system that was overthrown was a going concern, prematurely turned over to the looting receivership of parliament; the king was too much a gentleman for the good of his country; and the nobility had been seduced by their intellect into listening too intently to the radical philosophers, with the result that they became too dreamy to defend themselves. The consequence was that a vigorous, orderly social system was replaced by a frantic bourgeois democracy.

The same set of ideas, though now more temperately and skilfully, are presented by M. Gaxotte in his biography of Louis XV. It is, in effect, a defense of monarchy through a defense of a notoriously bad monarch, and resolves itself, since not even M. Gaxotte quite has the courage to say black is white, to a statement that black is gray and not amiss in a gray world.

M. Gaxotte begins his defense with an attack on the sources from which the usual portrait of Louis XV is drawn. He declares them to have been prejudiced and then praises and uses another authority,

a sycophantic courtier who, having been very close to the king, was therefore in a position to know him—a strange standard, indeed, for impartiality!

He then excuses the king's sensuality by asking the reader how many men are saints; and the number of royal mistresses is condoned by intimating that the queen not only had arrived at an unstimulating age and appearance but had shut her bedroom door when the king was in a mood to exercise his marital rights.

Finally, the king's mistakes in policy are excused by laying the blame partially upon incompetent ministers but chiefly upon the people. According to M. Gaxotte it was the people who jingoesd their way into the wars, which cost France great portions of her Seventeenth Century empire, a good deal of her trade, and great loss of life. The people forced a reluctant king to send them to the slaughter. So M. Gaxotte disposes of a monarch whose selfishness is only emphasized by his apologist's excuses. He further presumes to justify a reign which involved France in a succession of ruinous wars, and saddled her with a public debt, the payment of which out of ordinary revenues was impossible, and the at-

tempt to squeeze which, out of the people, helped to drive the country into revolution.

On two accounts the book deserves praise. It is smoothly, gracefully, wittily written. Often nonsense is expressed with such *éclat*, that the reader is taken un-awares, and only on re-reading does he perceive how he has been taken in by sheer literary blandishment. Furthermore, M. Gaxotte understands well enough the importance of trade and its relations to empire. In his more depressed moments he characterizes Louis XV as a simple-minded bourgeois. The class struggle is a reality to him, but it takes a peculiar form in his version. There is, and always has been, a class war, but in it the masses are, and always have been, in the wrong. What the world needs is a capable monarch surrounded by a talented aristocracy furnishing him with competent bureaucrats.

But this, by M. Gaxotte's own reckoning, happens so rarely in monarchic history as to make dependence upon it dangerous. The logic of M. Gaxotte's own facts would point forward to Russia rather than backward to monarchy.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

WHAT THE HISTORY BOOKS DON'T PRINT

BY HORATIO

The United States Senate

MR. BORAH of Idaho sheds a flood of light on the subject of the taxation of liquor:

Mr. President, we never can cure bootlegging by reducing taxes. In Canada, where they have governmental control, the bootlegging problem is almost as serious, if not quite as serious, as it now is in the United States, or that it has been at any time.

For myself, so long as the law is administered as it is at this time, I should be in favor of increasing the amount of taxes rather than decreasing them. I think when we give people an opportunity to prey upon a community, to destroy its womanhood and its manhood, its youth, its young girls and young boys, that the price ought to be pretty high. I think they ought to pay the government of the United States a very large stipend for that permission. If we are going to permit this to be offered to the youth of the land, at least let us not sell the privilege too cheaply.

MR. HUEY LONG of Louisiana in an immortal moment:

I believe the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Fess] is a Biblical scholar—I know he is a religious and a God-fearing man—and I want the Senator to let me speak to him from the Bible on that point. Let me read what the Bible said about it. I will give you what the Lord said, and He knew what He was talking about. I have it all here. Here is what the Lord said about it, and here is what the *Saturday Evening Post* said about it, too. [Laughter in the galleries] Here is what the Lord said would be the result of it:

“Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten.

“Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. [James V.]”

Why did He say that? Because the Lord laid down the rule that had to be observed by humanity.

The United States House of Representatives

MR. FINLY H. GRAY of Indiana clarifies a moot point in veterinary science:

You may call a horse a cow, but the application of the name “cow” will not make the animal a female bovine, or at least will not change a horse to a cow so that you can milk it, nor give the animal a status from which to make butter, sell buttermilk, start a dairy or a cheese factory. We must look to the characteristics of the animal and special requirements for use and service from which to determine its classification in domestic-animal life. Certainly it could not be seriously insisted that the animal is a cow while looking at its teeth to determine its age or examine its hocks to discover a blemish. [Laughter and applause.]

MR. HAMILTON FISH of New York gives the real explanation of the depression:

We have heard a great deal of talk from the Democratic side about the years 1928 and 1929. Mr. Chairman, we on this side of the House have nothing to apologize for for

the high degree of prosperity that existed in this country from 1921 to 1929 under a protective-tariff system and Republican administrations. It is unfortunate that American industry and labor is being assailed and menaced by repeated attacks by this administration on the protective tariff. Back in 1928 Alfred E. Smith, the Democratic standard bearer, came out openly for the maintenance of American protective principle as being in the interest of American labor and industry. There never was a time in our history due to world depression that adequate tariff protection was more urgently needed to keep the wheels of industry turning and labor employed and to safeguard the American market for the products of our own labor.

It is the purpose of the Republican Party that when we emerge from the depression, as emerge we will, to continue to uphold the high standard of wages and living of the American people.

Between 1921-29 we gave to the American people the highest degree of prosperity that was ever known in any country in the history of the world. During those years the American people were the best paid, the best housed, the best fed, the best clothed, and the most contented in the world. [Applause.] We gave the American people an over-abundance of prosperity, a surplus of prosperity, and they abused it, they were wasteful and extravagant, and they followed the big international bankers of New York and gambled and speculated and tried to get rich overnight. It was not because we had failed as a party to give the people prosperity or because the protective-tariff system had failed. It was because in those years under the protective-tariff system and under the sound principles and policies of the Republican Party for three administrations we had given to the country the greatest degree of prosperity it has ever known. Because that prosperity was abused the inflation of 1929 was brought on, but that is not the fault of the Republican Party.

MR. CLARENCE CANNON of Missouri:

. . . plug tobacco, one of the necessities of life, . . .

We, The People

ADVERTISEMENT in the St. Augustine, Florida, *Evening Record*:

GOING NORTH. Must dispose of 1929 Reo 1½-ton truck. Excellent condition. Am a lady and have no need for truck. Phone 1116.

THE dignity of the judiciary in Ohio, as revealed by the Akron *Beacon Journal*:

Judge Arthur W. Doyle of common pleas court was taking particular pains Tuesday to keep his coat, vest, shirt—in fact all his garments—securely buttoned.

Not against the rigors of the wind snow storm, however. It was the insistent and persistent curiosity of fellow judges and court attachés he feared.

The story is out that his honor has some very lucid and revealing phrases and pictures on his back, and other sections of his anatomy, somewhat after the manner of the tattooed man in the sideshow.

Judge Doyle was initiated as a member of the 40 and 8 Saturday night at Portage hotel "wreck." A part of the torture consisted of painting the broader expanses of the judge's pink hide with various and sundry inscriptions. Favorite medium of the artists was mercurochrome which doesn't wash off right away.

FROM the *College at Springfield Bulletin*, issued by the International Young Men's Christian Association College, Springfield, Mass.:

Springfield graduates in increasing numbers are entering institutions of correction. There are over 1,300 young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five now doing time in the Elmira Reformatory. New men come in at the rate of twenty a week.

INSCRIPTIONS on tomb-stones in a dog cemetery in Somers Point, New Jersey:

"My Precious Doodles 1916-27."

"Mother's Love Baby."

"Faithful Little Pal Tootsie 1915-29."

"Fritzie Died 1929, the Sweetest Dog."

"My Pal, Kaplan's Rowdy 1917-29."

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

MILDRED ADAMS *is a New York newspaper woman.*

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN *has been Russian correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor for more than eleven years. He was recently transferred to Tokyo. He is the author of "Soviet Russia" and "The Soviet Planned Economic Order."*

LEWIS COREY *is assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences. He is the author of "The House of Morgan" and of "The Decline of American Capitalism." The latter will be published in August.*

GEORGE O. CURME, PH.D. (Heidelberg), *has been professor of Germanic philology at Northwestern University since 1896.*

EDWARD J. FITZGERALD *is an editor of the American Poetry Journal.*

MANFRED S. GUTTMACHER, M.D., *has been chief medical officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore since 1930.*

FRANCIS L. HARMON, PH.D., *has lectured on applied psychology at the American Institute of Bankers.*

W. J. HENDERSON *has been music critic for the New York Sun since 1902.*

STANLEY E. KALISH *is on the staff of the Milwaukee Journal.*

GRAYSON L. KIRK, PH.D., *is assistant professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin.*

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD *belongs to the highest rank of contemporary American poets and scholars. An article about him appears in this issue.*

ERNEST L. MEYER *is on the staff of the Madison, Wis., Capital Times.*

RAYMOND POSTGATE's *article in this issue, along with his article which appeared in the May Mercury, will form part of a book, "How to Make a Revolution," to be published shortly.*

MARIA LAMBIN ROGERS *has had comprehensive experience as a professional in every type of social work throughout the United States, and is now a member of the boards of directors of several welfare organizations.*

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, PH.D. (Columbia), *is professor of history at Harvard, and author and editor of several historical works.*

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER *is the author of "Doctor Transit" and "The Temptation of Anthony and Other Poems."*

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY *has written extensively on Far Eastern affairs for the New York Times. He is the author of "Tinder-Box of Asia."*

JOHN L. SPIVAK *is an old newspaper man. He has worked on the old New York Sun, when it was a morning paper, and has been foreign correspondent for the International News Service. He is the author of "Georgia Nigger" and "The Devil's Brigade."*

THOMAS STEEP *has done newspaper work in Mexico, Sweden, China, the Philippines, Indo-China, Burma, and India. He is the author of "Chinese Fantasies."*

ANTHONY M. TURANO *practices law in Reno, Nevada.*

ALBERT VANDER VEER, M.D., *helped to found the first allergy clinic in the United States at New York Hospital in 1918. He is now special consultant in allergy at the Roosevelt Hospital, New York City.*

EDMUND S. WHITMAN *has made frequent visits to Central America. He is the author of one novel, "No More Vices." He is now director of publicity and advertising for the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet.*

LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY, PH.D., *is professor of English at the University of Nebraska.*

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page vi*

FICTION

WEYMOUTH SANDS.

By *John Cowper Powys.* *Simon & Schuster*
\$3.00 6½ x 9½; 579 pp. *New York*

Restating in his latest novel much that went into his "Philosophy of Solitude," Powys has written a sort of Everyman of the present, except that the theology that sets his symbolic figures in motion is the purely personal theology of a modern mystic. Around two figures—Dr. Brush, a psychiatrist who stands for the principle of reason, and Sylvanus Cobald, a mad preacher who "opposes the insane to the sane"—Powys weaves a procession of fantastic minor figures, each of whom embodies a philosophy of living. The melodramatic plot and the weird locale of the story, strongly recall the Gothic romance of the Nineteenth Century, except that Powys has infused this genre with intellectual content and Celtic fantasy. The philosophy he arrives at would seem to be a plea for the whole personality, for the fulfillment of both the sacred and profane in man's nature.

THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

By *Ruth Eleanor McKee.*
Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$2.50 5½ x 8½; 411 pp. *New York*

A genuinely good first novel about a group of American missionaries, who in the year 1820 arrive on the Hawaiian islands to convert the natives to the Christian faith. The story directly concerns the wife of one of the missionaries who, although herself a heretic, devotes her life to the task of saving heathen souls out of love for her pious husband. The writer has been affiliated for several years with the libraries of Hawaii, and with the help of old journals and collections of letters has carefully studied the history of the island. Although her book might easily have been condensed, it is seldom dull; and from the standpoint of style it is a work of distinct beauty.

FROST IN MAY.

By *Antonia White.* *The Viking Press*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 267 pp. *New York*

When Fernanda Gray, whose father was a convert to Catholicism, was sent to the Convent of the Five Wounds, she found herself, at the most impressionable years of her life, caught in the all-powerful and impersonal discipline of the Catholic Church. Miss White's book is a startlingly intimate picture of life

in a convent school, and a sensitive study of the conflict between the individual and the rigid impersonality of a system.

THIS GREEN THICKET WORLD.

By *Howell Vines.* *Little, Brown & Company*
\$2.50 5¼ x 8½; 376 pp. *Boston*

An unusual novel about a group of carefree men and women who inhabit the isolated region of Alabama bounded by the Warrior rivers, who fish and hunt, plow the fields, and make love as they please—unhampered by moral fetters of any sort. The narrative itself is amorphous and of little importance, but the primitive folk who move about on these beautifully written pages are always intensely interesting, and their curious habits of life are invariably enough in themselves to keep the curiosity of the reader well aroused. Despite such apparent faults as looseness of construction, and an occasional tendency toward prolixity, "This Green Thicket World" may be compared favorably with any of the more recent novels of the South.

BASSETT.

By *Stella Gibbons.* *Longmans, Green & Company*
\$2 5¼ x 7½; 308 pp. *New York*

A frivolous, though highly entertaining, bit of satire on the more hackneyed methods of the present-day novel, in which conventional characters are pleasantly distorted, and familiar situations presented in an amusingly topsy-turvy manner. Miss Gibbons's playful thrusts at her contemporaries will prove a genuine delight to the sophisticated, while the story of the two inexperienced spinsters who decide to open a boarding-house next door to a family of worldlings will provide considerable fun for the average novel-reader. Not as rowdy as "Cold Comfort Farm", but decidedly more subtle and, taken as a whole, far more mature.

MARIA PALUNA.

By *Blair Niles.* *Longmans, Green & Company*
\$2.50 5¼ x 7¼; 334 pp. *New York*

An epic novel of singular beauty, set off against the dramatic background of Guatemala at the time of the Spanish conquest. Maria Paluna, daughter of an advisor to the King of the Quiché, falls in love with a young Spanish gallant who is killed in battle shortly before she bears his child. Although Maria subsequently marries, the whole of her remaining life is spent in faithful devotion to his memory. Mrs. Niles is thoroughly conversant with the colorful period about which she writes, and has spent some

Continued on page xii

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Contents of the Summer Number

The Coming American Revolution
ALVIN JOHNSON

The prospects of either a communist or a fascist revolution by force are slight indeed in the United States. But we can look forward with assurance to steady, peaceful progress towards an equalitarian society.

On the Great Road
IVAN BUNIN

This long short-story by last year's winner of the Nobel Prize shows him at his best.

Mural Painting in America
CHARMION VON WIEGAND

French artists have been superseded as a creative influence on American moderns by those of Mexico, who have reunited technique and idea in a splendid, new synthesis, bringing painting back to its vital function in society.

**Political Consequences of
Economic Planning**
DAVID MITRANY

The advocates of national economic planning have ignored the implications of one of its motives: national security.

King Edward the Seventh
J. A. SPENDER

A definite contribution by this noted British journalist to the character and historical importance of Victoria's fascinating son.

**Verse by VIRGINIA MOORE
and JESSE STUART**

21 Reviews of 36 Books, by Wilbur Cross, Carl Becker, John Cournos, Lloyd Lewis, etc. Recent fiction discussed by Helen McAfee.

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The Drift Towards War
PHILIP NOEL BAKER

The course open to Great Britain, who holds the key in arresting the drift to war which started on September 19, 1931. The change to policies of nationalism and armament competition forced by an active fear of war. The author is distinguished in both the theory and practice of foreign affairs.

The Physiology of Alcohol
DR. HOWARD W. HAGGARD

The author of "Devils, Drugs and Doctors" tells plainly and entertainingly just what the products of the wine-press and the distillery mean to our health.

A Defence of Story Telling
CHARLES MORGAN

The dramatic editor of the London *Times* and author of "The Fountain", gives us a splendid plea for imaginative writing which presents many interesting aesthetic ideas.

The Liberation of American Religion
JOHN DEWEY

America's great philosopher says that the change in the intellectual climate due to the increase of our knowledge is not fatal to the religious values in our common experience, but, rather, should revitalize them.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

time living in Guatemala—which probably accounts for the extraordinary vividness of her descriptive details. Indeed, the scenes are so powerfully realized that the reader is actually transported back into the Sixteenth Century to relive those glamorous days of Cortez and Alvarado. In short "Maria Paluna" is a brilliant achievement in historical romance.

MISCELLANEOUS

KEATS' CRAFTSMANSHIP.

By M. R. Ridley.

The Oxford University Press

\$5.50

5½ x 9; 312 pp. New York City

"In the brief three and a half years of his creative poetic life, Keats developed with startling rapidity from a blundering apprentice into a very finished craftsman." Mr. Ridley has set himself the task of tracing the history of that development. Fortunately, the material for doing this is very rich. Keats, to begin with, was capable of judging his own work, his own character, and the processes of his own mind, not only with calm sanity but with a penetrating analysis. In addition to the material provided by his full correspondence, we are fortunate in possessing all but seven stanzas, for example, of what Mr. Ridley believes to be almost certainly the first draft of "The Eve of St. Agnes." Containing, as this draft does, Keats' erasure, substitutions, and interlineations, it enables us, so to speak, to look over his shoulder in the act of composition. In addition to the poet's workmanship, Mr. Ridley discusses also his sources and materials. The book is admirable in its scholarship and very sensible in its interpretations.

THE JOURNAL OF ARNOLD BENNETT, 1911-1920.

The Viking Press

\$4

6½ x 9¾; 342 pp. New York

Mr. Bennett kept a journal from 1896 to the year of his death, and into it he put, not only a minute record of his daily comings and goings, but also notes for a great many novels and plays, some of which he later utilized. The whole MS. runs to millions of words, and printing the whole of it, it appears, has been rejected as impracticable. This is a pity, for even in his most trivial moments Bennett wrote interestingly. The present volume is given over, in large part, to the war period. The entries are full of backstairs gossip, much of it about eminent characters, and it will no doubt get some attention from the historians of the future. Bennett's own part in the war was a modest one, but he knew many of the leading figures intimately, especially on the political side. The volume has an elaborate index.

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a a k

as i see it

THOMAS MANN arrived in New York on May 29 (he will have returned to Zurich by the time you read this) on a first and short visit to the United States. On June 6 he was the guest of honor at a testimonial birthday dinner. On the committee which sponsored the dinner were: President Nicholas Murray Butler, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Willa Cather, Gov. Wilbur L. Cross, Walter Damrosch, John Erskine, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, B. W. Huebsch, Frederick P. Keppel, Thomas W. Lamont, Henry Goddard Leach, Sinclair Lewis, Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Christopher Morley, Carl H. Pforzheimer, Mrs. Ogden Reid, Dr. A. W. S. Rosenbach, Mrs. James N. Rosenberg, Harry Scherman, Dorothy Thompson, Lillian Wald, Felix M. Warburg, William Allen White, Louis Wiley, and Owen D. Young.



While here Dr. Mann was also the guest of the Authors' Club, the P.E.N. Club, and the Dutch Treat Club, and he delivered a single lecture—at Yale University

on the evening of June first.

On his arrival on the S.S. Volendam, Dr. Mann was besieged by reporters. At his hotel more reporters came to see him. He received a score of invitations to attend luncheons and receptions given by magazines, various literary and political societies, and individual celebrities.

Thus it is still possible in this world that pays homage to men of "action"—military men, dictators, and industrialists—for a philosopher and man of letters to be admired and sought after. Dr. Mann, perhaps more than any other living novelist, symbolizes the liberal and the rational man, the thinker, the *dichter*. Above all others he stands for republicanism, freedom, the sane and the humane. And that he—on his first visit to the United States—should be the object of such inquisitiveness on the part of the press and such gestures of friendship on the part of our people, is encouraging to those of us who do not want to believe that the present western world represents the best that we can look forward to.

June 6 was Thomas Mann's fifty-ninth birthday and the date of publication of *Joseph and*

as i see it

His Brothers, the first part of a three-volume novel, his first in ten years, which I predict will rank as one of the great literary creations of all time.



ON June 27, I shall publish a volume of short stories by Langston Hughes, entitled *The Ways of White Folks*. You probably read one or two of these stories in THE AMERICAN MERCURY and have perhaps come across others in Esquire or Scribners. Those that have appeared have received an extraordinary amount of attention, and one entitled *A Good Job Gone* created a veritable storm. *A Good Job Gone* was published in Esquire. Two months before publication, Esquire ran a page advertisement on the story, outlined its contents, admitted frankly that the average magazine does not dare publish such a tale, and asked its readers to vote on whether or not they wanted to see it printed. Letters flooded into the Esquire office from all over the country, some of them bitterly opposed to the printing, but most of them enthusiastically in favor of it.



The stories in this volume are, all of them, of a nature to which Americans are not accustomed. Langston Hughes, perhaps our most brilliant Negro writer—novelist

and poet—has put into these stories the attitude of the Negro toward white persons. But let me quote Carl Van Vechten, who writes: "Having written and published several volumes of poetry with great success and having created a novel which has been generally accepted as the best novel yet to be composed by an American Negro, and, leaving racial considerations aside, a fine novel on its own account, Langston Hughes has now turned his attention to the short story and in this difficult form, at his best, immediately challenges comparison with such masters of the art as Katherine Mansfield and Tchekhov.

"These stories represent a departure in technique. They are stories of the relations between white and colored people described from the Negro point of view. With stories of white and colored people from the white point of view we are well acquainted, but perhaps the Negro point of view has never before been so adequately represented. Langston Hughes had known white people intimately in both the capacities of servant and friend and his acquaintance with his own race is equally wide; his tales, therefore, are not to be regarded as fanciful embodiments of wish-fulfillments.

"Of the stories in this volume I recommend *A Good Job Gone*, *Cora Unashamed*, and *Little Dog* to any one who happens to be looking for masterpieces. I must admit, however, that I read the book in manuscript through at

one sitting with that sensation of rising excitement that is the usual accompaniment to the recognition of important art."



FRANCIS TOYE, the distinguished musical critic of the London Morning Post, is well known for his *Verdi*, an almost perfect biography which Americans have not yet recognized, for they have bought just 575 copies since I published it three years ago. But just the same, on June 27th, I am publishing Mr. Toye's new book—a life of a composer dear to his heart, *Rossini*. (\$3.75.) Rossini's wit, his contacts with the celebrities of his day, his role in the brilliant social life of nineteenth-century Paris make him, from the first page to the last, a lively and fascinating figure. And Mr. Toye's light-ingratiating touch is exactly the right one to bring Rossini off. As for the musician—the man who once wrote twenty operas in eight years—Mr. Toye has written of him with unrivalled sympathy and acuteness.



Last month I wrote in these columns about a very interesting novel called *Bastard Verdict* by Winifred Duke, which I have since published. I told you how I had first learned of the book by reading a most impressive description of it in Hugh Walpole's London letter to the New York Herald Tribune Books. Some time later I met Walpole in

London and he spoke so enthusiastically about it that I made up my mind to publish it in this country. My own reading of it confirmed Walpole's opinion that it is an unusual novel, very moving, and full of that strange power that novelists sometimes get into their work when they are really sincerely absorbed in the tragic destiny of their characters.

But even after I had accepted it for American publication I was not certain about the kind of reception it would get here from the reading public. I decided therefore to make a rather novel experiment. Late in April I announced in the Saturday Review of Literature that I would send an advance copy of the book to the first 100 persons who would write to me and would give me immediately an absolutely frank opinion of it. Although I announced neither the title nor the author, I received over 300 requests.

A week after I had mailed out the hundred copies, I began to get replies. I have so far received about seventy. I think they are honest opinions—and they are encouraging to me. Only five or six are unfavorable; the rest are genuinely enthusiastic—and I feel now that although in England *Bastard Verdict* attracted little popular attention, in this country it may become both a critical and a popular success.

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